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DEFEAT

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

SHE had been standing there on the pavement a quarter of an hour or so after her shilling's worth of concert. Women of her profession are not supposed to have redeeming points, especially when—like May Belinski, as she now preferred to dub herself—they are German; but this woman certainly had music in her soul. She often gave herself these "music baths" when the Promenade Concerts were on, and had just spent half her total wealth in listening to some Mozart and a Beethoven symphony.

She was feeling almost elated, full of divine sound, and of the wonderful summer moonlight that was filling the whole dark town. Women "of a certain type" have, at all events emotions—and what a comfort that is, even to themselves! To stand just there had become rather a habit of hers. One could seem to be waiting for somebody coming out of the concert, not yet over—which, of course, was precisely what she *was* doing. One need not forever be stealthily glancing and perpetually moving on in that peculiar way, which, while it satisfied the police and Mrs. Grundy, must not quite deceive others as to her business in life. She had only "been at it" long enough to have acquired a nervous dread of almost everything—not long enough to have passed through that dread to callousness. Some women take so much longer than others. And even for a woman "of a certain type" her position was exceptionally nerve-racking in war time, going as she did by a false name, unregistered. Indeed, in all England there could hardly be a greater pariah than was this German woman of the night.

She idled outside a book-shop humming a little, pretending to read the titles of the books by moonlight, taking off and putting on one of her stained yellow gloves. Now and again she would move up as far as the posters outside the Hall, scrutinizing them as if interested in the future, then stroll back again. In her worn and discreet dark dress, and her small hat, she had nothing about her to rouse suspicion, unless it were the trail of violet powder she left on the moonlight.

For the moonlight this evening was almost solid, seeming with its cool still vibration to replace the very air; in it the war-time precautions against light seemed fantastic, like shading candles in a room still full of daylight. What lights there were had the effect of strokes and stipples of dim color laid by a painter's brush on a background of ghostly whitish blue. The dream-like quality of the town was perhaps enhanced for her eyes by the veil she was wearing—in daytime no longer white. As the music died out of her, elation also ebbed. Somebody had passed her, speaking German, and she was overwhelmed by a rush of nostalgia. On this moonlit night by the banks of the Rhine—whence she came—the orchards would be heavy with apples; there would be murmurs, and sweet scents; the old castle would stand out clear, high over

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the woods and the chalky-white river. There would be singing far away, and the churning of a distant steamer's screw; and perhaps on the water a log raft still drifting down in the blue light. There would be German voices talking. And suddenly tears oozed up in her eyes, and crept down through the powder on her cheeks. She raised her veil and dabbed at her face with a little, not-too-clean handkerchief, screwed up in her yellow-gloved hand. But the more she dabbed, the more those treacherous tears ran. Then she became aware that a tall young man in khaki was also standing before the shop-window, not looking at the titles of the books, but eying her askance. His face was fresh and open, with a sort of kindly eagerness in his blue eyes; mechanically she drooped her wet lashes, raised them obliquely, drooped them again, and uttered a little sob. . . .

This young man, Captain in a certain regiment, and discharged from hospital at six o'clock that evening, had entered Queen's Hall at half past seven. Still rather brittle and sore from his wound, he had treated himself to a seat in the Grand Circle, and there had sat, very still, and dreamy, the whole concert through. It had been like eating after a long fast—something of the sensation Polar explorers must experience when they return to their first full meal. For he was of the New Army, and before the war had actually believed in music, art, and all that sort of thing. With a month's leave before him, he could afford to feel that life was extraordinarily joyful, his own experiences particularly wonderful; and, coming out into the moonlight, he had taken what can only be described as a great gulp of it, for he was a young man with a sense of beauty. When one has been long in the trenches, lain out wounded in a shell-hole twenty-four hours, and spent three months in hospital, beauty has such an edge of novelty, such a sharp sweetness, that it almost gives pain. And London at night is very beautiful. He strolled slowly toward the Circus, still drawing the moonlight deep into his lungs, his cap tilted up a little on his forehead in that moment of unmilitary abandonment; and whether he stopped before the book-shop window because the girl's figure was in some sort a part of beauty, or because he saw that she was crying, he could not have made clear to any one.

Then something—perhaps the scent of powder, perhaps the yellow glove, or the oblique flutter of the eyelids—told him that he made what he would have called "a blooming error," unless he wished for company, which had not been in his thoughts. But her sob affected him, and he said:

"What's the matter?"

Again her eyelids fluttered sideways, and she stammered:

"Noting. The beautiful evening—that's why!"

That a woman of what he now clearly saw to be "a certain type" should perceive what he himself had just been perceiving, struck him forcibly; and he said:

"Cheer up."

She looked up again swiftly: "Cheer up! You are not lonelee like me."

For one of that sort, she looked somehow honest; her tear-streaked face was rather pretty, and he murmured:

"Well, let's walk a bit, and talk it over."

They turned the corner, and walked east, along streets empty, and beautiful, with their dulled orange-glowing lamps, and here and there the glint of some blue or violet light. He found it queer and rather exciting—for an adventure of just this kind he had never had. And he said doubtfully:

"How did you get into this? Isn't it an awfully hopeless sort of life?"

"Ye-es, it ees—" her voice had a queer soft emphasis. "You are limping—haf you been wounded?"

"Just out of hospital to-day."

"The horrible war—all the misery is because of the war. When will it end?"

He looked at her attentively, and said:

"I say—what nationality are you?"

"Rooshian."

"Really! I never met a Russian girl."

He was conscious that she looked at him, then very quickly down. And he said suddenly:

"Is it as bad as they make out?"

She slipped her yellow-gloved hand through his arm.

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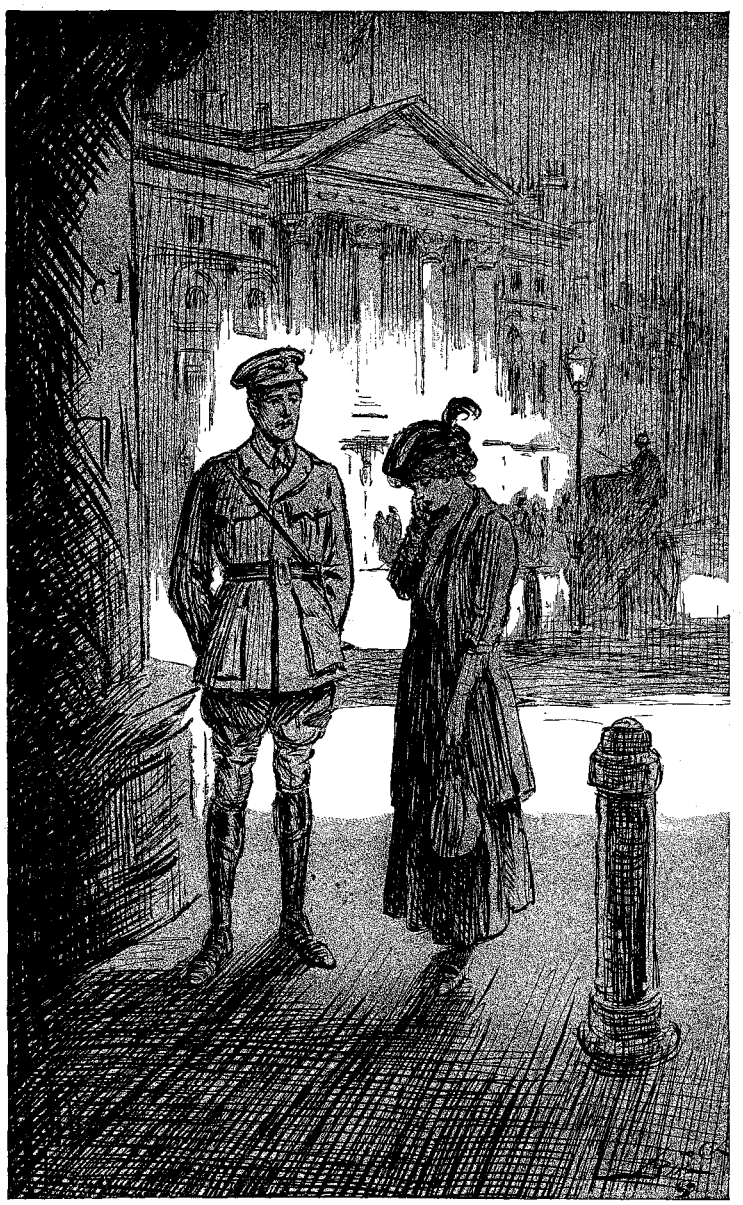

Her sob affected him, and he said: "What's the matter?"—Page 130.

"Not when I haf any one as nice as you; I never haf yet, though"; she smiled—and her smile was like her speech, slow, confiding— "You stopped because I was sad, others stop because I am gay. I am not fond of men at all. When you know, you are not fond of them."

"Well! You hardly know them at their best, do you? You should see them at the front. By George! They're simply splendid—officers and men, every blessed soul. There's never been anything like it—just one long bit of jolly fine self-sacrifice; it's perfectly amazing."

Turning her blue-gray eyes on him, she answered:

"I expect you are not the last at that.

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You see in them what you haf in yourself, I think."

"Oh! Not a bit—you're quite out. I assure you when we made the attack where I got wounded, there wasn't a single man in my regiment who wasn't an absolute hero. The way they went in—never thinking of themselves—it was simply superb!"

Her teeth came down on her lower lip, and she answered in a queer voice: "It is the same too perhaps with—the enemy."

"Oh yes, I know that."

"Ah! You are not a mean man. How I hate mean men!"

"Oh! They're not mean really—they simply don't understand."

"Oh! You are a baby—a good baby, aren't you?"

He did not quite like being called a baby, and frowned; but was at once touched by the disconcertion in her powdered face. How quickly she was scared!

She said clingingly:

"But I li-ike you for it. It is so good to find a ni-ice man."

This was worse, and he said abruptly: "About being lonely? Haven't you any Russian friends?"

"Rooshian! No!" Then quickly added: "The town is so beeg! Haf you been in the concert?"

"Yes."

"I, too—I love music."

"I suppose all Russians do."

She looked up at his face again, and seemed to struggle to keep silent; then she said quietly:

"I go there always when I haf the money."

"What! Are you so on the rocks?"

"Well, I haf just one shilling now." And she laughed.

The sound of that little laugh upset him—she had a way of making him feel sorry for her every time she spoke.

They had come by now to a narrow square, east of Gower Street.

"This is where I lif," she said: "Come in!"

He had one long moment of violent hesitation, then yielded to the soft tugging of her hand, and followed. The passage-hall was dimly lighted, and they went up-stairs into a front room, where the curtains were drawn, and the gas turned very low. Opposite the window were other curtains dividing off the rest of the apartment. As soon as the door was shut, she put up her face and kissed him—evidently formula. What a room! Its green and beet-root coloring and the prevalence of cheap plush disagreeably affected him. Everything in it had that callous look of rooms which seem to be saying to their occupants: "You're here to-day, and you'll be gone to-morrow." Everything except one little plant, in a common pot, of maidenhair fern, fresh and green, looking as if it had been watered within the hour; in this room it had just the same unexpected touchingness that peeped out of the girl's matter-of-fact cynicism.

Taking off her hat, she went toward the gas, but he said quickly:

"No, don't turn it up; let's have the window open, and the moonlight in." He had a sudden dread of seeing anything plainly—it was stuffy, too, and pulling the curtains apart, he threw up the window. The girl had come obediently from the hearth, and sat down opposite him, leaning her arm on the window-sill and her chin on her hand. The moonlight caught her cheek where she had just renewed the powder, and her fair crinkly hair; it caught the plush of the furniture, and his own khaki, giving them all a touch of unreality.

"What's your name?" he said.

"May. Well, I call myself that. It's no good askin' yours."

"You're a distrustful little soul, aren't you?"

"I haf reason to be, don't you think?"

"Yes, I suppose you're bound to think us all brutes?"

"Well, I haf a lot of reasons to be afraid all my time. I am dreadfully nervous now; I am not trusting anybody. I suppose you haf been killing lots of Germans?"

He laughed.

"We never know, unless it happens to be hand to hand; I haven't come in for that yet."

"But you would be very glad if you had killed some?"

"Glad? I don't think so. We're all in the same boat, so far as that's concerned.

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"You're a distrustful little soul, aren't you?"—Page 132.

We're not glad to kill each other. We do our job—that's all."

"Oh! It is frightful. I expect I haf my broders killed."

"Don't you get any news ever?"

"News! No indeed, no news of anybody in my country. I might not haf a country; all that I ever knew is gone—fader, moder, sisters, broders all—never any more I shall see them, I suppose, now. The war it breaks and breaks, it breaks hearts." Her little teeth fastened again on her lower lip in that sort of pretty snarl. "Do you know what I was thinkin' when you came up? I was thinkin' of my native town, and the river there in the moonlight. If I could see it again I would be glad. Were you ever homeseeck?"

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"Yes, I have been—in the trenches; but one's ashamed, with all the others."

"Ah! ye-es!" It came from her with a hiss. "Ye-es! You are all comrades there. What is it like for me here, do you think, where everybody hates and despises me, and would catch me, and put me in prison, perhaps?"

He could see her breast heaving with a quick breathing painful to listen to. He leaned forward, patting her knee, and murmuring: "Sorry—sorry."

She said in a smothered voice:

"You are the first who has been kind to me for so long! I will tell you the truth —I am not Rooshian at all—I am German."

Hearing that half-choked confession, his thought was: "Does she really think we fight against women?" And he said:

"My dear girl, who cares?"

Her eyes seemed to search right into him. She said slowly:

"Another man said that to me. But he was thinkin' of other things. You are a veree ni-ice boy. I am so glad I met you. You see the good in people, don't you? That is the first thing in the world —because there is really not much good in people, you know."

He said, smiling:

"You're a dreadful little cynic!" Then thought: "Of course she is—poor thing!"

"Cyneec? How long do you think I would live if I was not a cyneec? I should drown myself to-morrow. Perhaps there are good people, but, you see, I don't know them."

"I know lots."

She leaned forward eagerly.

"Well now—see, ni-ice boy—you haf never been in a hole, haf you?"

"I suppose not a real hole."

"No, I should think not, with your face. Well, suppose I am still a good girl, as I was once, you know, and you took me to some of your good people, and said: 'Here is a little German girl that has no work, and no money, and no friends.' Your good people they will say: 'Oh! How sad! A German girl!' and they will go and wash their hands."

Silence fell on him. He saw his mother, his sisters, others—good people, he would swear! And yet—! He heard their voices, frank and clear; and they seemed to be talking of the Germans. If only she were not German!

"You see!" He heard her say, and could only mutter:

"I'm sure there *are* people."

"No. They would not take a German, even if she was good. Besides, I don't want to be good any more—I am not a humbug—I have learned to be bad. Aren't you going to kees me, ni-ice boy?"

She put her face close to his. Her eyes troubled him, but he drew back. He thought she would be offended or persistent, but she was neither, just looked at him fixedly with a curious inquiring stare; and he leaned against the window, deeply disturbed. It was as if clear and simple enthusiasm had been suddenly knocked endways; as if a certain splendor of life that he had felt and seen of late had been dipped in cloud. Out there at the front, over here in hospital, life had been seeming so—as it were—heroic; and yet it held such mean and murky depths as well! The voices of his men, whom he had come to love like brothers, crude burring voices, cheery in trouble, making nothing of it; the voices of doctors and nurses, patient, quiet, reassuring voices; even his own voice, infected by it all, kept sounding in his ears. All wonderful somehow, and simple; and nothing mean about it anywhere! And now so suddenly to have lighted upon this, and all that was behind it—this scared girl, this base, dark thoughtless use of her! And the thought came to him: "I suppose my fellows wouldn't think twice about taking her on! Why! I'm not even certain of myself, if she insists!" And he turned his face, and stared out at the moonlight. He heard her voice:

"Eesn't it light? No Zeps to-night. When they burn—what a horrible death! And all the people cheer—it is natural. Do you hate us veree much?"

He turned round, and said sharply:

"Hate? I don't know."

"I don't hate even the English—I despise them. I despise my people too—perhaps more, because they began this war. Oh, yes! I know that. I despise all the peoples. Why haf they made the world so miserable—why haf they killed all our lives—hundreds and thousands

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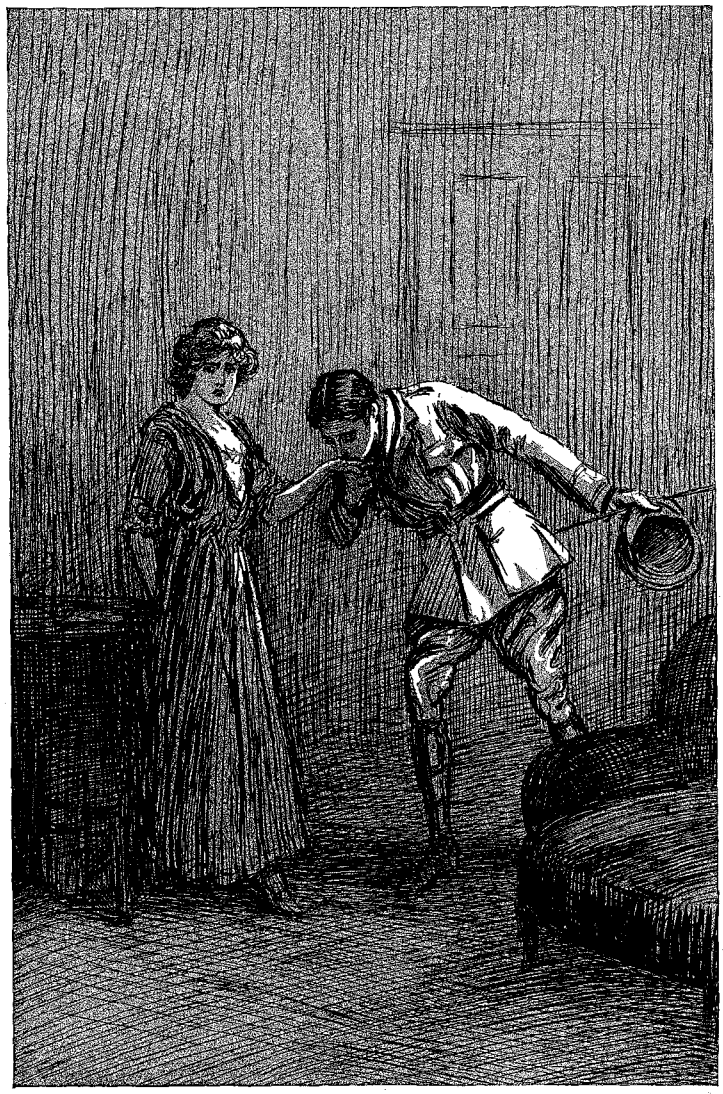
and millions of lives—all for noting? They haf made a bad world—everybody hating, and looking for the worst everywhere. They haf made me bad, I know. I believe no more in anything. What is there to believe in? Is there a God? No! Once I was teaching little English children their prayers—isn't that funnee? I was reading to them about Christ and love. I believed all those things. Now I believe noting at all—no one who is not a fool or a liar can believe. I would like to work in a hospital; I would like to go and help poor boys like you. Because I am a German they would throw me out a hundred times, even if I was good. It is the same in Germany and France and Russia, everywhere. But do you think I will believe in love and Christ and a God and all that—not I! I think we are animals—that's all! Oh! yes—you fancy it is because my life has spoiled me. It is not



All confused with the desire to do something, he stooped to take her hand.—Page 139.

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that at all—that's not the worst thing in life. They are not ni-ice, like you, but it's their nature, and," she laughed, "they help me to live, which is something for me, anyway. No, it is the men who think themselves great and good, and make the war with their talk and their hate, killing us all—killing all the boys like you, and keeping poor people in prison, and telling us to go on hating; and all those dreadful cold-blood creatures who write in the papers—the same in my country, just the same; it is because of all them that I think we are only animals."

He got up, acutely miserable. He could see her following him with her eyes, and knew she was afraid she had driven him away. She said coaxingly: "Don't mind me talking, ni-ice boy. I don't know any one to talk to. If you don't like it, I can be quiet as a mouse."

He muttered:

"Oh! Go on, talk away. I'm not obliged to believe you, and I don't."

She was on her feet now, leaning against the wall; her dark dress and white face just touched by the slanting moonlight; and her voice came again, slow and soft and bitter:

"Well, look here, ni-ice boy, what sort of a world is it, where millions are being tortured—horribly tortured, for no fault of theirs, at all? A beautiful world, isn't it! 'Umbug! Silly rot, as you boys call it. You say it is all 'Comrade'! and braveness out there at the front, and people don't think of themselves. Well, I don't think of myself veree much. What does it matter—I am lost now, anyway; but I think of my people at home, how they suffer and grieve. I think of all the poor people there and here who lose those they love, and all the poor prisoners. Am I not to think of them? And if I do, how am I to believe it a beautiful world, ni-ice boy?"

He stood very still, biting his lips.

"Look here! We haf one life each, and soon it is over. Well, I think that is lucky."

He said resentfully:

"No! There's more than that."

"Ah!" she went on softly; "you think the war is fought for the future; you are giving your lives for a better world, aren't you?"

"We must fight till we win," he said between his teeth.

"Till you win. My people think that, too. All the peoples think that if they win the world will be better. But it will not, you know, it will be much worse, anyway."

He turned away from her, and caught up his cap; but her voice followed him.

"I don't care which wins, I despise them all—animals—animals—animals! Ah! Don't go, ni-ice boy—I will be quiet now."

He took some notes from his tunic pocket, put them on the table, and went up to her.

"Good night."

She said plaintively:

"Are you really going? Don't you like me, enough?"

"Yes, I like you."

"It is because I am German, then?"

"No."

"Then why won't you stay?"

He wanted to answer: "Because you upset me so"; but he just shrugged his shoulders.

"Won't you kees me once?"

He bent, and put his lips to her forehead; but as he took them away she threw her head back, pressed her mouth to his, and clung to him.

He sat down suddenly, and said:

"Don't! I don't want to feel a brute."

She laughed. "You are a funny boy, but you are veree good. Talk to me a little, then. No one talks to me. I would much rather talk, anyway. Tell me, haf you seen many German prisoners?"

He sighed—from relief, or was it from regret?

"A good many."

"Any from the Rhine?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Were they very sad?"

"Some were—some were quite glad to be taken."

"Did you ever see the Rhine? Isn't it beaudiful? It will be wonderful to-night. The moonlight will be the same here as there; in Rooshia too, and France, everywhere; and the trees will look the same as here, and people will meet under them and make love just as here. Oh! isn't it stupid the war?—as if it was not good to be alive."

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He wanted to say: "You can't tell how good it is to be alive, till you're facing death, because you don't live till then. And when a whole lot of you feel like that—and are ready to give their lives for each other, it's worth all the rest of life put together." But he couldn't get it out to this girl who believed in nothing.

"How were you wounded, ni-ice boy?"

"Attacking across open ground—four machine-gun bullets got me at one go off."

"Weren't you veree frightened when they ordered you to attack?" No, he had not been frightened just then! And he shook his head and laughed.

"It was great. We did laugh that morning. They got me much too soon, though—a swindle!"

She stared at him.

"You laughed?"

"Yes, and what do you think was the first thing I was conscious of next morning—my old Colonel bending over me and giving me a squeeze of lemon. If you knew my Colonel, you'd still believe in things. There *is* something, you know, behind all this evil. After all, you can only die once, and if it's for your country all the better."

Her face, with intent eyes just touched with bistre, had in the moonlight a most strange, other-world look. Her lips moved:

"No, I believe in nothing. My heart is dead."

"You think so, but it isn't, you know, or you wouldn't have been crying, when I met you."

"If it were not dead, do you think I could live my life—walking the streets every night, pretending to like strange men—never hearing a kind word—never talking, for fear I will be known for a German. Soon I shall take to drinking, then I shall be 'Kaput' very quick. You see, I am practical, I see things clear. To-night I am a little emotional; the moon is funny, you know. But I live for myself only, now. I don't care for anything or anybody."

"All the same just now you were pitying your people, and prisoners, and that."

"Yes, because they suffer. Those who suffer are like me—I pity myself, that's all, I am different from your Englishwomen. I see what I am doing; I do not let my mind become a turnip just because I am no longer moral."

"Nor your heart either."

"Ni-ice boy, you are veree obstinate. But all that about love is 'umbug. We love ourselves, nothing more."

Again, at that intense soft bitterness in her voice, he felt stifled, and got up, leaning in the window. The air out there was free from the smell of dust and stale perfume. He felt her fingers slip between his own, and stay unmoving. If she was so hard, and cynical, why should he pity her? Yet he did. The touch of that hand within his own roused his protective instinct. She had poured out her heart to him—a perfect stranger! He pressed it a little, and felt her fingers crisp in answer. Poor girl! This was perhaps a friendlier moment than she had known for years! And after all, fellow

She sank down on the floor, laid her forehead on the dusty carpet, and pressed her body to it.—Page 139.

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feeling was bigger than principalities and powers—fellow feeling was all-pervading as this moonlight, that she had said would be the same in Germany—as this white ghostly glamour that wrapped the trees

Suddenly . . . she sat up and began to sing . . .—"Die Wacht am Rhein."—Page 139.

and made the orange lamps so quaint and decoratively useless out there in the narrow square, where emptiness and silence reigned, save for the dulled roar of traffic, and newspaper-boys' voices calling down some neighboring street! He looked around into her face—in spite of bistre and powder, and the faint rouging on her lips, it had a queer, unholy, touching beauty. And he had suddenly the strangest feeling, as if they stood there—the two of them—proving that kindness and human fellowship were stronger than lust, stronger than hate; proving it against meanness and brutality, and the shouting of those newspaper boys, whose cries, passionately vehement, clashed into each other, and obscured the words. What was it they were calling? His head went up to listen; he felt her hand rigid within his arm—she too was listening. The cries came nearer, hoarser, more shrill and clamorous; the empty moonlight seemed of a sudden crowded with figures, footsteps, voices, and a fierce distant cheering. "Great victory—great victory. Official! British! Crushin' defeat of the 'Uns! Germans overwhelmed. Many thousand prisoners!" So it sped by, intoxicating, filling him with a fearful joy; and leaning far out, he waved his cap and cheered like a madman; and the whole night seemed to flutter and vibrate, and answer. He heard bells ringing, and, like one possessed, went on waving his

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cap and cheering; then he turned to rush down into the street, struck against something soft, and recoiled. The girl! She stood with hands clenched, her face convulsed, panting, and even in the madness of his joy, he felt for her. To hear this—in the midst of enemies! All confused with the desire to do something, he stooped to take her hand; and the dusty reek of the table-cloth clung to his nostrils. She snatched away her fingers, swept up the notes he had put down, and held them out to him.

"Take them—I will not haf your English money—take them." And suddenly she tore them across twice, three times, let the bits flutter to the floor, and turned her back to him. He stood looking at her leaning against the plush-covered table that smelt of dust; her head down, a dark figure in a dark room with the moonlight sharpening her outline—hardly a moment he stayed, then made for the door. . . .

When he was gone, she still stood there, her chin on her breast—she who cared for nothing, believed in nothing—with the sound in her ears of bells, and cheering, of hurrying feet, and voices calling "Victory!" stood, in the centre of a pattern made by fragments of the torn-up notes, staring out into the moonlight, seeing, not this hated room and the hated square outside, but a German orchard, and herself, a little girl, plucking apples, a big dog beside her; a hundred other pictures, too, such as the drowning see. Her heart swelled; she sank down on the floor, laid her forehead on the dusty carpet, and pressed her body to it.

She who did not care—who despised all peoples, even her own—began, mechanically, to sweep together the scattered fragments of the notes, assembling them with the dust into a little pile, as of fallen leaves, and dabbling in it with her fingers, while the tears ran down her cheeks. For her country she had torn them, her country in defeat! She, who had just one shilling in this great town of enemies, who wrung her stealthy living out of the embraces of her foes! And suddenly in the moonlight she sat up and began to sing with all her might—"Die Wacht am Rhein."

THE LAND

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

I

I THINK it is not hard to love with ease
A little land, for there a man may go
From southern dawn to northern eve, and so
Compass within a day-time heart the seas
White on a sun-drenched cliff, and after these,
A river shining, and a purple hill,
And lights that star the dusk, where valleys fill
An evening with the tenderness of trees.
But only a great lover loves the great
Dim beauty of a lonely land, and seeks
Ever to keep renewed an hundred dreams,
Of plains that brood by wide unwearying streams;
Of how archangels hold red sunset peaks,
Winged with a flaming splendor desolate.

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II

And I have known a man, who back from wandering,
Come when September rippled in the grain,
Fall straight upon his knees to find the pondering,
Grave twilight of his country once again;
And see the earth, and watch the sentinel corn
March as an army marches from the sight,
To where, below, the valley mist was torn,
Showing a river pendent in the night;
And black encircling hills that held the damp,
Sweet frost of autumn moonlight on their rim—
Until his heart was like a swaying lamp;
Until the memory came again on him,
Of brook and field; of secret wood; the yearning
Smell of dead leaves; an upland road returning.

III

Be not afraid, O Dead, be not afraid,
We have not lost the dreams that once were flung
Like pennons to the world; we yet are stung
With all the starry prophecies that made
You, in the gray dawn watchful, half afraid
Of visions. Never a night that all men sleep unstirred;
Never a sunset but the west is blurred
With banners marching and a sign displayed.
Be not afraid, O Dead, lest we forget
A single hour your living glorified;
Come but a drum-beat and the sleepers fret
To walk again the places where you died:
Broad is the land, our loves are broadly spread,
But now, even more widely scattered lie our dead.

IV

O Lord of splendid nations, let us dream
Not of a place of barter, nor "the State,"
But dream as lovers dream, for it is late,
Of some small place beloved; perhaps a stream
Running beside a house set round with flowers,
Or perhaps a garden wet with hurrying showers,
Where bees are thick about a leaf-hid gate;
For such as this men die, nor hesitate.
The old gray cities, gossipy and wise,
The candid valleys, like a woman's brow,
The mountains treading mightily to the skies,
Turn dreams to visions; there's a vision now
Of hills panoplied, fields of waving spears,
And a great campus shaken with flags and tears.

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ANCHORS AWEIGH

By Harriet Welles

Illustrations by R. T. Willis

So firmly is the superstition, "It is bad luck to watch your husband's ship out of sight," established among "the wives" in the United States navy, that if you had questioned Mrs. Frank Bradley—wife of a junior lieutenant and a bride of two months—as to its origin, she would have answered unhesitatingly that it was "an order from the secretary of the navy."

She had no idea of disobeying the order when, after bidding her husband good-by very early that morning and crying herself into a state of exhaustion afterward, she realized she could get to the navy-yard in time to see the ship sail and perhaps catch a last glimpse of him.

Like most officers, Lieutenant Bradley "didn't want *his* wife making a nuisance of herself around the ship," but if she sat in the jitney he wouldn't know she was there. And the jitney-man, on being questioned as to charges—for the prudent wife of a junior lieutenant attends to such details, even in time of stress—had answered that "he wouldn't charge anything for waiting; it'd be a kind of novelty to watch a battleship get away."

Out of the wind, sheltered by a building, Mrs. Bradley could see that the few men on deck were busy.

The duty-launch had been hoisted and secured; the forward gangway lowered; two noisy tugs came alongside; on the bridge the navigator bent over a large chart; the mail-orderly returned from his last trip to the post-office; a messenger boy, whistling lustily, sauntered up with a handful of telegrams.

Four bells struck. The ship was to sail at half-past ten. Through a blur of tears Mrs. Bradley saw the navy-yard workmen gather about the after gangway.

Several poorly clad women arrived and stood near her; they tried to cheer a younger woman who was sobbing and monotonously asking: "What if there's war?"

The jitney-man heard her. "If there's war that big ship might be the first one to go to the bottom," he observed cheerfully to his passenger.

"Good morning! It's little Mrs. Bradley, isn't it?" questioned a pleasant voice.

The admiral's wife stood beside the jitney.

"I'm visiting at the commandant's—the house is so near I couldn't resist getting a last glimpse of things," she said, and laughed apologetically. "John hates women hanging around the ship—but he can't see me here," she added.

"Do admirals feel that way? I thought it was just my husband," said Mrs. Bradley.

The admiral's wife smiled.

"This must be your first parting," she observed.

Mrs. Bradley nodded forlornly.

"Because there are fifty-two officers on that ship—most of them are married—and fifty of the wives aren't anywhere in sight," said the admiral's wife.

"They've grown used to seeing their husbands go—or else they don't love them as I do mine," remarked Mrs. Bradley resentfully.

"I've said good-by to John in every port from Olongapo to Pensacola; it never loses its novelty by getting easier; but one grows more—patient," observed the admiral's wife.

"Other times couldn't be as bad! This parting is terrible, and hard, because there may be war," cried Mrs. Bradley.

The admiral's wife did not answer. She clinched her hands as she remembered a parting long ago in a gray hospital-room, when her ensign son looked at her from unrecognizing eyes and agonizingly moved his body under the encircling bandages. . . .

"Minor turret explosion on battle-

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Drawn by R. T. Willis.

Puffing . . . the tugs warped the ship from her pier.—Page 143.

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ship," announced the earliest editions of the newspapers when, without a word for her to treasure through the years, her son had slipped away . . . into the dawn.

Resolutely the admiral's wife glanced at the little group of women near them.

"Those are sailors' wives—one of them has a baby that is too tiny to bring here this cold morning," she said.

"That's the one that's crying all time about war," volunteered the jitney-man.

"Frank says—it will be a naval war," said Mrs. Bradley, swallowing with difficulty.

"I hope you cheered him up—our men need all their courage during these trying days," said the admiral's wife briskly. She did not mention that five times during their last few minutes together the admiral had reminded her not to forget to pay his life-insurance dues.

Mrs. Bradley began to cry. "I told Frank . . . that if anything happened to . . . him . . . I'd soon join him," she sobbed.

"Splendid!" observed the admiral's wife dryly; "after that I suppose he left the house singing joyfully—at the top of his voice."

"What gets me is that while those fellows are going about their business on deck there can be a submarine sitting right on the bottom underneath them," remarked the jitney-man speculatively.

"Your first name doesn't happen to be Job, does it?" the admiral's wife asked him impersonally.

"No'm," he answered—"Samuel—Samuel Johnson Jones—but, in case you want me, the telephone's under the name of Sullivan——"

Five bells struck.

The ship's siren tore the silence into dangling shreds. Tugs added their hoarse voices. Near-by destroyers called a greeting—and farewell. Voices shouted orders—through drifting clouds of smoke.

Slowly . . . the great dreadnought moved . . . and as the whistles quieted down the band on the quarter-deck played the opening bars of the favorite naval-academy song, "Anchors Aweigh."

Gayly the old tune lilted over the crowded gray masses of steel and stone as it had echoed across sunny parade-ground and uproarious football fields—when youth called to youth of springtime that is so quickly gone.

Mrs. Bradley, her eyes shining, jumped from the jitney and frantically waved her muff. Tears and forebodings were swept away by an overwhelming flood of enthusiasm.

The sailors' wives stepped forward; the one with the tiny baby lifted it high and, steadying its head, bade it "look at father's boat—and the pretty flag."

Puffing . . . the tugs warped the ship from her pier . . . shoved her sidewise . . . into the channel . . . paused . . . a perceptible minute . . . and moved ahead . . . down-stream.

Slowly . . . she gathered momentum; at her bow two white-tipped lines of water flowed sharply out . . . more faintly "Anchors Aweigh" drifted back on the cold wind.

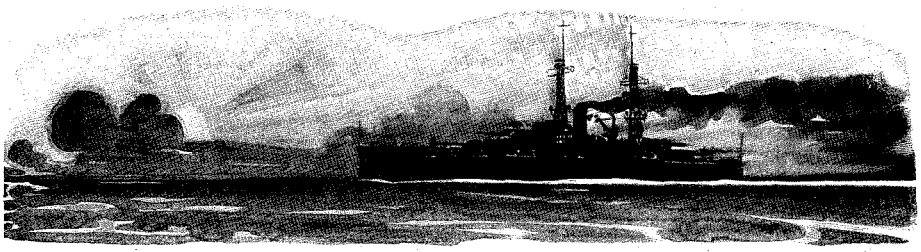
Mrs. Bradley, mindful of superstition, turned away and climbed into the jitney.

"But where is the admiral's wife?" she asked.

"The lady that was talking to you? She's gone!" said the jitney-man. "I asked her something, but she didn't answer—just shook her head and walked away—sort of stumbling——"

He cranked the engine vigorously.

"The reason she couldn't answer was because she was crying," said the jitney-man.



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SAY, THREE MONTHS

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Illustrations by Maud Tousey Fangel

Wobbly-headed baby,
I adjure you to pay attention for a moment to the future that may be.
Blear-eyed, rose-cheeked, helpless and gurgling, without dignity, yet a dignitary potential,
What is your mission, you intrusive ambassador, careless to present a single credential?
I am dying with curiosity to discover your meaning, and it must be that—straight from infinity
Where past and future are all one—it must be you've still knowledge of past and future, you limp-backed divinity.
Oh, baby,
Do stop spitting and gooing, and try sensibly to consider the great things that may be!

The futile, small clutch, my littlest finger within it,
Of your satin, wandering fingers as big as a minute,—
Will it strengthen and focus till that pink fist shall steer, perhaps, the nation—
Hold, maybe, a woman's hand to her eternal salvation, damnation?
You flannelly, alluring nothing, I can hardly wait till I see what you are when you grow;
I can't avoid a conviction that, inside of the flannel and the wobble, there's a god, there's you—and *You know*.
I adjure you to tell me—but, maybe,
It isn't worth while adjuring a wobbly-headed baby.

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Drawn by Maud Tousey Fangel.

. . . rose-cheeked, helpless and gurgling, without dignity, yet a dignitary potential,
What is your mission, you intrusive ambassador, careless to present a single credential?

—"Say, Three Months," page 144.

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LOST AND FOUND

By Edward H. Sothern
Author of "The Melancholy Tale of 'Me,'" etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

"HELLO, there! You! Man!"

"Hello, there! *You!* Woman!"

These greetings were shouted one September morning in the White Mountains, in the neighborhood of Dead Diamond Stream, a wild region near the Maine border.

The first speaker was a woman. The man whom she had hailed had been in the act of repairing a sort of lean-to shack—some logger's camp of days gone by. He was dressed in rough tweeds, with bare arms, and hatless; but when he turned, surprised, in response to the woman's call, it became evident that he was not exactly a man of low degree.

"Oh, I beg pardon," said the woman, who was still some hundred feet or more away. "I thought you were just—a man."

"Well, that's what I am," laughed the laborer.

"Yes," said the woman, "but I mean a common man."

"I *am* a common man, I assure you," said the laborer.

The woman had by now approached to within a few feet of the lean-to shelter. It was clear that she was a creature of gentle station, but her condition was strange to the point of amazement. In the small clearing the morning sun illuminated a pitiful figure, for the woman wore an evening gown, such as would be donned for a summer dance. The frock was torn to tatters, evidently by brambles and branches through which she had forced her way. Her satin shoes were mud-stained and bruised; she had surely fallen, for her hands were cut and soiled; her hair was in disorder; her lips trembled and her eyes were wide with fear.

"Please don't jest," she pleaded. "I'm lost!"

"So am I," laughed the man.

"How *can* you?" said the woman. "Can't you see that I am in great distress? Please tell me the way to the Greenwood-Tree Hotel."

"Never heard of it," said the man. "I tell you, I'm lost, too. I am at work on this shack so that I shan't have to pass another night in the open. There's an old stove here. It's too cold to be out-of-doors without a blanket."

The woman shivered. "My feet are wet through," she said. "I was out all night."

The man approached nearer. "You do look done up," said he. "Look here! You'd better take your shoes and stockings off and I'll make a fire in the stove."

The woman seemed to hesitate.

"There's no good standing on ceremony," said the man. "You'll catch cold if you don't look out."

"How can *you* be lost?" said the woman.

"Well," laughed the man, "I'm only human. I got out of my skiff for a stroll and couldn't find the way back. I haven't the slightest notion where we are. I have been in the woods for three nights and have shouted myself silly. At last I came across this place. I think I shall live here for the rest of my life. I rather like it."

"I'm starving," said the woman.

"Yes; so was I," said the man. "But I have learned a thing or two. I'll feed you, but I shan't tell you what you're eating until to-morrow," and he went into the shack.

The woman followed, staggering from fatigue.

"Sit down there and take those wet shoes off," said he; "and, look here," he added, "put on my tweed coat. You're shivering. The fire and the sun will warm you up, to say nothing of this stew," and he placed a pot on the newly made blaze.

The woman removed her shoes and stockings and rubbed her feet to restore

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some warmth to them. The man placed his coat about her shoulders and arranged the stockings on sticks before the stove.

"Really," said the woman, looking at him gratefully, "one should never judge by appearances."

"I can't agree with you there," said the man, busy with the stew. "In my life I have found that is the best way to judge. But one must have eyes, you know. It doesn't do for a blind man to judge by what he sees."

"Well, at a distance," said the woman, "I couldn't tell."

"Don't you think that it's better for people to judge what a man is by what he *does* rather than by what he says he *is* or by any labels he sticks or has had stuck upon himself?" said the man, stirring the stew and handing a battered tin mug of it to the woman.

"Oh, of course it is," and she sipped the stuff gratefully. "Yes, yes, of course, Mr.—Mr.—?" and she hesitated for the expected information.

"Man!" said the man. "Mr. Man. I shan't tell you my name and I don't want to know yours," said he. "It will be more amusing for us to discover each other without any labels. Who knows how long we may have to stick this out. When we get back we'll tell each other who we are and see then what discrimination and what judgment we are capable of."

The woman laughed and looked up into a wholesome, candid countenance that smiled down on her with clear, kind eyes.

"Done!" said the woman, and held out her hand.

"Done!" said the man, and he took it in a firm grasp.

"This stew is ripping!" said the woman.

"Bully!" said the man.

"Well, no," said the man later in the day and in reply to a question. "My occupation has always been of a sedentary nature; but hunger is the mother of invention. When I was young, of course, I read such helpful romances as 'Sanford and Merton,' and, finding myself in this predicament, I discovered means at hand to secure the wherewithal for stew. Fuel is here to burn. All that was needed was companionship, and that has been provided by the gods."

"But of course," said the woman, "we shall make some effort to escape from this situation."

"In good time," said the man carelessly. "For my part, I came up here to get away from the busy world. Too much civilization is bad for the soul."

"Too much of this, however, would deprive one of reason," said the woman.

"I don't know," said the man. "It might bring us to our senses. By the way, your stockings are dry," and he handed them to her. "But"—and he regarded them critically—"these shoes are quite useless. I tell you what, I'll make you a pair. Here, I'll make a pair of soles out of this box lid, and then we'll use some twine from this sacking and some of the sacking itself by way of uppers, and we'll have regular sandals. Splendid, eh? I told you so—necessity and all the rest of it, eh?"

"Really!" said the woman, "you're a resourceful person."

"Not quite as resourceful as the beaver or the wren," said the man, "to say nothing of the spider or the bee. However, we shall learn," and he set to work with a pocket-knife on his cobbler's task. "I don't believe in high heels, do you?" said he.

"No, I don't," said she. "I only favor them for evening wear. You know, my people will be almost mad with anxiety," said the woman.

"Yes; no doubt," said the man. "There *I* am more fortunate. *I* have no people. That is to say, I came up here alone, and I shan't be missed, except, perhaps, by some other campers-out, and they will not be curious, I fear."

"You see," said the woman, "I wandered away from my hotel after the dance. It was awfully stupid, but I wanted to be by myself for a while. I had something to think about, and I wandered off. I must have walked for an hour, perhaps more, when I found myself, utterly bewildered, on a very unfrequented path, for it was entirely grass-grown. I tried to retrace my steps, but lost the way hopelessly, and, although I called and called and called, there was no reply. I sat down after sev-

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eral hours, when the forest became so dense and dark that it was terrifying. I must have slept. I kept waking in fits and starts. At daybreak I began calling again, and then walked and plodded on until I saw you. 'Thank God!' I said to myself, 'a man at last.'"

"A common man," laughed the man. "Yes," he continued. "Yes, I'm glad you came my way, and I hope I may be helpful. You know, when one loses one's way one is apt to go round and round in a circle. I suppose that's because most people have one leg longer than the other. You can readily perceive that if you step an inch farther with the right foot than you do with the left you must travel in a circle."

"I hadn't thought of it," said the woman. "Shall you make any attempt to find a way out of this?" she queried anxiously.

"Well, I tell you," said the man. "If it's all the same to you, I won't walk much for a day or so. I'll shout. I thought, for instance, that I'd shout a bit this afternoon. You see, I can take this chair, which one of those logging-men made out of a barrel cut conveniently in the middle —it is ingenious, isn't it? It has a back, you see—and I'll sit out there in the sun and shout. You know, people who are carried out of their depth in the sea make a great mistake to exhaust their strength in trying madly to reach the shore. They are usually drowned. The thing to do is to float calmly on your back and shout. Some one will come and get you. Same here! We will sit down in the sun and shout. Some day somebody will pass by. It is just as probable that some man will come our way as that we will encounter any one by wandering in this wilderness. I am something of a mathematician and I have figured it out. The chances are about twenty to seventeen in our favor. This business of having one leg longer than the other places us at a great disadvantage. Sit still and shout—that's what *I* say."

"Can't we tell the points of the compass?" said the woman.

"Yes, you can tell where the sun rises and sets. Do you know in what direction from here your hotel is?"

"Well, no."

"Whether it is north or south or east or west?"

"No. I never thought about where it was."

"Quite so. Same here. *I* never thought about where *I* lived. I have now no idea in which direction it would be advisable to start. One can perish of cold and hunger, you know. Here we are, warm, and I have learned how to get enough to eat. Shouting's the thing, I take it. We're both young; we can wait."

The woman jumped to her feet. "I shall start at once," she said.

"How about your shoes?" said the man.

"Ah, yes!" she faltered.

"I'll have finished them in half an hour, and if you insist, you can go. But really I think it would be unwise. You see, I've tried it, three days running, and had to come back each time. I notched the trees to be sure of my return trip."

The woman sat down, a dull look of despair in her eyes.

"Don't worry," said the man. After a long pause, "Here are the sandals," and he wrapped some of the gunny-sack about her feet and tied on the wooden shoes deftly. "A good job, eh?" he laughed, standing off and regarding his work. "Now, you sleep and I'll do the shouting."

She lay down by the warm stove, with pine boughs for a pillow, and the man sat in the sun and cried "Halloo!" and the Australian call of "Coo-oo-ie!" hour after hour through the day. No response broke the silence which succeeded each cry. When night came he heated some stew, and then he bade the woman good night.

"Where will *you* go?" said she.

"There's a sort of cabin about one hundred yards from here," said the man; "and, look here, this is a trout line. I've been fishing, you see, and I happened to have this in my pocket. Now, I shall tie one end of it to this stake in the ground and I shall take the other end to the place where I shall sleep and I shall tie it to my wrist. If you get nervous or want anything, ring me up—pull the line and I'll come. You know, when I was at school we used to tie a string to the new boy's big toe so as to telegraph to him. One

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pull was A, two pulls B, and so on. He had to find out what we said or get licked. It's well to remember these things. It all comes in useful, doesn't it? Good night! Keep the coat; I shan't want it. I'll see you at breakfast," and he went off into the gloaming.

For an hour the noises of the forest kept the woman's eyes open. Then she slept.

"But where did you get it?" said the woman. "It's perfectly delicious."

"Well, I'll tell you," said the man. "It all comes from having pockets. You know, I've always declared that that is one of the things which has kept woman enslaved and has permitted man to maintain his ill-administered superiority—pockets! Women never have any pockets, consequently they can't carry about with them the innumerable small and indispensable articles—papers, books, pencils, memoranda—the immediate and constant association with which, in otherwise unoccupied moments, are to man a source of comfort and education. Women are always dropping things. One doesn't mind picking them up, but the time occupied in apologies and explanations, and the nervous strain suffered from forgetting essential duties and engagements, the hours and days and months and years that fly away unfruitful because you haven't anything in your pockets to look at or read or make notes on, these are the things which keep you where you are."

"Oh, I see," said the woman. "I had never thought of that."

"No," said the man. "I think I'm the only man who has perceived the real reason. Now, you see, I am covered with pockets, and in one of them I found another trout line. Fortunately, I had some trout flies and leaders twisted round my hat, so at daybreak I went over to a small pond about a mile off—a place I noticed on my last attempt to escape—and I cut a rod and threw my line. Here's the result—four trout."

"But how did you cook them?"

"Don't worry. I tell you one invents things when one is up a tree. There's nothing like being up a tree. That's a curious phrase, by the way," mused the man. "I fancy it must have originated on some ancient occasion, when the person who had sought that safe but undesirable elevation had been persuaded thereto by the pursuit of a ravenous monster. Have some more trout?"

"No, thank you," said the woman. "But I will have a drink of water."

"Good water, isn't it? There's a spring close by. I must show you where it is. It was made for the woodland nymphs to bathe in, and if we are going to live here for any length of time you, I fancy, will be glad to take advantage of it. I wish I had some soap."

"Do you mean to say—?" and the woman gazed, open-mouthed, with a piece of trout poised in the air on the point of a sharpened stick. "Do you mean to say you contemplate a permanent residence in this place?"

"Well, I'll tell you what it is," said the man. "I find I don't want for anything. I find it a relief to be away from some people I know. I find myself greatly occupied with my own thoughts. I shall not reveal to you my profession, but I have a certain problem to solve, and I can solve it here as well or better than I can anywhere else that I know of."

"But we must make some effort to get away. *I* must, at least. Don't you see, I *can't* stay here?"

"I don't quite see how you can go," said the man, smiling quite ingenuously. "Of course you can take long walks in various directions, just as I did, but you won't get anywhere; at least I didn't. Haven't you anything to think about?" he added.

"Think about?" said the woman.

"Yes. I mean, haven't you any problems to solve, any conclusions to reach? Most people avoid such issues. You see, there's always something to do—people to see or trains to catch or bills to pay—so that the real issues of life are thrust aside until to-morrow; and then men usually die without ever having done the things or thought the thoughts they wanted or even hungered to do and think."

"That's true," said the woman. "I never thought of that."

"You'll pardon me for saying it," said the man with a smile, "but that's the third thing you've never thought of."

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The woman flushed rather angrily.

"I mean," he went on, "that you rather illustrate my argument. We don't get much time in a workaday world to really think *at all;* we are so taken up with the mad scramble to make a living that we have no time to *live*. Now *here*, all we can do is to *live*. Isn't that so?"

"Well, yes," said the woman. "I never—" And she checked herself and smiled.

"Never thought of that, eh?" said the man, and *he* smiled, too. "To *live*," he continued, "and to *think*. You know," he went on, "we are none of us really ourselves all our lives. Isn't it ghastly to think of it! We are for ever and ever moulding and fitting ourselves to conditions and circumstances and groups of people which press us out of our own real native desired shape. The things we really want to do and say we seldom do and say. There's always a rake-off. We must consider this one's feelings, for we love her or him, or we *think* we do, or *they* think we do; that's just as bad. The fact that we are surrounded by duties and obligations forced upon us by our civilization casts us in a definite iron mould. I have rebelled all my life at circumstance," and the man threw his arms in the air and gave a sort of low cry.

"I wonder who you are!" said the woman.

"Curiosity," said the man, "is one of the great forces in the march of progress. It is the germ of every discovery. It sent Christopher Columbus on his historical voyage. Next to the pursuit of the beautiful it is, perhaps, the most fruitful of instincts. But let us not forget that it impelled Eve to take that fatal mouthful of apple which has caused her children to waste time and substance in studying the fashions, gave rise to the tower of Babel, and led you and me to the fetters of social convention and away from the freedom which habit has made so irksome to you and which seems to me the very breath of life."

"Who *are* you?" said the woman.

"I shan't tell you," said the man.

"You know," said the woman, "for us to remain here alone for several days like this will, of course, give rise to—well, people will say—that is, I—don't you *think* so?"

"*Yes*, I do. But that is one of the things we can think about. You see, morality is purely a human invention; among the animals it does not exist. It is, as it were, wholly a matter of words. The beasts don't speak. They do not therefore hide their thoughts. Men with the largest vocabularies are most capable of evil. Every beast knows what the other beasts mean. It was Walt Whitman who spoke of them as "the well-mannered beasts." They never offend; except for certain of the carnivori, or flesh-eating animals, they are kind; and even the flesh-eaters can be affected by gentleness and by music. It is a mistake to conclude that we are more moral because we talk. Really, you know, I have acquaintances, and I am sure you have, too, whose manners would be less reprehensible were they more beastly."

The woman laughed loud and long.

"We talk ourselves into turpitudes," said the man. "It's better to be dumb and decent."

"I'm afraid if chattering were a sign of depravity——"

"I should be ostracized; yet occasionally one must protest. Even Baalam's donkey——"

Said the woman: "Baalam's donkey was a female, and you must admit that her behavior was asinine."

"True; had she kicked Baalam when he beat her it would have been both more appropriate and more eloquent."

"I am afraid," laughed the woman, "you pervert the prophets and purloin the psalms. But all the same there are certain reasonable conventions——"

"Which chain us unreasonably," interrupted the man. "We go about the cities in chain-gangs," said he, "men chained to each other, men chained to women, both chained to children, children chained to parents, all chained to creeds."

"But this is social order," said the woman. "We must have some sort of regulation, when people sin . . ."

"There's no such thing," said the man.

"I beg your pardon?" said the woman.

"There's no such thing as sin," said the man. "What we call sin is merely a transgression of human law. God in heaven knows no sin."

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"'Forgive us our trespasses,'" quoted the woman.

"Quite so," said the man. "To trespass is to pass across, to intrude, to encroach, to do any act which injures or annoys another. But all of these are pardonable even in the human code, and the divine code knows them not. 'God hath made man upright. But they have sought out many inventions.'"

"You are familiar with the Scriptures?" said the woman.

"Wisdom is better than weapons of war," said the man.

"What is this problem you have to solve?" asked the woman.

"I can't tell you," replied the man. "*I* might ask what it was that *you* had to debate all by yourself after the dance and which took you out into the night."

"I can't tell you that, either," said the woman.

"I wonder," said the man, half to himself, "if we could help each other. Two are better than one," he said aloud. "'Woe to him that is alone when he falleth. For he hath not another to help him up.'"

"Well, my difficulty is a purely personal matter," said the woman, "a matter entirely for my own decision. No one in the whole world can help me."

"I see," said the man. "It's somewhat the same with me. I do not know a single person who would advise me to take the course I am inclined to pursue."

"You make me very curious," said the woman.

"That, if you will allow me, is the weakness of your sex," said the man.

"Have *you* no desire to know what troubles *me?*" said the woman.

"None whatever," said the man.

"Really," said the woman, "you are less than polite."

"I mean," said the man, "that I should be glad to aid you in any way, but that I have no wish to intrude upon your confidence."

"Oh," said the woman with a toss of her head, and the man could not but admit that she was good to look upon.

"He's a healthy, clean-looking chap," thought the woman, "although his nose is a bit crooked. I wonder if that's what made him walk in circles. I don't mind it, however. In fact, it's rather interesting. Michael Angelo's nose was on one side, if I remember rightly."

"You see," said the man, "people's problems seldom interest other people; one half the world simply doesn't *want* to know how the other half lives. Now, I know a man, a clergyman, who argues thus:

"'Each day I preach, "Do unto others as you would be done by," and each day I leave the wretched to their sorrow, the poor to their hunger, the heavy-laden to their burdens, while I return to my happy hearth, to my good dinner, and to my sufficient leisure. I know that they weep while I laugh and that they are in pain while I am in gladness; that I have abundance while their tables are bare. What,' says my friend, 'is the answer to this?'"

"Well," said the woman, "the clergy must be fed."

"Why?" said the man.

"So that they may preach," said the woman.

"*Why* must they preach?" said the man.

"To teach the people to endure," said the woman.

"But why should the *people* endure when their *teacher* endures not?"

"Should the teacher, then, suffer, too?" said the woman.

"'Sell all that thou hast and distribute unto the poor, and come, follow me,'" said the man; "'and when he heard this he was very sorrowful, for he was very rich.'"

"Well, what solution has your friend reached?" asked the woman, and her tone declared her intense interest.

"He has not yet determined," said the man. "But we shall soon know."

"Wealth is a fearful responsibility," said the woman.

"It is one easily relinquished," said the man.

"But *should* one relinquish it? Is there no obligation to administer such a trust? Can one so situated not relieve some of this suffering?"

"Maybe," said the man.

"I know a woman, for example," said she, "who commands great resources.

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To be exact, she controls twenty-five million dollars."

"Phew!" exclaimed the man.

"What should she do with it?" inquired the woman. "In your judgment, what should she do?"

"Well, we have just quoted authority," said he.

"She could give a dollar apiece to twenty-five million paupers," said she.

"You are not quite reasonable, are you?" laughed the man.

"There will always be poverty," said the woman.

"No, not always. Slavery has been abolished in *this* hemisphere."

"Shall hunger be abolished, too?"

"It is possible. Enough food is wasted to fatten the world."

"What should she do with her money, then?"

"Teach," said the man.

"What would your friend have done had *he* controlled such a sum?"

"He would have taught, I fancy."

"And you, what would *you* do?"

"Teach," said the man.

"What?"

"There is much ignorance."

"Surely!"

"And there is much knowledge."

"Yes."

"And there is much that is unclean."

"Well?"

"Men act according to their wisdom," said the man.

"Some have criminal inclinations," said the woman.

"They are either unwise or ill. They can be taught and healed."

"You are a socialist?" said she.

"Not quite; a humanitarian, perhaps."

"Are you a poor man?"

"I am; and I will be poorer before I am done."

"The preacher saith there is no remembrance of the *wise* more than of the *fool* forever, and he counsels men to eat and to drink and to be merry."

"Quite so; but please observe that in order to be merry one must eat and drink."

"Then you would reach men's minds through their stomachs?"

"I would build wisdom on a foundation of beefsteak and suet pudding."

"Our preacher is a trifle confusing, for he says also: 'Sorrow is better than laughter. For by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.'"

"I fancy he merely means combine thinking with your drinking. But, whatever he meant, I'll swear that misery and poverty are poison to men's souls."

Here the man jumped up with vigor. "I must do my marketing," said he, "and provide the meat and drink which shall bring us wisdom."

"How do you get meat?" inquired the woman.

"I am something of a cricketer," said the man, laughing, "and can throw straight, and there are—but never mind. The stew tastes good, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, sufficient for the day are the ingredients thereof," and he was off.

Shortly he returned and set the pot to boiling. "Here are blueberries, too," said he. "The fruits of the earth and the fulness thereof. Now, while dinner is cooking, I'll shout a bit," and he shouted for an hour loud and long, and the evening and the morning were the second day.

"I hope," said the woman, "that my question is not indiscreet."

"Not a bit," said the man. "I am a bachelor. 'He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.'"

"Oh! you are a woman-hater?"

"Not at all. But, as a matter of fact, I have certain intentions and I would prefer to proceed unhampered."

The woman was silent for a moment.

"This is our third day here," she said at last.

"Is it?" said the man. "I hadn't counted. You see, time is not important to me just now. I'm doing a lot of thinking."

"And shouting," laughed the woman.

"Yes, and shouting."

"I suppose they're looking for me," said she rather wistfully.

"No doubt," said he. "I wouldn't worry. They'll find you. The guides about these parts are smart fellows, al-

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though they look like the merest rustics —another instance of the folly of judging by externals. By the way, did you read about that foreign valet who passed himself off for a French count?"

The woman started a little. "No," said she. "No; I didn't hear about it."

"Well," said the man, "it's an instance of a peculiar folly. As it turns out, the fellow isn't even a foreigner. But he posed as a Frenchman, wore smart clothes, and danced attendance on the women in summer resorts. Isn't it strange that otherwise intelligent people should be taken in by such blatant, transparent scoundrels? To think that such fine feathers should be all that some women consider! However, I suppose it's the survival of a primitive instinct—the plumage of birds, male birds, and the antics of dancing-bugs, and so on. They hypnotize the female to her undoing."

"Really, you have a poor opinion of our sex," and the woman laughed a little nervously, it seemed.

"Not at all; but I like to understand the reasons of things. I am sure that you, personally, would be quite beyond such an influence."

"Thank you," said the woman, a trifle weakly. "Well, tell me about this—this fellow."

"Why, I only know what I have read in the police news."

"Police news!"

"Yes. Some one brought a newspaper to the camp. You know how it is, one reads everything when there's nothing to read. It seems this fellow has swindled people everywhere under various names—Count This and Prince That—that he has a prison record, has married and deserted two or three or four unfortunates, and is now at large somewhere in America under the title of Vicomte de Rochambeau."

"How dare you!" cried the woman, and rose to her feet livid and trembling.

"I beg your pardon?" said the man, looking at her in blank amazement.

"How dare you!" she cried again. "Vicomte de Rochambeau is my friend. I am engaged to marry him—that is, I mean, he has proposed marriage to me—and you dare to tell me that he is a fugitive from justice, a jailbird, a bigamist, when you know that I am about to become his wife. Oh, you—it is too awful! It is cowardly, wicked, a falsehood, a lie."

"Look here!" said the man. "I am sorry you are upset; but please remember I don't know your name. I have no idea who you are and had no means of knowing that you had come in contact with this man. Of course, I shouldn't have spoken of him—at least I don't think I should—if I had known. But, since I have said it, I have to declare that it is true and that I did read all this in a newspaper. It may be a lie. By the way, now I think of it, here's the paper," and he produced it. "There; read it yourself. I think I'll go and shout a bit, if you don't mind," and he went out into the daylight and gave forth those cries we have recorded. The woman, as she listened, thought that the man shouted louder than he had ever shouted before.

It was about two hours later when the man appeared before the shack carrying the ancient bucket filled with spring-water. The woman sat staring at the newspaper. She did not look up nor speak. The man put down the bucket, replenished the fire, took a fountain pen from his pocket, and tore a piece of paper from a letter. He placed the paper on a box beside the woman; he took up his fish-line of the day before and put one end under a stone by the paper. Then, unwinding the line, he went out and walked toward his own retreat. The sun went down.

For a while the woman sat still in the light of the fire; then she picked up the paper and read: "Good night. I know you don't feel like talking. Tie the line to your wrist and ring me up if you want anything."

The woman crushed the newspaper in her two hands. "It's true!" she cried aloud. "My God! it's true. I believe he's right about the plumage and all the rest of it."

Just before sunrise the man felt a tug at his wrist. He arose briskly and hastened to the shack.

"May I come in?" he called.

The woman met him at the door. She held out her hand. "I'm sorry," she

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said. "I couldn't sleep. I've been awake all night. I can't rest until I have said: 'I'm sorry.'"

"Nonsense," said the man. "I talk too much, anyhow. Still, it's just as well for you to know."

"I'm sure of that. You know, that's the thing I had to go out and think about —what answer I should give."

"It's lucky you lost your way, isn't it?"

"Yes, it was an escape. Now"—and she tried to smile—"I'll sleep a little."

"Good! And I'll go and catch breakfast."

Conversation was a little strained at the morning meal.

The woman volunteered to shout and did so during the early part of the day. The man busied himself about the shack, watching her as she sat in the sunlight.

About midday the man did the shouting.

Then came the evening meal. The woman scarcely tasted it, and the evening and the morning were the fourth day.

"Don't you think it's quite ridiculous that we have no names," said the woman.

"Not at all," said the man. "It adds greatly to the interest of the adventure. You might find I was not in your set or I might discover that you were my dearest friend's enemy, and there would be an end to our pleasant intimacy."

"Well, but there should be some style of address. It is so awkward to say just 'you,' or 'I say,' or 'look here.'"

"Well, call me Pan," said he.

"Then I'll be Diana," said she.

"I am happy to see, Diana, that you seem to have become more reconciled to your fate; that is to say, that you perceive the wisdom of waiting until you are called for."

"My dear Pan, 'what can't be cured must be endured.' It seems I have no alternative."

"I wish I could vary our bill of fare, but alas! My resources are limited. I fear you didn't like your breakfast."

"I think you do very well. We have cress and herbs, and your pot *au feu*, so mysterious, is hot and comforting, and, too, your trout."

"You have forgiven me my indiscretion?"

"Entirely! You have done me a service," and she held out her hand very frankly.

"It seems we have known each other a long while," said Pan.

"Well, truly, had we met under ordinary conditions we could never have indulged in so many confidences in three years as we have done in three days."

"Strange are the uses of adversity, eh, Diana?"

"I believe the line is, '*Sweet* are the uses of adversity,' if you will pardon me, Pan."

"True, of course, 'sweet,'" and without definite intent the man's hand sought the hand of the woman.

"I think I'll go and shout a bit," said Diana, and she released her hand and went out into the sun.

After a while the woman's shouts ceased and the man, from where he stood, could see that she was weeping. He approached.

"Diana," said he, "I don't want to intrude; but I would comfort you if I could."

"I'll get over it," said Diana.

"You see, when one's appetite gives out things become serious."

"Oh, I'll get over it. One hates to find oneself a fool. I am ashamed, humiliated. I feel I would like to stay here forever. I shall be laughed at when I return. That man has, perhaps, been arrested by now."

"Were his attentions very marked—very public?"

"Quite. I think I excited some envy. Maybe they'll think I've committed suicide in despair," and she arose and walked up and down in agitation.

"You'll make yourself ill," said Pan after a while. "Do you think you really cared, that your affections were really engaged?"

"No; I don't. I'm certain they were not. I was vain and stupid and was properly paid," and Diana dried her eyes, and bit her lips, and shook her head, and then laughed rather pitifully. "Don't worry," said she as Pan looked at her dolefully.

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"I'll find a remedy. There are other fish in the sea."

"Look out for man-eaters," said Pan.

At dinner-time Diana pushed her food from her again.

"Look here! This is serious," said Pan, alarmed. "Really, we must provide diversion, a change of thoughts—'Take thou some new infection to thine eye and the rank poison of the old will die,'" and Pan tried, like a good comrade, to chase away Diana's sombre mood. All the evening, with chatter and anecdote, and attempts at amusing discussion, he worked hard to quell the obstinate spirit which possessed her. But when night came he retired defeated. Diana would not be wooed from her melancholy.

"I'm sorry I have been such bad company," said she as she held out her hand. "You have been kind, and I am grateful."

And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.

"I've been thinking," said Pan shortly after sunrise— "I've been thinking, and I have discovered the remedy."

"What is it?" said Diana, a trifle paler than she had appeared up to this time.

"I shall make love to you," said Pan.

Diana smiled as much as to say: "Don't jest."

"I mean it," said Pan. "You must have a tonic. The pulse must be quickened, imagination excited, the heart stimulated, the appetite restored."

Diana laughed.

"I am serious," said Pan. "You can't be quite indifferent to me; I'm not hideous. I'm simply glowing with health. I have a sort of sprightly intelligence. I'll swear I'm honest up to now, and I'm firmly persuaded I shall remain so, although one can never be quite certain of anything. Still, there's my character. Diana, I adore you."

Diana laughed. The color rose to her face, however, and a curious thing happened—she ate her breakfast.

"You see!" said Pan. "I told you. The very first dose and you have an appetite."

"I must admit," said Diana, "your remedy is diverting and the application of it is, as far as I know, novel. These protestations are supposed to take away the appetite and render maidens all forlorn."

"Therein lies the art of the practitioner. In this case it shall be otherwise. The mixture shall be administered constantly, the patient kept on the jump day in and day out from one emotion to another—hope, fear, joy, sorrow, gratification, despair, victory, defeat—and finally she sails into the harbor of two loving arms, happy that the turmoil of so tempestuous a voyage is past and glad to be at rest."

Diana laughed again. Then she took a turn or two in the sunlight. "Pan," she said at last. "Pan! I feel as if I had known you for years. I know you are trying to be kind and helpful, but there is always danger in playing with fire, and this plaything love can be a deadly thing. So I am going to be frank with you. You remember that rich woman I spoke of who had twenty-five million dollars at her disposal? Well, I am that woman."

"The devil you say!" said Pan.

"I am a widow and I inherited this fortune from my husband. If I marry again I forfeit every penny of it. That's why I took the walk which led me here. I had a lot to think about. I feel sure I should have decided not to wed. But women are weak creatures sometimes. I want to devote my life to the regeneration of the wretched and the poor. Think of the chance I have! This experience, I believe, was inflicted upon me as a warning, a lesson. It is past. I shall never marry. I have thought out my problem. Have you thought out yours?"

"Yes!"

"Can't we join forces? You can help me; you have, perhaps, the same ideals. I have grown to believe much in you. For five days we have been pretty close to each other; one can learn a lot in five such days. Lend me your pen. Thanks. And a scrap of paper from one of those famous pockets."

Pan handed her his pen and paper. She carefully trimmed a small piece to the size of a woman's card. Then with care she wrote upon it and handed it to Pan.

"Permit me," said she. "My card."

Pan gazed at the card and then at Diana. A queer look came into his eyes. It was odd that in what would seem to be

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his moment of defeat he should appear quite triumphant.

"Won't you exchange cards?" said Diana.

"No," said Pan, "not now—not just yet. I'm going to walk for an hour through the forest and think this thing out."

"Don't lose your way," said Diana.

"Oh, no! I'm familiar with the path to the pond."

"You'll come back—you'll be sure to come back?"

"I'm not quite sure until I've thought it out. But I believe I shall walk rather slowly to the pond and I shall run back as hard as I can," and Pan laughed and almost skipped out of the doorway.

"That's strange," thought Diana. "He seems to be actually glad, delighted, that he must not make love to me," and with that perversity which is both maddening and alluring Diana tossed her head in the sunlight and said something which sounded like "Well, I never!" which signified, of course, that she had achieved exactly what she wanted and did not at all want what she had achieved.

"Halloo!" cried Pan as he came racing into the open space in something less than an hour, and, truly a very creature of sun and wind and forest, he stood glowing and panting before Diana's open door.

"Well?" said Diana, and she could not help a sort of reciprocal glow as she looked upon Pan.

"Well," said he, "I have thought it out."

"And what have you concluded?"

"I adore you," said Pan.

"Really!" began Diana, but Pan stepped forward and took both her hands.

"You shall love me," he said, and his eyes danced gayly. Here was no sombre, sighing swain. "You shall love me," said Pan, "and you shall give up this fortune willingly to be mine, and you shall forfeit everything, and yet you shall be no poorer than before."

"You talk in riddles," said Diana, and she tried to take her hands away. "Surely," said she, "you would not force on me attentions which are distasteful?"

"They shall *not* be distasteful. You will love me. It is written in the stars. That's why I wandered here; that's why you were drawn after me; you and I of all people in the wide, wide world. I who have come four—five thousand miles to reach this spot and you who sought me—me of all men on earth."

"*Sought* you?"

"Yes, *came* to me, *selected* me, *found* me, *won* me."

"*Won* you?"

"Surely; a little while and you will know. It is ordained."

"Who *are* you?" said Diana, rather frightened.

"Not yet," said Pan. "I shall not tell you yet."

"But I gave you *my* name."

"And I shall give you mine, but in good time."

Then began a strange wooing, Pan ever gentle, deferential, worshipful, but already triumphant and serene; Diana fearful, resisting, fascinated, wondering, awed, by turns delighted and terrified.

"You shall sacrifice this fortune for me," said Pan.

"How can you ask such a sacrifice and say that you love me?" said Diana.

"It is *because* I love you I ask it," said Pan. "You shall choose me before all the wealth of the world."

"But this is horrible," said she. "You would deprive me of the glory of administering this vast wealth for the benefit of mankind. It is the very thing you declared you wished you might do."

"It is, and you shall do it," said Pan.

"If I should love you I lose all," said Diana.

"You *shall* lose all," said Pan, "and you shall gain all by loving me."

"You mean that you must have the satisfaction of seeing me prefer your love to my high purpose?"

"I mean that my love shall *be* your high purpose, and that my high purpose shall be your love."

"Oh, you juggle words," cried Diana, "and you torture me. You have me in a trap."

"Yes," laughed Pan. "There is no escape. But I shall not persecute you. It is all determined. I shall not seize and bend you to my wish. No. You shall come to me and say: 'Take me; I am yours.'"

Such confidence as this is rather overwhelming. For two days the glad and

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buoyant and diligent and kindly Pan flitted about his domain, ever laughing as though possessing some secret understanding with fate which assured him of the achievement of his desire.

Diana grew to feel that some power controlled her and that her own free will no longer steered her course. Pan did not thrust his suit upon her, but by look and tone and by his very absence and approaches, by his deference and in a thousand silent ways, he told his love. He waited as waits the husbandman for harvest, patiently, knowing God will ripen the fruit in his own time, and that one day it will fall or he will take it with gentle hand when the hour shall come. Thus two days passed. Pan shouted mightily but came no sound in answer.

"They will never come," said Diana.

"They will not come until the tale is told," said Pan.

"What do you mean?" said Diana.

"A thing so strange as this has been must surely come to flower and to fruit. It is not *yet* time."

"Pan!" said Diana.

"Yes."

"If I should sacrifice this great fortune and forego this great purpose, how should we live, you and I?"

"The sparrows keep house," said Pan.

"Yes, but they need no income," said Diana.

"Money is merely a token of labor done. I have strong arms and some sort of a head."

"I suppose whoever this money went to would, even if he were unworthy, at least distribute it."

"Doubtless."

"You know it goes, in the event of my marriage, to a man who I hear is rather a bad lot."

"Really?"

"Yes. My husband used to speak of him. He was wild and ungovernable as a boy. They brought him up to the army, but he got religion out West, entered the church."

"That looks bad."

"Then I think he was turned out of the church."

"That's worse."

"Yes. It's pretty bad. You see, he'd get this fortune."

"It might redeem him."

"Not very likely. Do you think we ought to let him have it?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I adore you!"

"That's no reason."

"I have lost all other reason. That's all I want to know."

"I think I'll shout a little while," said Diana, and she sat in that armchair fashioned from a barrel, which once had held molasses, and she hailed those long-hoped-for rescuers once more. But as she hailed her voice grew lower and more low, and a fear came over her that truly some one might hear her cry and, hearing, come that way. Thus she opened her lips and stifled her last "Halloo!" with her hand.

"What is this?" said she, and lo! a shadow fell along the grass where Pan stood gazing, confident, secure.

"Why have you stopped calling?" said Pan.

"I'm afraid some one might come," said Diana.

"That's true," said Pan. "I have thought of that myself. But we shall hear no cry until the word is spoken."

"Pan," said Diana, and she rose and laid her two hands on his breast and played with the lapel of his coat.

"Yes?" said Pan.

"Take me; I am yours," and Diana sank into the arms of Pan.

On the instant came the cry, "Halloo! Halloo!" far away, but surely distinguishable.

Above the sounds of the forest a human cry at last.

"Halloo! Halloo!" answered Pan. "Come!" he said. "We will proceed to pack up."

He led Diana by the hand to the cabin. There he took out his fountain pen; he took from his pocket that piece of paper on which she had written her name. On the opposite side he wrote busily for a few moments, then he handed the paper to Diana. She read with puzzled countenance: "I hereby give and devise freely, for her sole use, my entire estate to my dear wife to administer and enjoy absolutely at her own discretion from this day forth forever."

"But," said Diana, "this is Quixotic."

"Perhaps," said Pan. "Of course," he added, "it's only a small sum. Let me

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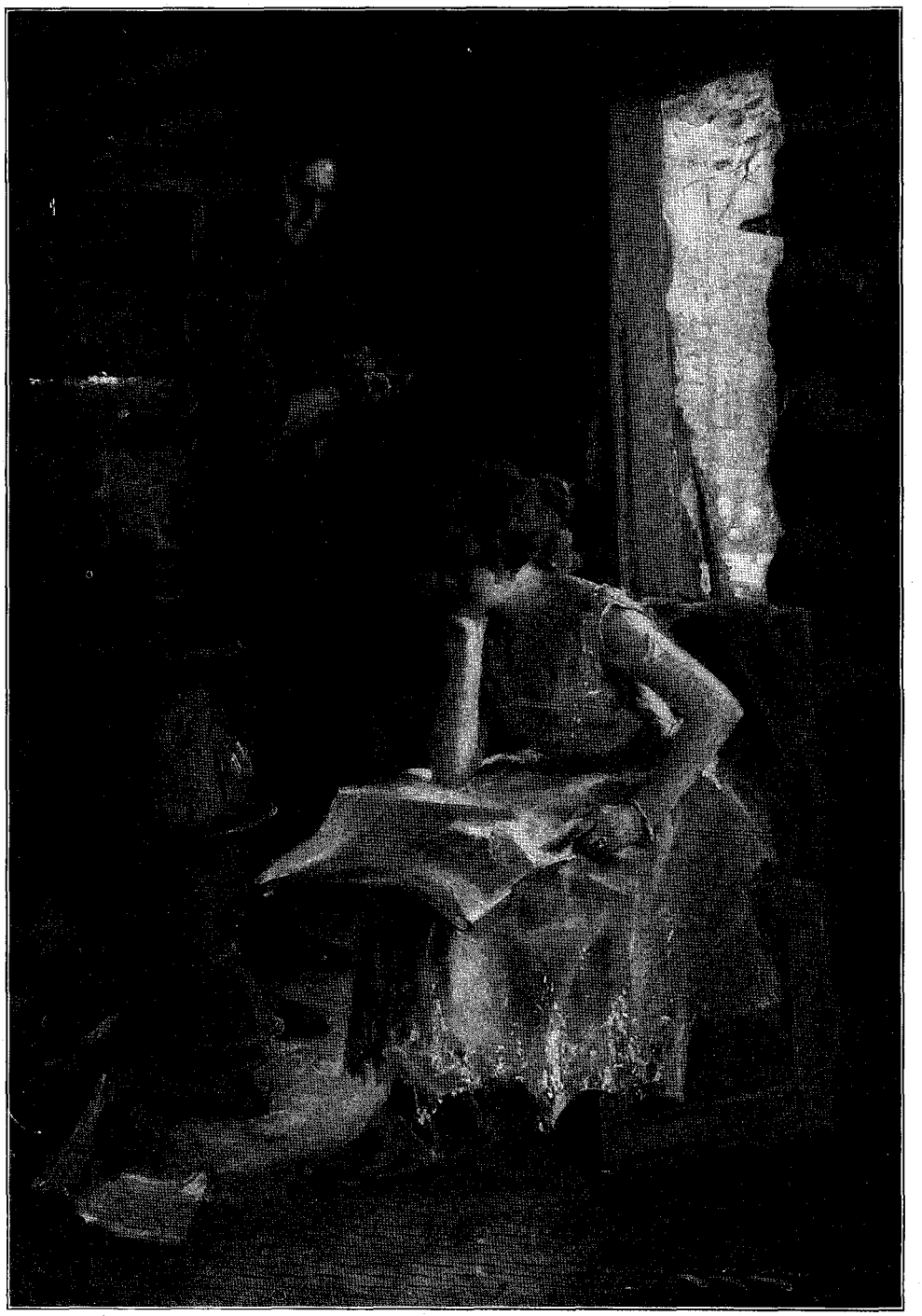

Drawn by Charles E. Chambers.

The woman sat staring at the newspaper. She did not look up nor speak.—Page 154.

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sign it. *There!*" and he handed back the paper.

Diana gasped for breath. "Do you mean to say—?" She could not continue, but stood with open mouth and shining eyes.

"*I* am the man," said Pan.

"Halloo! Halloo!" The voices were quite near by now.

"Halloo!" cried Diana and Pan with one voice—that is to say, with the voices of two who had become one.

A REMEMBERED DREAM

By Henry van Dyke

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

THIS is the story of a dream that befell me some five-and-twenty years ago. It is as vivid in memory as anything that I have ever seen in the outward world, as distinct as any experience through which I have ever passed. Not all dreams are thus remembered. But some are. In the records of the mind, where the inner chronicle of life is written, they are intensely clear and veridical. I shall try to tell the story of this dream with an absolute faithfulness, adding nothing and leaving nothing out, but writing the narrative just as if the thing were real.

Perhaps it was. Who can say?

In the course of a journey, of the beginning and end of which I know nothing, I had come to a great city, whose name, if it was ever told me, I cannot recall.

It was evidently a very ancient place, for the dwelling-houses and larger buildings were gray and beautiful with age, and the streets wound in and out among them wonderfully, like a maze. This city lay beside a river or estuary—though this was something that I did not find out until later, as you will see—and the newer part of the town extended mainly on a wide, bare street running along a kind of low cliff or embankment, where the basements of the small houses on the water-side went down below the level of the street to the shore. But the older part of the town was closely and intricately built, with gabled roofs and heavy carved façades hanging over the narrow stone-paved ways, which here and there led out suddenly into an open square.

It was in what appeared to be the largest and most important of these squares that I was standing, a little before midnight. I had left my wife and our little girl in the lodging which we had found, and walked out alone to visit the sleeping town.

The night sky was clear, save for a few filmy, racing clouds, which passed over the face of the full moon, obscuring it for an instant, but never completely hiding it—like veils in a shadow dance. The spire of the great cathedral was silver filigree on the moonlit side, and on the other side, black lace. The square was empty. But on the broad, shallow steps in front of the main entrance of the cathedral two heroic figures were seated. At first I thought they were statues. Then I perceived they were alive, and talking earnestly together.

They were like Greek gods, very strong and beautiful, and naked but for some slight drapery that fell snow-white around them. They glistened in the moonlight. I could not hear what they were saying; yet I could see that they were in a dispute which went to the very roots of life.

They resembled each other strangely in form and feature—like twin brothers. But the face of one was noble, lofty, calm, full of a vast regret and compassion. The face of the other was proud, resentful, drawn with passion. He appeared to be accusing and renouncing his companion, breaking away from an ancient friendship in a swift, implacable hatred. But the companion seemed to plead with him, and lean toward him, and try to draw him closer.

A strange fear and sorrow shook my

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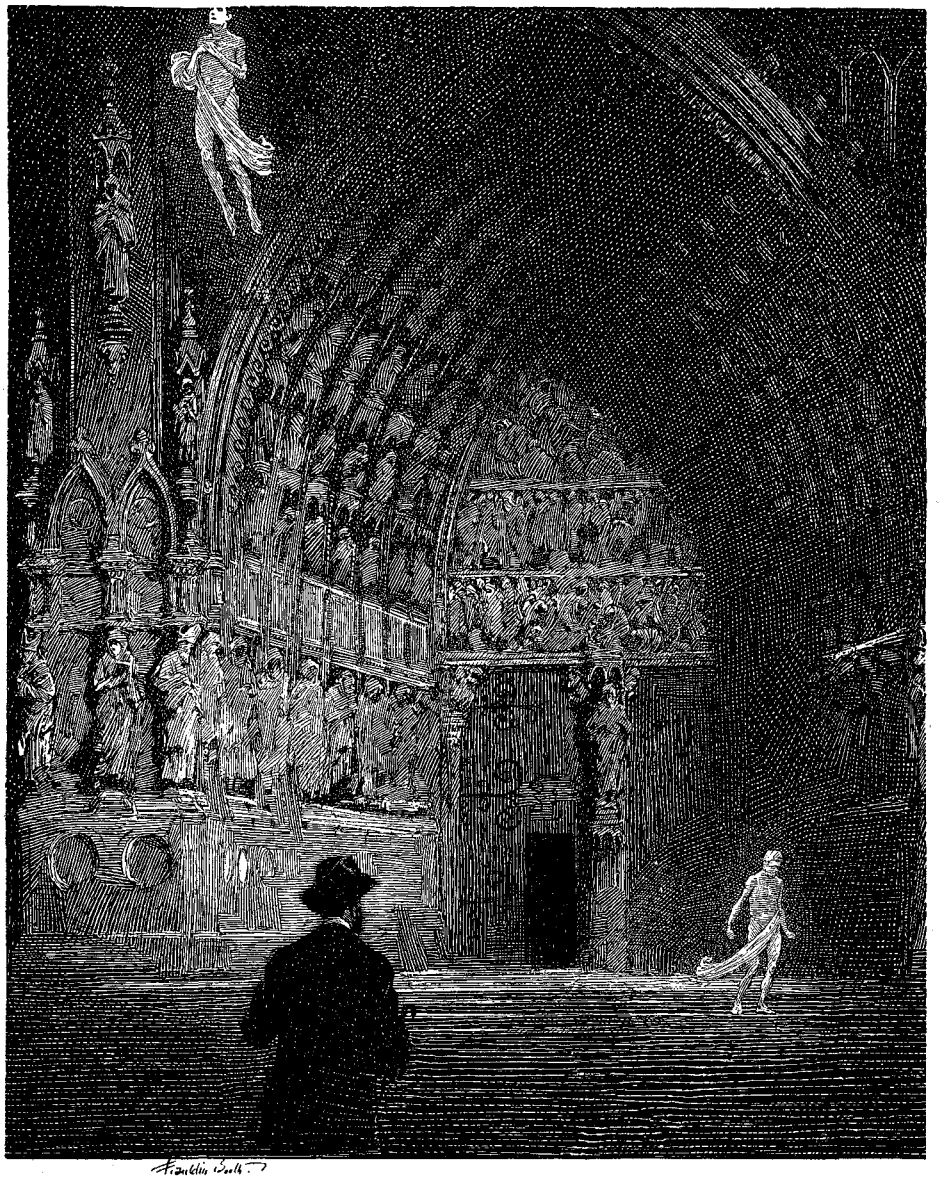

He rose into the air. . . . The other did not look up.—Page 162.

heart. I felt that this mysterious contest was something of immense importance; a secret, ominous strife; a menace to the world.

Then the two figures stood up, marvellously alike in strength and beauty, yet absolutely different in expression and bearing, the one calm and benignant, the other fierce and threatening. The quiet one was still pleading, with a hand laid upon the other's shoulder. But he shook it off, and thrust his companion away with a proud, impatient gesture.

At last I heard him speak.

"I have done with you," he cried. "I do not believe in you. I have no more need of you. I renounce you. I will live without you. Away forever out of my life!"

At this a look of ineffable sorrow and pity came upon the great companion's face.

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"You are free," he answered. "I have only besought you, never constrained you. Since you will it, I must leave you, now, to yourself."

He rose into the air, still looking downward with wise eyes full of grief and warning, until he vanished in silence among the thin clouds.

The other did not look up, but lifting his head with a defiant laugh, shook his shoulders as if they were free of a burden. He strode swiftly around the corner of the cathedral and disappeared among the deep shadows.

A sense of intolerable calamity fell upon me. I said to myself:

"That was Man! And the other was God! And they have parted!"

Then the multitude of bells hidden in the lace-work of the high tower began to sound. It was not the aerial fluttering music of the carillon that I remembered hearing long ago from the belfries of the Low Countries. This was a confused and strident ringing, jangled and broken, full of sudden tumults and discords, as if the tower were shaken and the bells gave out their notes at hazard, in surprise and trepidation.

It stopped as suddenly as it began. The great bell of the hours struck twelve. The windows of the cathedral glowed faintly with a light from within.

"It is New Year's Eve," I thought—although I knew perfectly well that the time was late summer. I had seen that though the leaves on the trees of the square were no longer fresh, they had not yet fallen.

I was certain that I must go into the cathedral. The western entrance was shut. I hurried to the south side. The dark, low door of the transept was open. I went in. The building was dimly lighted by huge candles which flickered and smoked like torches. I noticed that one of them, fastened against a pillar, was burning crooked, and the tallow ran down its side in thick white tears.

The nave of the church was packed with a vast throng of people, all standing, closely crowded together, like the undergrowth in a forest. The rood-screen was open, or broken down, I could not tell which. The choir was bare, like a clearing in the woods, and filled with blazing light.

On the high steps, with his back to the altar, stood Man, his face gleaming with pride.

"I am the Lord!" he cried. "There is none above me! No law, no God! Man is power. Man is the highest of all!"

A tremor of wonder and dismay, of excitement and division, shivered through the crowd. Some covered their faces. Others stretched out their hands. Others shook their fists in the air. A tumult of voices broke from the multitude—voices of exultation, and anger, and horror, and strife.

The floor of the cathedral was moved and lifted by a mysterious ground-swell. The pillars trembled and wavered. The candles flared and went out. The crowd, stricken dumb with a panic fear, rushed to the doors, burst open the main entrance, and struggling in furious silence poured out of the building. I was swept along with them, striving to keep on my feet.

One thought possessed me. I must get to my wife and child, save them, bring them out of this accursed city.

As I hurried across the square I looked up at the cathedral spire. It was swaying and rocking in the air like the mast of a ship at sea. The lace-work fell from it in blocks of stone. The people rushed screaming through the rain of death. Some were struck down, and lay where they fell.

I ran as fast as I could. But it was impossible to run far. Every street and alley vomited men—all struggling together, fighting, shouting, or shrieking, striking one another down, trampling over the fallen—a hideous melée. There was an incessant rattling noise in the air, and heavier peals as of thunder shook the houses. Here a wide rent yawned in a wall—there a roof caved in—the windows fell into the street in showers of broken glass.

How I got through this inferno I do not know. Buffeted and blinded, stumbling and scrambling to my feet again, turning this way or that way to avoid the thickest centres of the strife, oppressed and paralyzed by a feeling of impotence that put an iron band around my heart, driven always by the intense longing to reach my wife and child, somehow I had a sense of struggling on. Then I came

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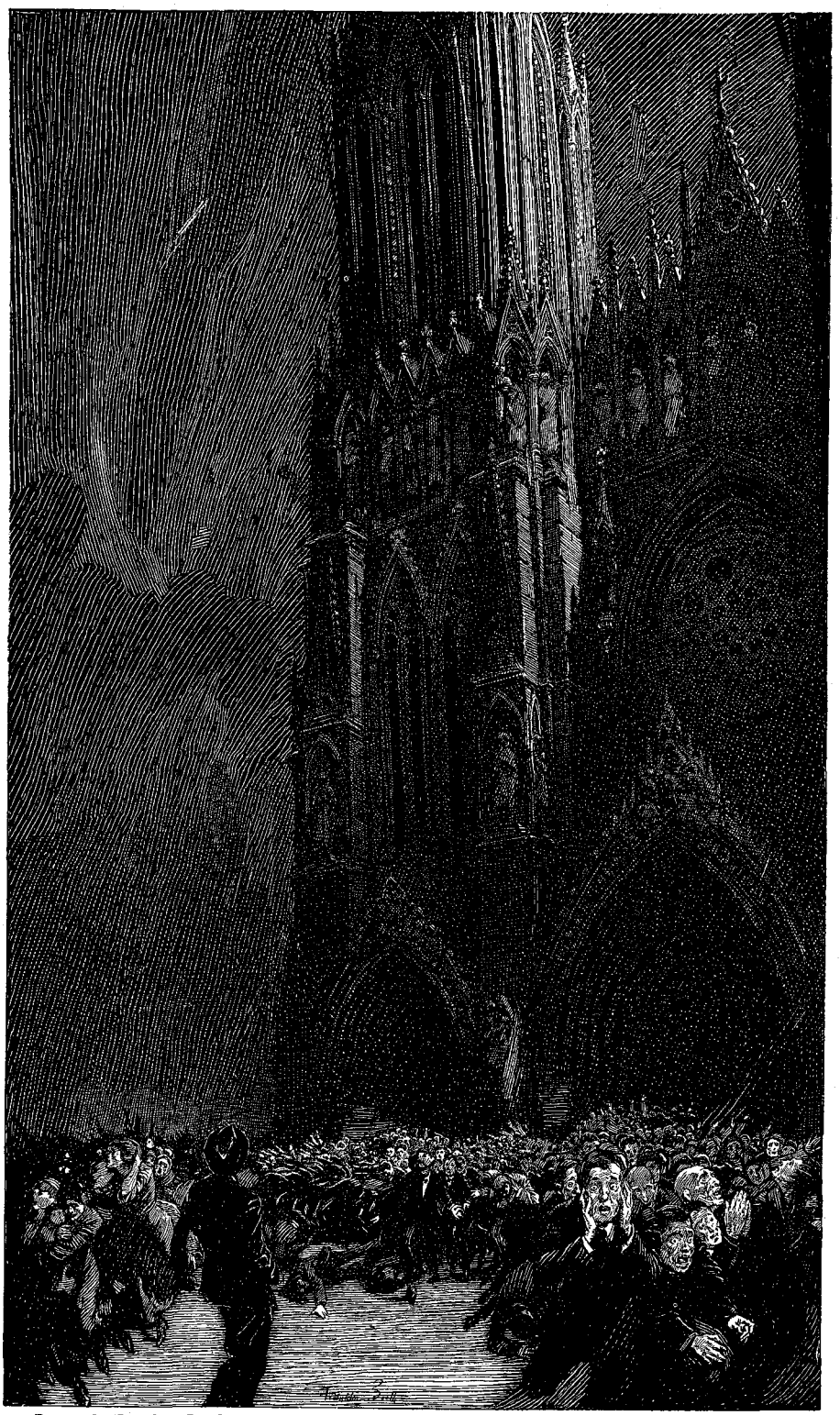

Drawn by Franklin Booth.

The cathedral spire . . . was swaying and rocking in the air like the mast of a ship at sea.—Page 162.

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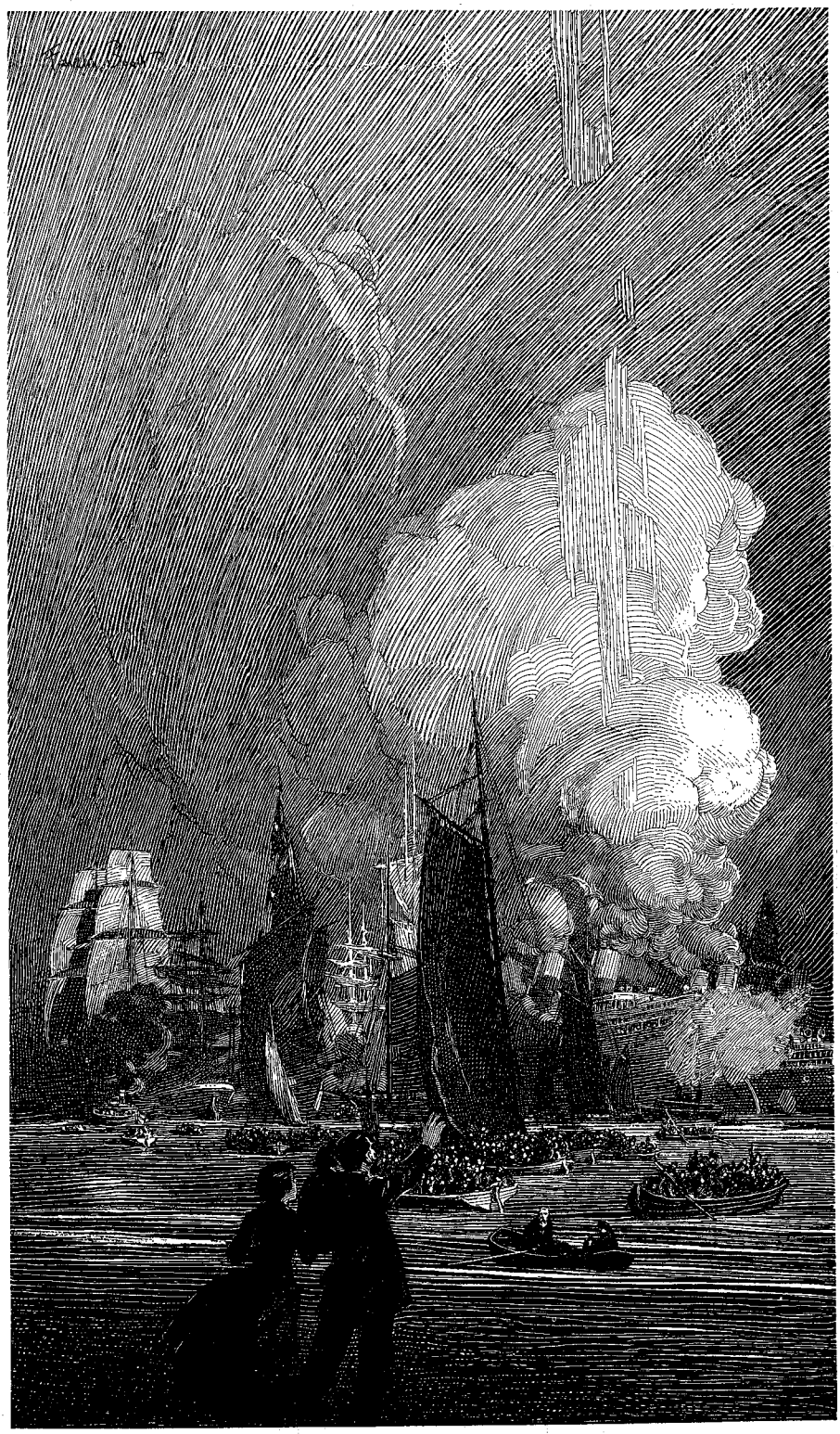

Drawn by Franklin Booth.

The sails and smoke-stacks of great ships were visible, all passing out to sea.—Page 165.

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into a quieter quarter of the town, and ran until I reached the lodging where I had left them.

They were waiting just inside the door, anxious and trembling. But I was amazed to find them so little panic-stricken. The little girl had her doll in her arms.

"What is it?" asked my wife. "What must we do?"

"Come," I cried. "Something frightful has happened here. I can't explain now. We must get away at once. Come, quickly."

Then I took a hand of each and we hastened through the streets, vaguely steering away from the centre of the city.

Presently we came into that wide new street of mean houses, of which I have already spoken. There were a few people in it, but they moved heavily and feebly, as if some mortal illness lay upon them. Their faces were pale and haggard with a helpless anxiety to escape more quickly. The houses seemed half deserted. The shades were drawn, the doors closed.

But since it was all so quiet, I thought that we might find some temporary shelter there. So I knocked at the door of a house where there was a dim light behind the drawn shade in one of the windows.

After a while the door was opened by a woman who held the end of her shawl across her mouth. All that I could see was the black sorrow of her eyes.

"Go away," she said slowly; "the plague is here. My children are dying of it. You must not come in! Go away."

So we hurried on through that plague-smitten street, burdened with a new fear. Soon we saw a house on the riverside which looked absolutely empty. The shades were up, the windows open, the door stood ajar. I hesitated; plucked up courage; resolved that we must get to the waterside in some way in order to escape from the net of death which encircled us.

"Come," I said, "let us try to go down through this house. But cover your mouths."

We groped through the empty passageway, and down the basement-stair. The thick cobwebs swept my face. I noted them with joy, for I thought they proved that the house had been deserted for some time. We descended into a room which seemed to have been the kitchen. There was a stove dimly visible at one side, and an old broken kettle on the floor, over which we stumbled. The back door was locked. But it swung outward and I broke it open. We stood upon a narrow, dingy beach, where the small waves were lapping.

By this time the little day had begun to whiten the eastern sky; a pallid light was diffused; I could see westward down to the main harbor, beside the heart of the city. The sails and smoke-stacks of great ships were visible, all passing out to sea. I wished that we were there.

Here in front of us the water seemed shallower. It was probably only a tributary or backwater of the main stream. But it was sprinkled with smaller vessels —sloops, and yawls, and luggers—all filled with people and slowly creeping seaward.

There was one little boat, quite near to us, which seemed to be waiting for some one. There were some people on it, but it was not crowded.

"Come," I said, "this is for us. We must wade out to it."

So I took my wife by the hand, and the child in the other arm, and we went into the water. Soon it came up to our knees, to our waists.

"Hurry," shouted the old man at the tiller. "No time to spare!"

"Just a minute more," I answered, "only one minute!"

That minute seemed like a year. The sail of the boat was shaking in the wind. When it filled she must move away. We waded on, and at last I grasped the gunwale of the boat. I lifted the child in and helped my wife to climb over the side. They clung to me. The little vessel began to move gently away.

"Get in," cried the old man, sharply; "get in quick."

But I felt that I could not, I dared not. I let go of the boat. I cried "Good-by," and turned to wade ashore.

I was compelled to go back to the doomed city. I must know what would come of the parting of Man from God!

The tide was running out more swiftly. The water swirled around me. I awoke.

But the dream remained with me, just as I have told it to you.

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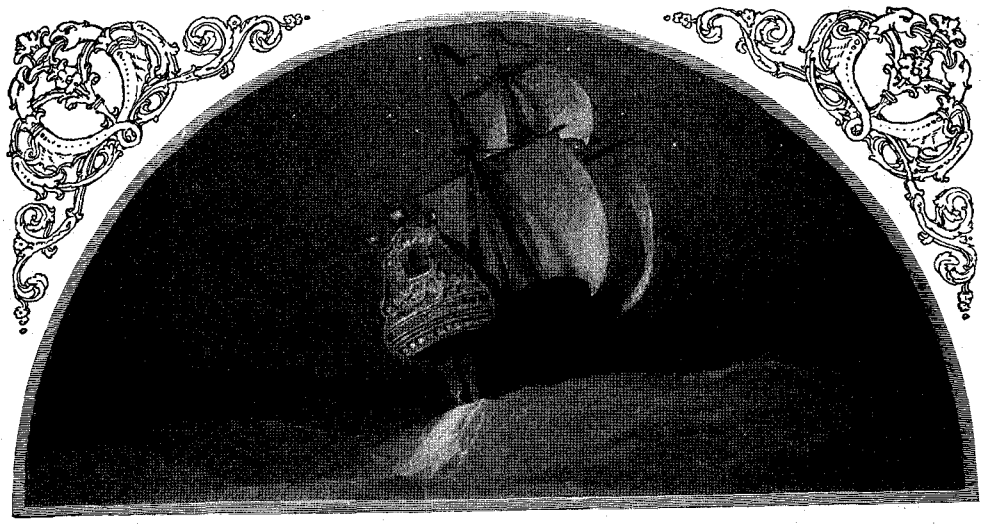

The Golden Galleon

By Paul Hervey Fox

ILLUSTRATIONS (WITH FRONTISPIECE) BY N. C. WYETH

OUR sails are softly flapping in the whisper of the breeze;
And our proud and stately stern and the pointed bow before
Are rising and are falling to the breathing of the seas;
And the pale moon floods the cockpit, and streaks the high-decked floor.

Oh, Morgan's men are out for you;
And Blackbeard—buccaneer!
A score of pirates wait for you
With torture and with hate for you,
And not a touch of fear!

Our lazy watch is slumbering beneath a roof of stars;
The noble Don, our Captain, is a Prince in purple dreams;
Only the weary moon beholds the tracery of spars,
As she pries into the cabins with her swords of silver beams.

Oh, Morgan's men are out for you;
And Blackbeard—buccaneer!
A score of pirates wait for you
With torture and with hate for you,
And not a touch of fear!

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We bear a gorgeous cargo for our Master in Madrid;
There are rubies like a nigger's head, and ingots by the score;
Amulets of gold and gems, and anklets in a pyramid;
And yellow bars piled thick and high against the iron door.

Oh, Morgan's men are out for you;
And Blackbeard—buccaneer!
A score of pirates wait for you
With torture and with hate for you,
And not a touch of fear!

We had to be a trifle harsh to earn this honest hoard;
But racks and thumbscrews did the trick, persuading with their pain
The frightened natives to reveal what we have now on board;—
And we're sailing with our treasure for the mighty King of Spain!

Oh, Morgan's men are out for you;
And Blackbeard—buccaneer!
A score of pirates wait for you
With torture and with hate for you,
And not a touch of fear!

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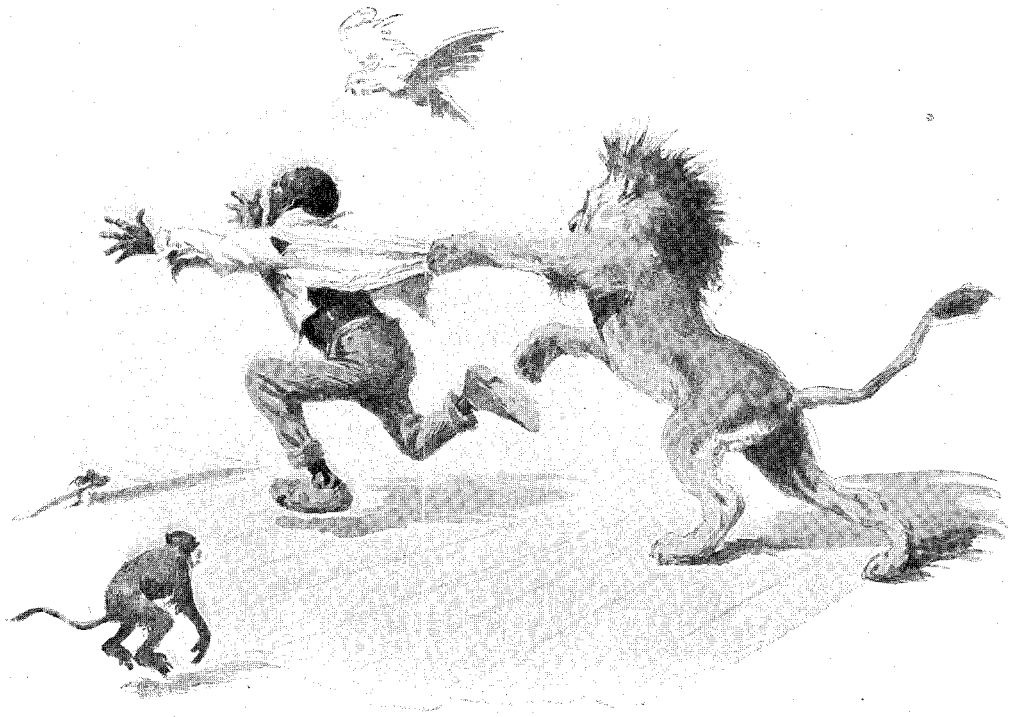

'The last one of 'em in line was arguin' with a big yeller varmint that was a ridin' him."—Page 172.

ON THE ALTAR OF HUNGER

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

IN the darkness of the pilot-house Captain Dave reached for the signal-bells and lined up for the swing around Paddy Hen Point. He stilled the roaring exhausts with a symphony of commands to the striker in the engine-room. Out of the abrupt silence, to the slowly attuning ear, there presently came the lesser noises of the Mississippi night; the whine of a mosquito; voices on the lower deck; the patter of the dynamo engine; the clank of a pawl on the capstan; a siphon gargling the bilge-water out of a leaking barge.

The undulating wake traced by the *Gilmore* on the glide of the surface water merged into a curving pool. Into this mirrored plane pattered the drip from the wheel-arms. Quickly then there came the gong, "Stand by!"—the jingle, twice, "Astern, slow." The big stern-wheeler and her ten-acre brood of coal barges answered reluctantly and with the patronizing condescension of greatness bowing to authority, but finally obeyed the insistent pull of the swinging rudders. She pierced the bank of shadows which the guest of the pilot had fixed as the shore-line. Then, below, there rang the signal, "Full ahead!" and the measured surge of the engines gave way to the tense vibrations that the living, leaping steam imparts to all that complex fabric of the structure which it drives. Out of the shadows, clear of the menace of the black shore-line, following true to the arc of the circle of Captain Dave's experience, the *Gilmore* shaped fair for the quartering four miles to the head of Sycamore Bend.

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The guest in the pilot-house drew a long and thankful breath and tried again, with narrowed eyes, to look into and through the shadows that masked the shore-line. He failed.

"Time to look through them shadders is in daylight, when they ain't any. An' then remember what you seen next time you make the run—an' run true to your rememberin's," explained Captain Dave.

The door of the pilot-house opened, and out of the night there entered a white-coated pool-player, shipped on as waiter. He carried the ten-o'clock "coffee" for the pilot and the pilot's guest. Captain Dave eliminated a large denatured chew of fine-cut and absorbed his coffee. The remainder of the menu he ignored. Well enough for women and civil engineers and guests—these salads and sandwiches and junk of a similar nature, but for a pilot, a Mississippi pilot, coffee, tobacco, and quinine, traditional necessities only, evade the restrictions of caste. Indulgence ruined the most promising young pilot on the lower river. He turned his appetite loose, took to hotel grub, began saving his money, and before anything could be done for him he owned a farm and two steamboats, and lived in his own house in St. Louis, a prosperous and horrible example to each succeeding generation of river-men.

"While back, though," continued Captain Dave, "I wa'n't so puttickler of my health. I was in a fix about six bends below here, where I'd 'a' gave my cribbage-board for one o' them there sanwidges. Ol' Mississippi sufferin' f'um enlargement o' her headwaters, and me and Lafe Davis and Cap'n Ed Mitchell was numbered with the marooned but hopeless flood victims, starvin' to death complete. We was official guardeens of the remains of the guv'ment fleet at Memphis, an' hadn't anything to eat 'ceptin' a young camel. We was in a embarrassin' fix, bein' Shriners and unwillin' to promote the assassination, but finally a ol' nigger we had with us, up and barbecued the critter, and as soon as we seed where sympathy wouldn't help the camel any, we in and et him. Lafe and Ed was gettin' pretty ornery to'ard the last, anyway, an' the call of their stomachs was a-gittin' the best of 'em. When I seed that camel or nigger was elected I figgered that camelism was a shade better than——"

"Did *your* tobacco taste bitter," the guest interrupted, "like cocaine or anything? Were you out in the sun much to-day, or am I a tourist?"

The air carried an atomized snort of fine-cut, expelled in the general direction of the starboard sand-box, and Captain Dave was silent.

"Senile depravity!" mused the guest, and then the caution born of long association with Captain Dave checked the criticism that was framing in caustic syllables.

"How old did you say this young *calf* was?" asked the guest in a tentative effort toward peace.

Memory of a bent but unbroken friendship presently had its effect on Captain Dave.

"*Camel*, I sez, and camel she be. He was a yearlin' camel, with an upper lip like your own, only not so thirsty-lookin' and hairless. It could just as well been zebra or monkey, or, or—or anything, because I'm a liar by choice, an' they was plenty to pick from, but I'd rather tell you nothin' but the truth. It will be warped out of shape bad enough by the time your paper gets it, anyway. An' Deelayno got paid good government cash for his camel."

"Where did this rouster of a Delano sneak aboard?" the guest asked sceptically.

"He was the Irish-Italian, sole owner an' proprietor of the camel before we took him off his hands. He was captain of a side-wheel collection of dum' broots entitled 'Deelayno's Mammoth Menagerie.' He had a yellow dimund an' cuffs and a mustash. He cruised around the Illinois corn belt long enough to foul up on a string of financial snags, feed-bills an' the like. Backin' around one mornin' in the Egypt country below Chester, he let go both lead-lines and fetches up a no-bottom soundin' in his treasury department. The dago in him says, 'Quit,' and tempts him to hit the poker circuit at Hot Springs, but the Irish in him was for killin' off the landlord of the livery-stable where the mammoth outfit had dropped anchor. He compromised by makin' a fool of himself, and sold two

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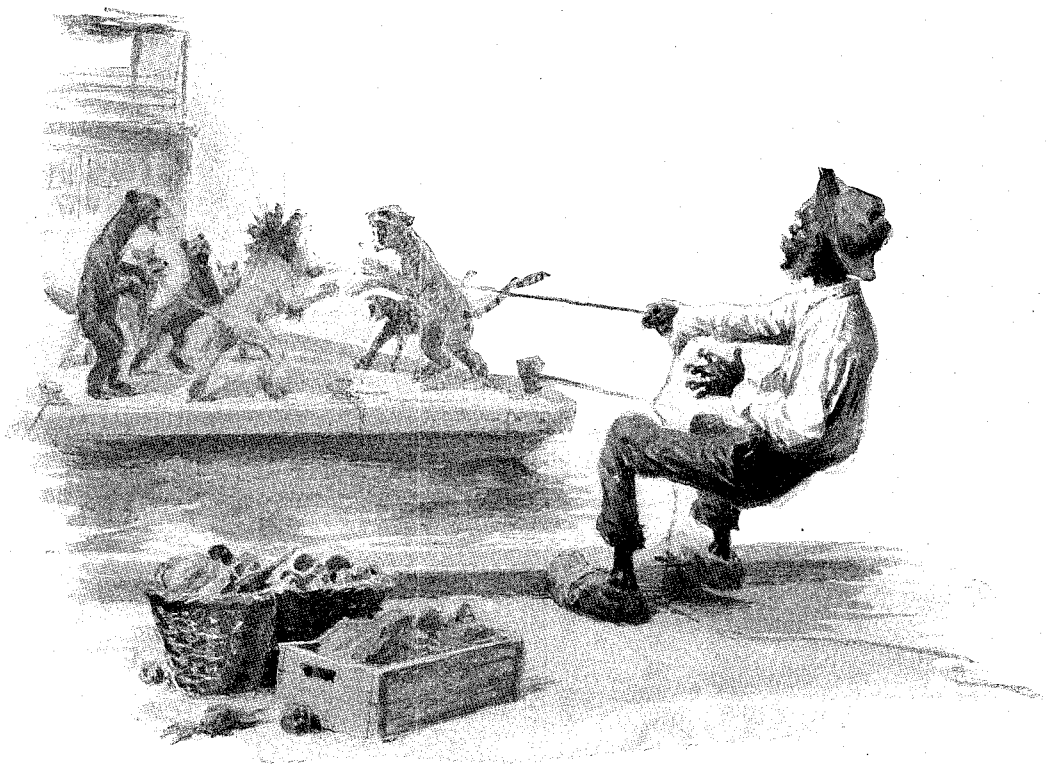

"They went after it so fast it like to drug the old man into the river."—Page 175.

of his hay-burnin' elephants for three thousand dollars, f. o. b. Cairo, Illinois.

"The hull of the *Belle of Dixie* that used to run in the Anchor Line was rottin' her timbers below the landin' at Chester an' dreamin' of better days. She was too roundin' in the guards for a wharf-boat an' too light built for a freight-barge, an' generally useless, so Deelayno bought her. Pretty soon he had a bull gang at work strippin' her from wheel-houses to rudders, and in a little while there wasn't nothing left on deck but her hog-chains and some outboard stanchions an' some oil stains where the nigger oilers used to paint up her engine-room chasin' her cross-heads with their oil-cans.

"Then these here hand-axe experts framed a fleet of bull pens on deck, with gangways fore and aft, and tacked a light pine roof over the whole works to keep the tropical animals from gettin' sunstruck. The old *Belle* woke up and realized that, instead of bein' the virtuous craft that went to sleep in the late eighties, she was nothin' more than a screamin' hag of a red-hulled circus boat. Her remorse was terrible to see. Some say that it drove her to suicide, and some holds that her first sweetheart, the old river, killed her. I don't know nothin' about *that,* but anyway she died mighty soon after her red paint became noticed by respectable boats. Well, after she was all painted up, this here Deelayno shipped on a crew of horse-marines to chaperon the remains of his mammoth outfit, and bought himself a little towboat. These here members of his crew was used to livery-stable routine and discipline, and some of 'em took to the water palace under a slow bell. Two or three of 'em walked overboard in their sleep and gummed up the christenin', but pretty soon Deelayno got things lined out and cut loose head-lines and head-liners for a whirlwind tour of the river towns.

"At the first few landin's this here float-

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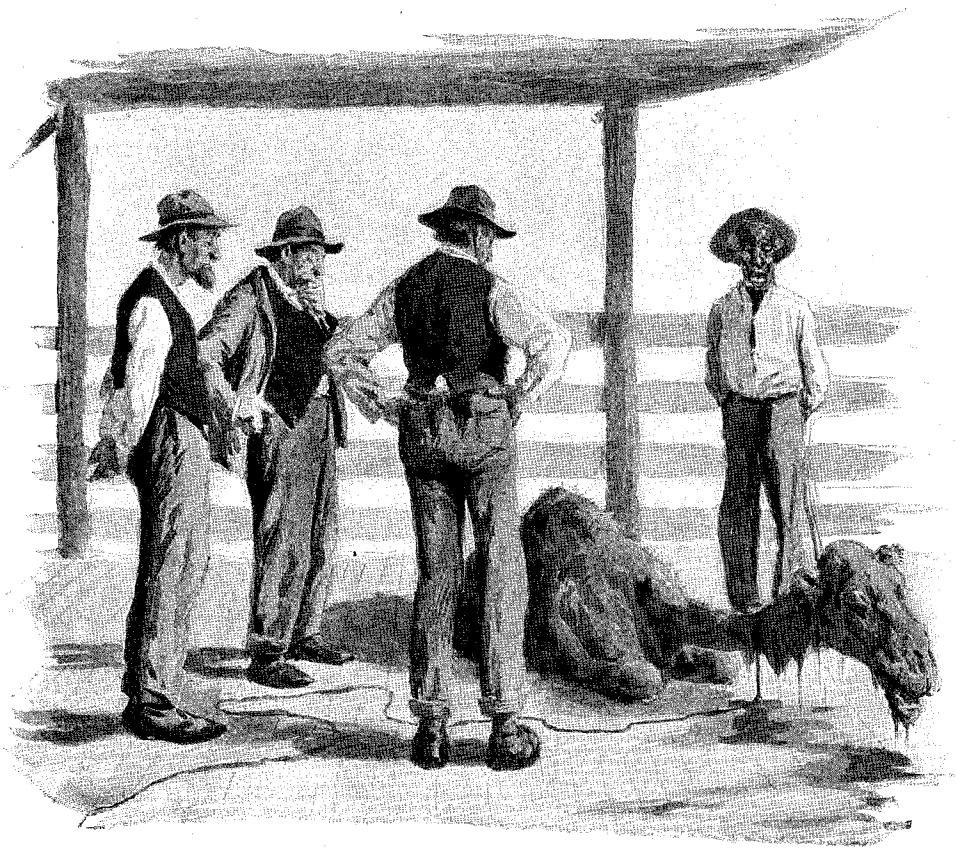
ing grafter accumulated considerable loose change from the brunette Republicans an' poor whites that swarmed aboard when he dropped his stagin', but along in June the cotton begun to claim the attentions of his prospective victims and the cash receipts begun to droop an' die. About that time the snows up north begun slushin' under the sun, and the cloudburst season opened in full vigor through Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, and all way landin's. The mule pilot that was admiral of Deelayno's squadron, bein' unable to carry more than sixty pounds in his boilers without springin' his mud-drums, sized up the situation, landed at Pecan Point, and made fast with all the lines he carried. Then he quit. Deelayno let the dago part of himself froth at the mouth for quite a while, and then the accumulatin' drift an' yellow water, an' the reports of levees bu'stin' down the river, convinced him that land was a safe place for the Irish. He turned all hands loose on shore-leave except a watchman that he left on board to feed the animals, and hunted up a poker game in the little town.

"The old river got so high that it looked like she was usin' up all the water in the world. Then she turned in and perduced a five-foot raise overnight. Some of us captains on the government fleet at West Memphis had seen considerable high water, but a day or two after the distress reports begun to come in from the Arkansas bottoms and the east-shore levee country this flood looked like a record-breaker. The eighty-foot spars runnin' from the decks of the barges and drivers in the fleet to the river bank begun to get too short. The banks went



"He was bein' showered with quite a lot of sympathy."—Page 176.

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out of sight in twenty feet of water, and there was no land in sight closer than the Memphis bluffs. Then most of the spars tripped, and we was swingin' on the head-lines, with every now and then a dead-man pullin' out and slackin' up all the spring-lines in sight. On Sunday mornin' the mail-tug come racin' across from Memphis with telegraphic orders for every available steamer to head down-stream into the levee district where people was livin' in trees. The steamboats and tugs and tenders all coaled up an' took off down-stream on a life-savin' expedition. Me and Lafe Davis, better known as the Baptist Pilot, Cap'n Ed Mitchell, a couple of engineers, and about a dozen niggers was left in charge of the two or three million dollars' worth of barges and pile-drivers and quarter-boats that made up the rest of the fleet. The pile-drivers was at the for'd end of this string, ketchin' most of the drift; then come our quarter-boat, and at the aft end was the nigger quarter-boat, cut off from ours by a couple of coal-barges.

"Sunday night found us busy holdin' services up for'd on the drivers, polin' off drift. It got to comin' so thick that us captains almost took a hand ourselves—that'll give you an idee how bad it was.

"As close as I can figger, I'd guess it was about an hour or two after midnight that Deelayno's Mammoth Menagerie parted her head-lines an' other home ties an' started down the river from Pecan Point. The animal guardeen of Deelayno's was controllin' things with a bottle of squirrel whiskey. This didn't seem to help things much until he had drifted about eight miles. Then the ark lined up for the Memphis bridge and headed straight for the cuttin' edge of the Arkansas pier. This here guardeen of the animals seen what was due to happen, an' he drunk the remainin' part of the whiskey in a hurry. It give him nerve enough to let him unlock the gates of the animal dens. Then he accumulated one of these here high-floatin', heavy-set circus horses and him and this steed went overboard. They made the Memphis side, ten miles down-stream. As soon as he landed he started dryin' himself out walkin' to Memphis, leadin' the horse. Him and himself had an awful struggle on the way back to town on the question of telephonin' Deelayno the news that the trained income-bearin' stock was swimmin' for New Orleans when last sighted, but finally the worst side of him won out and he took real pleasure in tellin' Deelayno the discouragin' details. As soon as Deelayno gets word of the break-up he started down-stream in his little tow-boat, figgerin' on salvagin' as many of the critters as he could locate.

"In the meantime, back on the ark the animals poured out into the gangways as soon as the gates was unlocked, an' began mixin' things up an' tryin' to decide which of their little playmates they'd eat first—sociable-like. Then the whole shebang hit the bridge-pier an' their mutual grievances was sort of drowned under a common peril of eighty feet of twelve-mile water. The old *Belle* consigned her cargo to the mercy of the yellow eddies, rolled over on her side, an' began her last long sleep in the compassionate arms of the big river. The animals hadn't no choice. The old lion let a couple o' roars outen his insides, like the *Rees Lee* chimin' a port-side passin' whistle, an' made his dive.

"Down on the drivers, where I was encouragin' the niggers with the flat side of a barrel stave and a few brief words of advice, I heard this here lion's siren boomin' through the dawn. 'Relief boat at last, thank God!' thinks I. I went back on the run an' woke up Cap'n Ed and Lafe and shook out the two engineers. They was all sleepin' in their clothes, ready for a quick turnout. Lafe an' Ed an' me lined up on deck for'd, a bulgin' our eyes out through the mornin' fog that laid driftin' along on the surface of the water, tryin' to locate the relief boat. All of a sudden the fog up for'd began spoutin' niggers. They was comin' our way an' workin' at it hard. The last one of 'em in line was arguin' with a big yeller varmint that was a ridin' him. Cap'n Ed started for 'em on the run, intendin' to crowd 'em back to work because we couldn't take no chances on the drift. I figgered I was goin' crazy with responsibility. Then I seen a mule on the aft end of the closest pile-driver, with white stripes goin' round an' round him. I turned to Cap'n Lafe. 'Lafe,' says I,

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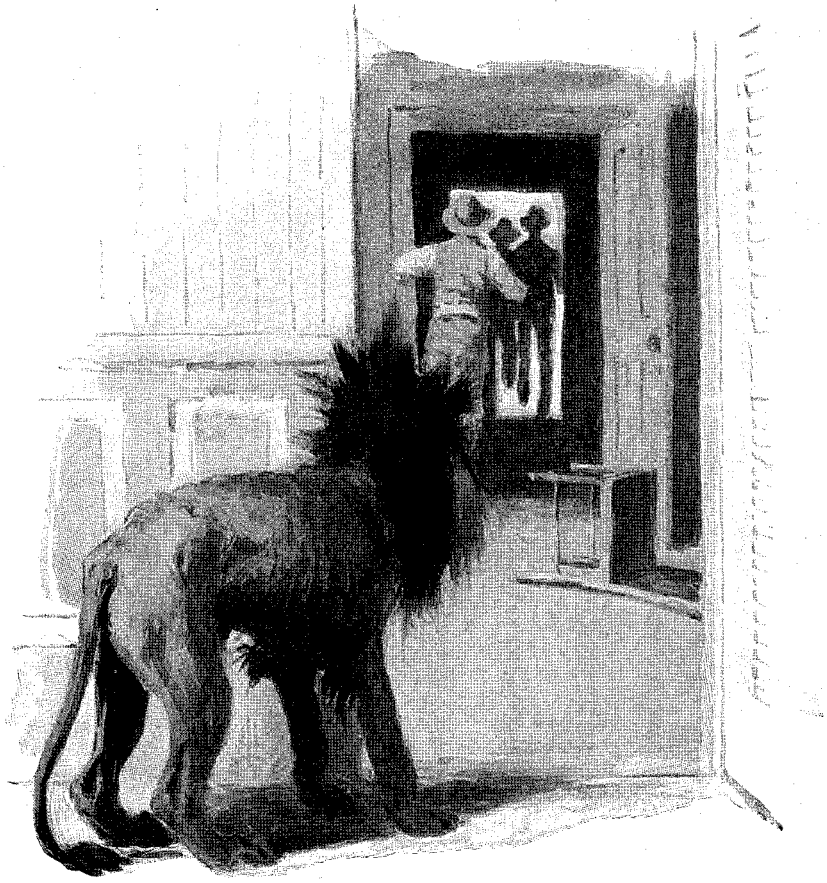

"We woke up quick, because the lion walked into the door of the cabin."—Page 178.

'man to man, did I or did I not borry your whiskey offen you this mornin'?' Lafe steps to the rail to spit before replyin', him bein' at work on his ante-breakfast chew an' speechless with nacheral leaf. He spits square in the eye of a first-class anaconda snake that was slitherin' around in the water alongside. Lafe seen this snake—and seen him plenty. The snake was forty feet longer than a piece of rope an' as big around as a cow. Lafe started to pray. He prayed real loud for a minute or two, and then the human in him caught up with the Baptist part an' he begun cussin'. He swallered his tobacco, which had been garglin' up his language considerable, an' started after my shotgun which was lent to one of the boys down the river.

"Then out of the fog an' driftin' close, just missin' us by the length of an oar, there comes the wreck of the *Belle*. I seen the starboard advertisin', and got a flash of 'DELANO'S MAMMOTH MENAGERIE' painted on her, and sized things up with considerable relief. There was a couple of monkeys and some other little furrin' animals a ridin' high on the wreck and complainin' that the place seemed less homelike every minute.

"The niggers got past Cap'n Ed, and when the wreck of the *Belle* swung into the blanket of fog they was aft on their own quarter-boat. Ed came back, and we both thought of the probability of the big animals from the menagerie havin' landed up for'd. We had guessed it right. The big job was to cut the gangway between us an' them before they found it. I slung a turn or two of the stagin' falls

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around the little capstan that was settin' aft o' the bitts, and heaved in enough slack to clear the outboard end of the stagin' that bridged the gap to the deck of the last pile-driver. When she cleared, Ed swung her outboard. I grabbed an axe an' cut the falls, an' stagin' an' all goes overboard with a splash.

"This here business cut us off from the menagerie that was beginnin' to be festooned over the driver fleet, and left 'em marooned complete except for two or three head-lines that run to the drivers from the quarter-boat.

"Then Ed and me went above and into the cabin. Cap'n Lafe was fightin' through the Celt-Drool part of a hundred-pound cyclopedy, lookin' for some enlightenin' remarks on delirium tremens. I headed him into 'circus,' and remarked to Ed that Lafe would have to wear his halo on a pair of horns if his Baptist tendencies ever got him crowned. Ed listened to Lafe cussin' for a minute and agreed with me.

"Then the three captains of us and the two engineers, and old Dad Pepper, the nigger chambermaid—a male in spite of title and occupation—sets down an' goes into a council of war. We got to arguin' pretty loud, but mighty soon the menagerie starts out on a breakfast anthem up for'd, an' drowned us out. Cap'n Ed gets fidgety an' goes aft to roust out the desertin' drift handlers an' to get 'em busy on the lines an' cables such as was holdin'. In a minute he busted back into the council, heavin' and rattlin' in his chest. 'Niggers is gone!' he yells. 'Quarter-boat an' fuel-barges is adrift and swingin' out o' sight round Sandy Bend!'

"We settled down to some heavy thinkin'. The lion let a roar out of himself to remind us of our troubles, and the drift kept pilin' up. We knowed that a little more of it would bring them drivers and the accumulated menagerie a bustin' down on us, and the place was plenty crowded as it was. We went into executive session, me takin' command as senior officer present. We was all scared and formal and reg'lar. Cap'n Lafe rose up on his hind legs, tremblin' a little, an' proposes that we seek freedom an' safety by cuttin' loose an' driftin' away from the up-stream jungle. This would have been showin' the same common sense that the niggers used when they cut loose, but Cap'n Ed, stickin' true to the regelations an' rules, up an' lands on him. 'I hired out to Uncle Sam to be a capting on this here fleet, an' floatin' Hades though she be, I ain't aimin' to be destroyin' no property nor a cuttin' of none adrift, nor o' lettin' none be cut if I can help it.' He snorted and set down.

"I squinted up at the transom lights. A couple of green-headed parrots was a peekin' in at the perceedin's. 'Thank God that lions ain't got no wings,' thinks I, and then Lafe got up and the Baptist in him was a boilin' over.

"'This here perfessional hero on my left,' he begins, 'is set on savin' a couple o' hemp lines at the risk o' losin' considerable hooman life. There ain't nothin' about that in the official reg'lations, an' me for one is in favor o' cuttin' loose now, sudden, an' trustin' to the Creator of all things, includin' pilots an' other dummed animils, to fetch us safe into the harbor of——'

"'Try it on the lion, Daniel!' sings out Cap'n Ed. Just then a parrot up aloft recovered some of his circus words. 'Hey, rube! Hey, rube! Soak the lousy bull!' he squawks, hoarse-like, and we all begins to laugh at Lafe. Finally Lafe started a crooked sort of a smile, and the battle was side-tracked with us all startin' in an' forgivin' our enemies. Then we decided that the best way out of it was for one of us to make a try at the Memphis shore in a skiff. Lafe immediately elected himself for the trial, bein' a young and vigorous hero when there was a chance of escapin' any real trouble. He changed his mind as soon as we found out that they ain't no skiff there except-in' a little round-bottomed, clinker-built toy like they have in parks. Then Cap'n Ed volunteered to take a chance. He stepped into this skiff and run his homely foot through the bottom of it, and liked to drowned before we could get a heavin'-line around him.

"We give up this project and tried a new tack by electin' Dad Pepper to swim the river. We give him his orders accordingly, which he takes. He went into a stateroom and stripped naked, and

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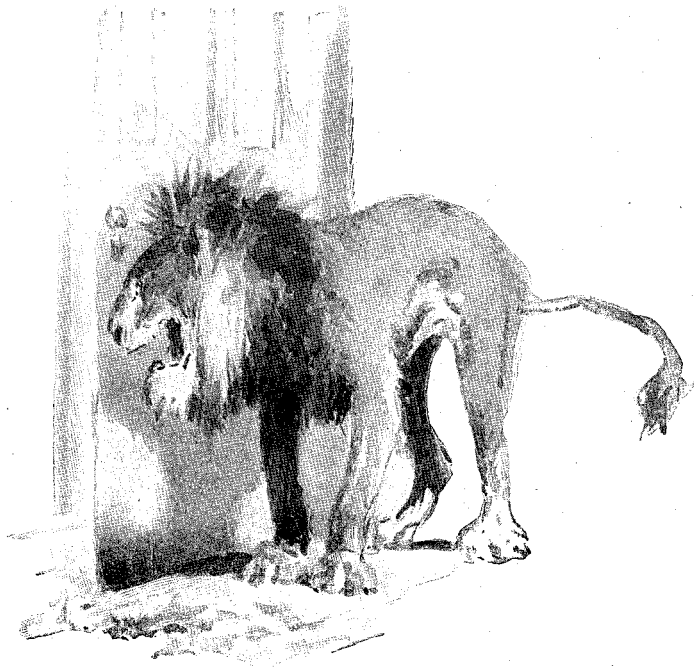
started to oil hisself down like a perfessional swimmer. All of a sudden he remembered the big anaconda snake that Lafe spit on, and right there Dad Pepper decided the best thing he could do was to get real sick before he got to where the snake could make him sicker. Accordingly he was hit immediate with a bafflin' misery that got him fore and aft. We gave him a cupful o' castor-oil, humane-like, and forgot him whilst castin' about for some new channel outen our troubles. By that time it's eight o'clock, and a beautiful June mornin'—on land. The animils up for'd began to miss their breakfast and complained about it in a language that conveys their meanin' perfect.

"'Purty soon they'll be hungry enough to eat each other,' says Cap'n Ed, and that cheers us up a little until we figger out that we'll have a champeen to deal with, sooner or later, accordin' to the survival-o'-the-fittest theory. Only one thing to it—they has to be fed. We decided this in council and looked at the nigger. He begun to howl, not rightly interpretin' our looks. So we sent him below, and he hauled all the meat outen the ice-chest, and all the vegetables and such truck, and carried 'em up for'd. We give him orders to feed the animils an' left him. He bunched up all the vegetables and heaved 'em over to the driver. The lion and the tiger—fine, hairy devils they was—cast scornful looks at the garden-truck, but when Dad Pepper throwed 'em the first chunk of meat on the end of a light line they went after it so fast it like to drug the old man into the river, line and all bein' accepted. Well, this old fool oversteps his orders and sacrifices all the grub on board while we was debatin' some way outen our accumulatin' troubles, and by the time we got to where we was thinkin' about a little grub for ourselves they wa'n't nothin' left 'ceptin' a little coffee and some salt an' pepper.

"In council assembled, Cap'n Ed proposes that the second engineer try a swim for it—him bein' slim and a good swim-



"The lion . . . joined in the chorus of the prayin' with a hearty bass roar."—Page 178.

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mer and generally useless as a engineer. We argues that the anaconda is forty miles down-stream anyhow by this time, and, bein' that this engineer had made a verbal hero of himself in the past hour or two, he decided to back up his remarks with action. This he don't feel like doin' until he can get his courage up to the bilin'-point, which he proposes to do with a few drinks of liquor. We turned in and perduced the remains of our various flasks and bottles, and the result is about enough to get a Democrat talkative—three small drinks. So we reinforced this with a pint of Jamaica ginger and two bottles of lemon extract. The hero started in, and pretty soon we seen that we overdone it again, for when we looked around for him he was layin' in a stateroom, drunk as a goat. With this blow our last hope faded, an' the drift was pilin' up.

"About noon we was starvin' to death, more from the lack of a chance to eat than from any regular eatin' habit, but we was ravenous in our heads, no matter what our stummicks was thinkin'. I finally fell in an' consented with my official approval to havin' a try at some of the eatable wild beasts that was roamin' around over the driver fleet. We all assembled up for'd with a couple of heavin'-lines. The menagerie was restless and millin' around so that we had no trouble gettin' plenty of action at the merry-go-round. Out of the whole bunch, though, we couldn't select any toothsome beast except the antelope—without countin' the bear. The bear was welcome to his liberty as long as he could keep it out of the front paws of the tiger. Pretty soon Cap'n Lafe aimed at the antelope with his heavin'-line and managed to drop his loop over the young camel. Over the side we hauled the brute. Heavin' him up over the five-foot guards of our quarter-boat liked to choked him to death, so that by the time we got him on deck he was bein' showered with quite a lot of sympathy. Dad Pepper was standin' ready with an axe, but Cap'n Ed promised to kill the ol' nigger if he made so much as one pass at the poor, dumb camel.

"This here sympathy for the camel lasted about five minutes, and right then I give old mister chambermaid some orders that *was* orders. The immejit results was five guv'ment men eatin' camel-steaks faster'n Dad Pepper could cook 'em—faster'n a dog could eat liver. They tasted like a beautiful dream, like camel-steaks ought to taste. They changes us

"'T-T-T-Ti-Tiger! In the n-n-next room!'"—Page 179.

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"Holdin' on tight to the old beast's mane . . . cuffs, diamond, and mustash, was Deelayno."
—Page 179.

from cross-grained old pirates to regular human bein's in ten minutes.

"After the first big rush we began debatin' out our idees. The world looked brighter, and we decided that waitin' was about all we *could* do, that bein' generally the easiest thing to start at after you get a big meal into you. So we was waitin'—comfortable. We waited all peaceful an' comfortable for about three minutes or so, and then the headlines for'd of the drivers busted. The next thing come a boomin' and a crackin', and the pile-driver fleet floated down onto us. When the drivers hit us the fleet of 'em broke up. Two or three of 'em would hang on the port side, balancin' two or three that would be swingin' on the star-

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board. Then their lines would part and away they'd go. When all the roarin' and crashin' and poppin' was over, and we was figgerin' what a simple thing life was a gettin' to be, and thankin' the Lord that the menagerie was driftin' down the river away from us, and that our own lines was holdin', we woke up.

"We woke up quick, because the lion walked into the door of the cabin. I jumped thirty feet from a settin' start and landed back of a locked door in my own stateroom. With all of that record-breakin', though, Lafe an' Ed was there ahead of me. Ed and me looked at each other. Then we looked at Lafe. He was prayin' again, and prayin' good and hard and loud. Ed and me waited for him to finish, meanwhile lockin' the outboard door an' castin' our eyes around for somethin' to kill a lion with. All of a sudden the lion heard Lafe and come up to the inside door of our stateroom and joined in the chorus of the prayin' with a hearty bass roar that shook Lafe's upper teeth out onto the floor. They was false teeth, but he done well without 'em. He hung a couple o' tons on the safety valve of his verbosity and started out stronger than the lion—like there never had been any *real* prayin' done before. It was queer to hear him chewin' his words without the upper teeth. He got so eloquent that he begun to consider himself the champeen prayerist of the known world, and me and Ed was beginnin' to admire part of what he was sayin', when all of a sudden this here sand-bar Baptist swings into the grandest string of eighteen-carat cuss-words we'd ever heard. He changed his style quick an' surprisin', like a boiler explodin'. He was on his knees lookin' up at the transom light over the outside door, from whence was comin' his inspiration, when into the transom drifted the head and shoulders of our old friend the anaconda snake. Lafe finished his oration on his stummick, under my bed. Me and Ed joined him there. Ed was a little older than I was and some dazed with the sudden change in Lafe's oration, and so he drawed the outside edge of our retreat. Pretty soon he begun to pass the word to the two of us on the inside. Snake bulletins, they sure was, fresh from the observer. Shaller, at first, like crossin' some of the upper river bars, and then the soundin's got deeper.

"'Head an' two feet of um, green and wrigglin'.'

"'D'ye think he can make it through?' I asks.

"'Make it! He's makin' it with every move, all flattened out an' bigger'n a sick horse. Three feet, scant!'

"The lion, near the inside door, ripped up a section of linoleum offen the floor and et it fer practice, the way it sounded.

"'How far in is he now?' mumbles Lafe. Ed took a look, after callin' up all his courage. 'Four an' a half, an' comin' strong,' he says. 'Here's your teeth, before he gets 'em.' Lafe restored the teeth to his face after I passed 'em over, and then he began grittin' 'em and gnashin' 'em and takin' all the comfort he could git outen 'em. It was sure tough on him, bein' so mad and havin' to grit his gums together instead of his teeth. I figgered that if he'd have been a beaver he could have gnawed through to the adjoinin' stateroom in a minnit or two. Havin' the idee, I worked on it quick. 'Here,' I says, 'take this here knife and cut a panel outen that partition before that long green son of a gun gets close enough to kiss you.' Lafe took the knife and begun whittlin' like a crazy man.

"'Six feet!' yells Ed just then.

"The lion roared, hardly satisfied with the linoleum. Lafe broke a blade of the knife just as he got half-way around the first panel with a fairly deep groove.

"'Whittle, Lafe, fer God's sake,' I says. 'They squeeze you to death, and ol' Ed is too fat to die easy that way. Let me whittle.' Lafe was gruntin' and blowin' sweat and lint and dust out of his eyes, an' whittlin' fast, but he wouldn't trade places for a second. Next to the wall meant first man out.

"'Six feet of him in! Crowd over a little, Dave; the damned thing is threatenin' me with his eyes!' yelled Ed.

"The old lion cut loose a roar and made a scratch at the inside door that jarred the hinges loose.

"Just then Lafe let out a scream that curled my hair. He had the panel loosed up, and tore half of it out and looked into the next room and square into a pair of big green eyes.

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"'T-T-T-Ti-Tiger! In the n-n-next room! Bigger'n a mule!' bu'sts out Lafe. I laid still and done some real thinkin'. Ed laid his head down in his hands and closed his eyes. Then he jumped up and grabbed a little chair and begun whalin' at the snake. Pretty soon the snake got tired of dodgin' and hooked his head between the rungs of the chair and folded the thing up real slow and made good kindlin' wood out of it. Ed dropped onto the floor and laid there. Lafe liked to shoved me out into range of the snake, tryin' to back away from the little openin' leadin' into the room where the tiger was waitin'. I got out my fountain pen and wrote my will on a old envelope. I give the pen to Lafe, and he wrote his will. 'You want to write your will, Ed, old boy?' says I. 'No,' he says. 'I been workin' for the guv'ment too long to need one. Eight feet! Here, *eat* my leg if you want to, damn you, EAT my leg! I dast you.' The snake was gettin' about ready to call Ed's bluff when the lion let go another crash at the door, an' Ed joined us again, under the bed. Seemed like the lion shook the whole boat when he hit the door. He jarred us so heavy that it seemed like the head-lines lettin' go, and then I figgered that *that* wouldn't shake *us* any.

"The lion fetched another grand wallop at the door, and a panel busted in, but the lock and hinges was holdin' fine. I heard the head of the anaconda scrapin' along on the floor. The tiger in the next stateroom was lookin' through at Lafe and lickin' his chops. Lafe wasn't doin' any prayin' nor cussin' nor nothin'—just a layin' there and meditatin', quiet.

"The lion made another run at the door—and come crashin' into the room. Somethin' told me we had played our last hand—and lost; but holdin' on tight to the old beast's mane, talkin' low, cuffs, diamond, and mustash, was Deelayno.

"We esteemed that little dago, high. The bump I'd felt, instead of bein' the lion or the head-lines, was the landin' alongside of his little tow-boat. He had some of his trainers with him, and when Ed and Lafe and me got outside, slow and careful, they was roundin' up the last of the local section of the menagerie. A little sawed-off runt was leadin' the lion onto the boat, leadin' him by the mane, and callin' him pet names. Deelayno was scratchin' the anaconda on the back of the head and singin' to him.

"I walked back into my stateroom. Ed was there, lookin' at the bloody skin of the defunct camel. Old Dad Pepper had throwed it into my room that mornin', thinkin' I'd like a camel rug after it was tanned. 'Reckon the smell of the blood attracted 'em, Ed,' says I."

Captain Dave squinted into the darkness. "See them shadders there—that's the head of Sycamore Bend."

In the darkness of the pilot-house he reached for the signal-hooks. His guest looked deep into the shadows that banked the shore-line. Out of these shadows gleamed the eyes of a lion and a tiger and a snake.

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THE LITTLE ROOM OF DREAMS

By Robert Underwood Johnson

I

Next to the shelving roof it stood—
My boyhood's cosey bed;
So near I felt the serried storm
Go charging o'er my head.
'Tis fifty summers, yet I hear
The branch against the pane,
The midnight owl, the thunder crash,
The rhythm of the rain.

The golden apples long desired
Fell thumping from the trees,
Till Dream transformed them to the fruit
Of fair Hesperides.
The owl within his chimney porch
Became Minerva's own,
The lightning was the bolt of Jove,
Each tree a dryad's groan.

From there the flames of Troy were seen,
There Salamis was won;
Now Hannibal would cross the Alps,
And now Napoleon.
On Valley Forge's scene of prayer
My winter window gave;
Red Jacket there was eloquent,
And Osceola brave.

Who could divine that from my sill
Fought wounded Ivanhoe?
That there I saw Sir Galahad
Gleam in the moon below?
Who knew that I was veteran
Of Bayard's noble strife?—
That there for many a hapless maid
I offered up my life?

There, too, I knew the midnight trance
Of not unwholesome grief
(Since tears for others' sorrow shed
Bring to our own relief);
I felt the lash on Uncle Tom,
And mourned Don Quixote's fall;
With David wept for Absalom,
With Dombey, Little Paul.

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More oft a father's bedtime lore
So filled with joy the night,
I woke at dawn from rosy dreams
Expectant of delight.
For I had roamed the enchanted wood
With Puck or Rosalind,
Or shared with dainty Ariel
The visions of the wind.

II

Another little bed I know—
With dreams I never knew—
That holds a maid as brave and fair
As she Carpaccio drew.
Her fragrant pillow oft I seek
To find its magic power,
As one recalls a day of youth
By the perfume of a flower.

The beasts that did my sleep affright
Are from her fancy hid.
She finds the jungle full of friends,
As little Mowgli did.
For her the Æsop of our day
Summons his crafty clan.
The Bluebird is her happy goal,
Her hero, Peter Pan.

What visions of a spirit-world
About her slumber float,
Pure as the Swan whose Silver Knight
Glides in a silver boat!
There, too—most blessed of the dreams
That have the world beguiled—
An Angel with a lily kneels
To greet the Holy Child.

Far be the time when care and toil
Shall wrest these joys away,
Whereby this darling of my blood
Makes yesterday to-day.
For ah!—so near the things that be
Are to the things that seem—
Soon I to her, as Youth to me,
Shall be a thing of dream.

. . . . . .

O Thou, the Father of us all,
Whose many mansions wait,
To whose dear welcome each must come
A child at Heaven's gate:
In that fair house not made with hands
Whatever splendor beams,
Out of Thy bounty keep for me
A little room of dreams.

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WHAT THE COUNCIL OF NATIONAL DEFENSE IS AND WHAT IT HAS DONE

By Grosvenor Clarkson

Secretary of the Council of National Defense and of the Advisory Commission

THE activities of the Council of National Defense and its Advisory Commission, in a very definite, almost dramatic, measure, mark the entrance into American governmental affairs of the non-partisan business man, engineer, and scientist. The present work of both bodies is based on the irresistible and hard-won knowledge that modern war is an enterprise to which military men alone have ceased to be called—that it enlists the specialists of every industry and every science from the fighting line clear back to the last line of defense. As Howard Coffin—who, more than any other man, started the movement for industrial preparedness in this country—has said: "Twentieth-century warfare demands that the blood of the soldier must be mingled with from three to five parts of the sweat of the man in the factories, mills, mines, and fields of the nation in arms."

With a full realization then that battles are won not alone by fighting men but by fighting co-ordinated industries, the Council of National Defense and its Advisory Commission settled down to real business on March 1, 1917. Since that date the record has been one of steady, ground-breaking accomplishments brought about by only the hardest kind of hard work. What has been done reaches nearly to an epic. After the President delivered his war message before the Congress, the speed was redoubled. To-day (this paper is being written in the middle of June) the statement is justified that probably no similar governmental body has ever put behind it as much solid result in the first seventy days of a great war.

At the outbreak of the war the vital thing in Washington was a thoroughgoing understanding of needs as a basis of preparation for acts. For example, to put a million men in the field without proper equipage was merely to turn loose a mob. The needs of such a force, down to the last button, and how best to supply these needs, had to be ascertained. This stock-taking was largely in the hands of the Advisory Commission of the Council, and similar stock-taking, conducted along the most efficient lines of business, in almost every channel necessary to be utilized for the successful prosecution of a war, has been carried forward in the same hands or through subordinate bodies of the Council itself. This vital inventory of the nation's war-time needs should be borne strongly in mind by those who expect a government not possessing a great military establishment to turn immediately from peace-time pursuits to the battle-field. An impregnable foundation for the national defense must first be built, and it is precisely this imperative and cardinal duty with which the Council of National Defense has been engaged.

Primarily created by Congress for peace-time effort in mobilizing the resources of the nation, the Council of National Defense and its Advisory Commission were caught in the travail of war and almost overnight the machinery of both bodies was adjusted to the uses of modern conflict. The transition was not particularly difficult for the reason, in the words of President Wilson, that "the Council of National Defense was created because the Congress has realized that the country is best prepared for war when thoroughly prepared for peace. From an economical point of view there is now very little difference between the machinery required for commercial efficiency and that required for military purposes. In both cases the whole industrial mecha-

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nism must be organized in the most effective way."

The present function, then, of the Council of National Defense and its Advisory Commission is to co-ordinate and swing in behind the government of the United States every industrial resource of the country, the original act of Congress reading that the Council is charged with the "creation of relations which will render possible in time of need the immediate concentration and utilization of the resources of the nation"—a reasonably large order.

The Council is further charged with the following duties:

1. To supervise and direct investigations and make recommendations to the President and the heads of Executive Departments as to:

(*a*) The location of railroads with reference to the frontier of the United States, so as to render possible expeditious concentration of troops and supplies to points of defense.

(*b*) The co-ordination of military, industrial, and commercial purposes in the location of extensive highways and branch lines of railroads.

(*c*) The utilization of waterways.

(*d*) The mobilization of military and naval resources for defense.

(*e*) The increase of domestic production of articles and materials essential to the support of armies and of the people during the interruption of foreign commerce.

(*f*) The development of sea-going transportation.

(*g*) Data as to amounts, location, method, and means of production, and availability of military supplies.

(*h*) The giving of information to producers and manufacturers as to the class of supplies needed by the military and other services of the government, the requirements relating thereto, and the creation of relations which will render possible in time of need the immediate concentration and utilization of the resources of the nation.

2. To report to the President or to the heads of Executive Departments upon special inquiries or subjects appropriate thereto.

3. To submit an annual report to Congress, through the President, giving as full a statement of the activities of the Council and the agencies subordinate to it as is consistent with the public interest, including an itemized account of the expenditures made by the Council, or authorized by it, in as full detail as the public interest will permit, providing, however, that when deemed proper the President may authorize, in amounts stipulated by him, unvouchered expenditures, and report the gross so authorized not itemized.

So much for all that. Let us now examine into how the machine works and what it has done.

The Council of National Defense is composed as follows:

Secretary of War	Newton D. Baker, *Chairman.*
Secretary of the Navy	Josephus Daniels.
Secretary of the Interior	Franklin K. Lane.
Secretary of Agriculture	David F. Houston.
Secretary of Commerce	William C. Redfield.
Secretary of Labor	William B. Wilson.

The members of the Advisory Commission are:

	In particular charge of
Daniel Willard, Chairman, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.	Transportation and communication.
Howard E. Coffin, vice-president of the Hudson Motor Car Company.	Munitions and manufacturing, including standardization, and industrial relations.
Julius Rosenwald, president of Sears, Roebuck & Company.	Supplies, including food and clothing.
Bernard M. Baruch, financier.	Raw materials, minerals, and metals.
Doctor Hollis Godfrey, president of the Drexel Institute.	Engineering and education.
Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor.	Labor, including conservation of health and welfare of workers.
Doctor Franklin Martin, secretary-general of the American College of Surgeons.	Medicine and surgery, including general sanitation.

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The Director of the Council and Advisory Commission is Walter S. Gifford, and the Secretary of the Council and Advisory Commission is Grosvenor B. Clarkson.

Director Gifford is the administrative unit of the entire organization. Wherever a particular activity is directed in special instances by a member of the Advisory Commission, or by some one selected for a particular task by the Advisory Commission or the Council, it is essential for proper administration, and especially for the proper co-ordination of activities, that the various agencies which are set in motion shall work immediately in touch with and under the supervision of the Director. Mr. Gifford is peculiarly fitted for his task. He is one of the officers of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and was a year ago "loaned" by his company to act as supervising director of the famous Committee on Industrial Preparedness of the Naval Consulting Board. That job finished, he returned to his desk in New York, but was again drafted into the government service, this time to make the preliminary organization of the Council of National Defense. War caught him, and he is now, at the express request of the Secretary of War, a permanent fixture. A product of New England, cool-headed, trained in one of the greatest corporations of the world to think in national terms, still in his thirties, Mr. Gifford is one of the interesting figures of war-time Washington.

Under both Council and Commission there have been created various boards, sections, and committees. The Council itself, meeting every day, hears reports from the Director and plans, directs, and refers matters for investigation to the boards and committees and Committees of the Council and of the Advisory Commission. The Advisory Commission and its co-operative committees report back with recommendations to the Council.

The chief war story of the hour is in many respects what America can do in the air. The Council has taken decisive action herein. It has created an Aircraft Production Board, headed by Howard E. Coffin, of Detroit, who, as chairman of the Committee on Industrial Preparedness of the Naval Consulting Board, conceived and drove through, without a cent of Federal money, and with the aid of the engineers of the country, the inventory for military purposes of the 27,000 leading plants of the United States. All this highly valuable information is now locked up in the files of the Council of National Defense. Mr. Coffin, vice-president of the Hudson Motor Car Company, is one of the most brilliant engineers of America and for nearly two years has devoted his services to the government without a penny of return. He is a man of vision out of the West who has a very distinct power for getting action out of the people around him. He typifies the new impersonal type of public administrator who knows nothing of politics, thinks little or not at all of himself, and seeks only to get the job done. He is known as the father of standardization in the American automobile industry, the standardization which has made it possible for more than 3,000,000 motor-cars to be running on the roads of the United States against some 800,000 in the rest of the countries of the world put together. The point, of course, is that quantity production of aeroplanes must in the first instance flow from standardization of parts and types and in production.

Thus far on the Western front in Europe the supremacy of the air has moved back and forth between the Germans and the Allied forces, as each side has perfected a new type of war plane which could do things that the preceding type could not do. Neither side has been able to produce such a preponderance of planes as to make the control more than momentary. That is where America appears upon the stage.

It was not until after the battle of the Marne that the French understood the full importance of aviation. When the entire German army was headed for France through Belgium Marshal Joffre had only three army corps in Belgium; the larger part of his forces had been sent to the East. It was the aviators of France who discovered and reported the course of the German advance. Success in manœuvre still means success in war; but the eyes of an army are now its airmen, and that army which sweeps the air is the army which makes its movements in secrecy. Carry the thought still further: massed infantry attacks must now be made be-

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hind the advancing curtain of fire, which in turn must be controlled and directed from the air.

In the early days of the attack on Verdun the French lost a great many machines. When the battle of the Somme began she had such an enormous aviation superiority on the Somme front that for three weeks no German machine was able to fly. The result was that the artillery fire was splendidly conducted, no English movement was known to the Germans, and the Allied forces knew all about what was going on behind the German lines. In short, a manœuvre is a surprise, and it is impossible to surprise while machines are in the air.

The French believe that if next year there are enough Allied machines, including American, on the Western front to stop the Germans from flying, thus allowing the Allied forces to manœuvre, the Germans will be very nearly beaten. If we put out the eyes of the beast it is a relatively simple matter to kill him afterward.

There, very sketchily stated, is pretty much why America is going to try to help win the war in the air, in addition to the troops that she will send to the front. She has the money, she has the producing capacity, and she has the brains—and the Aircraft Production Board is going ahead on this basis, in co-operation with the very efficient Signal Corps of the Army under Brigadier-General George O. Squier, and both getting their driving power from the progressive policy of the Secretary of War.

The problems are not simple, but they will be solved, and solved speedily. The best experts of the country are being brought into the task. The members of the Aircraft Production Board are:

Howard E. Coffin, Chairman.
Brigadier-General George O. Squier, Chief Signal Officer United States Army.
Rear-Admiral David W. Taylor, Bureau of Construction.
S. D. Waldon, ex-vice-president of the Packard Motor Car Company.
E. A. Deeds, ex-general manager of the National Cash Register Company and later with the Dayton Engineering Company.
R. L. Montgomery, Montgomery, Clothier & Tyler, bankers, Philadelphia, Pa.
Arthur G. Cable, secretary.

Already the Aircraft Production Board has negotiated with leading aeroplane-makers to secure a basis for the settlement of the aeroplane patent situation; has evolved in co-operation with the chief signal officer of the Army a training plan for aviators; has assembled the presidents of six military engineering universities and assisted in starting six schools for the preliminary training of aviator cadets; has developed, in co-operation with the chief signal officer of the Army, a standard type of aviation school set of buildings; has arranged for complete working drawings and estimates of cost; has given material assistance to the Aeronautical Division in investigating sites for aviation schools; has arranged for the standardization of a type of training machine between the English, Canadian, and United States Service, and has developed plans and placed orders for the battle type of machine.

By the time this article will have appeared in print there will undoubtedly have been brought to this country the latest type of aircraft which has been developed on the fighting front, and there will have been instituted a co-operative organization here among our own engineers, designers, and construction men which will attack the problem of producing in quantities the highly specialized types needed. This work will probably be done by some centralized body and under governmental supervision. Every effort will be made to remove it as far as possible from commercialism on the part of individuals. This country probably, more than any other, is able to bring about a quantity production of any type of article which may be standardized. There have been brought to Washington for the purpose of developing the proper motor the best engineers in the country. This motor may be a four, six, eight, or twelve, depending upon the power desired, but the cylinders will all be alike, and so will the pistons, valves, and connecting-rods, so that the automobile or engine manufacturer whose plant may be called upon may get to

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work at once. The making of an aeroplane in itself is not a complicated thing, although the original designing and engineering work is very highly technical. One part of the programme, at the present writing, is to take a standardized plane for our training work and put it into the manufacturing centres for duplication. There are a great number of mechanics in the United States trained to this work, but new sources of supply will undoubtedly have to be opened up. The chief demand, of course, will be made upon the automobile industry, perhaps to the extent of curtailing the production of pleasure vehicles. But it will be going into an industry the transformation of the work of which will not interfere with the building of guns and the making of munitions, nor with any other branch of the government service.

The general function of the Aircraft Production Board is to bring manufacturers together and help make their resources available to the government and assist the government in stimulating the production of better types and greater quantities of air-machines, to investigate and recommend manufacturing plants where orders are to be placed, to aid in arranging with American factories as to the kinds of machine best suited to their several organizations and facilities for manufacture, to advise as regards priority of deliveries of aircraft material in accordance with a general policy as determined by the Council of National Defense, and, following the selection of sites for aviation schools and supply depots by the Military Department, to advise in regard to buying or leasing the land, preparing it for use, and erecting all buildings.

The chairman of the General Munitions Board of the Council is Frank A. Scott, vice-president of the Warner and Swasey Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, and an acknowledged authority on the production of munitions for the uses of modern war. Mr. Scott came to Washington to stay three days, was drafted into the service, and was told to be prepared to remain for three years. He is serving without compensation. His board, composed of high officers of the Army and Navy, meets every morning at a quarter past eight and is saving the government millions of dollars daily in the co-ordination of purchases for the War and Navy Departments. This board, in its brief career, has developed the capacity to supply a million men with rifles and is delving deeply and in the most efficient way into matters of artillery and ammunition therefor—gun-forgings, gun-carriages, limbers, caissons, and forge wagons—and is seeing to it that the necessary raw materials, including wood for spokes on wheels, are had; and it is dealing in the most concentrated fashion with problems concerning military vehicles, machine guns, armor-piercing shells, cotton duck for tentage, optical glass for military instruments, and a thousand and one things which go to make up the munitions demands of a nation at war to-day. The board has, of course, been closely in touch with the French and British Commissioners.

Mr. Scott is also chairman of the Munitions Standards Board, of which the other members are as follows:

W. H. Vandervoort, of Root and Vandervoort, builders of special machine tools, and president of the Moline Automobile Company;
E. A. Deeds, formerly general manager of the National Cash Register Company, president of the Dayton Engineering Company, and interested in many industrial activities;
Frank Pratt, of the General Electric Company, Schenectady;
Samuel Vauclain, of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Remington and Westinghouse Companies; and
John E. Otterson, vice-president of the Winchester Arms Company.

The purpose of the Munitions Standards Board is to standardize munitions specifications in so far as possible to permit of quantity production of munitions at the most reasonable prices obtainable.

Under Doctor Franklin H. Martin, of the Advisory Commission, and in the immediate charge of Doctor F. F. Simpson, is the medical section of the Council. This body has done magnificent work in ascertaining the civilian medical resources of the country and comparing them with the actual resources and personnel of the

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medical department of the United States Army, Navy, Public Health Service, and the American Red Cross. The prime need was the careful selection from the civilian medical profession of thoroughly qualified doctors who could be recommended to the Army and Navy as members of the medical officers' reserve corps. So far the names of 21,000 competent physicians have been furnished to the surgeons-general. The deans of the various medical schools were summoned to Washington to the end of making available the 3,500 medical students graduating in June for service as medical officers in the regular Army and Navy Medical Corps. This action has resulted in materially filling the gaps in the regular services of men of the most desirable type. The medical section has carried far forward the standardization of instruments, supplies, and equipment common to the Army, Navy, Public Health Service, and Red Cross, co-ordinating them with the needs of the civilian medical profession. The necessity for this is obvious when it is known that a large percentage of medical instruments and other supplies is manufactured in Germany, and it is vital to obtain suitable instruments from American manufacturers.

A General Medical Board, composed of civilian medical men of the highest rank, has been formed and meets in Washington at stated intervals. This board, working through highly organized subcommittees, is in a position to furnish the very latest information on medical and surgical experience in the European war and from the principal laboratories and research organizations of America. At the instance of this board, the Council of National Defense has taken decisive steps for the hygienic and moral welfare of the soldiers and sailors of the nation.

Acting as a Board of Inventions for the Council of National Defense is the Naval Consulting Board of the United States, headed by Thomas A. Edison and composed of such eminent inventors as Elmer A. Sperry and Peter Cooper Hewitt. This board has for some time been actively engaged in investigations of plans to combat the submarine.

To ascertain how commercial business may best meet the demands made upon it by the war, and how men, supplies, and equipment now employed in trade can be made available for the needs of the government without impairing the essential services of trade and without unnecessary hardship to the public at large, the Council has formed a Commercial Economy Board. It is composed exclusively of experts in their respective fields. This board is taking up such matters as how the delivery service of retail stores may be curtailed during the war, investigations having already disclosed that many retail stores can arrange to release men and equipment from their delivery departments. It has discovered in numerous stores that twenty per cent of the merchandise sold is returned, and it is attempting to ameliorate the wide-spread abuse and money waste under this system. It has even cast its scrutiny on the practice among bakers to take back unsold bread from retailers, the bread thus being taken back being resold, in some cases to the poor, but frequently to the farmers for hog or chicken feed. It is seeking the right way in which to avoid the resulting waste of food in the vital bread trade.

At the instance of the Council of National Defense, advisory committees of highly qualified business men have been appointed by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States to sit with the local quartermasters of the Army in various cities of the country. These committees have rendered extremely valuable aid in the economical and efficient purchase of supplies, their knowledge of local business and traffic conditions being of particularly good service to the government. In New York, for instance, a plan has been put into operation under the supervision of the depot quartermaster there for the purpose of co-ordinating the various railroad and shipping lines entering New York and the surrounding district, to the end of greatly facilitating the movement of products shipped through the port of New York en route to allied nations.

The Council has a Committee on Coal Production which, in co-operation with the Department of Labor and the American Federation of Labor, has given material assistance in settling serious difficulties which have arisen between operator and miner. This committee, under the

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leadership of F. S. Peabody, one of the leading coal experts of the country, who is giving his services free to the government, has been of material assistance to the Navy Department in arranging for shipments of coal to the Pacific coast for battleship requirements, and repeated conferences with lake shippers of coal and ore and with transportation executives resulted in the ability of shippers, railroads and vessels, to carry to the head of the lakes some additional two and one-half million tons of coal and bring in return the same tonnage of iron ore. It has done very many other things under the active leadership of Mr. Peabody.

The Council of National Defense, recognizing the essential part which woman now plays in war, recently formed a Committee on Women's Defense Work, headed by the venerable Doctor Anna Howard Shaw, the veteran of a thousand platforms and of many long campaigns in the interest of women of America. This committee is starting out to co-ordinate for the national defense the organized forces of the women of the country by working through State organizations now in process of formation. Permanent committees will be created in each State in the Union to serve for the duration of the war. The Committee on Women's Defense Work is going to take up such matters as registration of service, home relief, allied relief, production, conservation, and thrift; the protection of women workers; courses of instruction in current events concerning women's war work and in training classes in work for which the State furnishes a demand, such as motor service and wireless telegraphy; and the conservation of the moral and spiritual forces of the nation.

The National Research Council,* composed of many of the country's most eminent scientists, maintains in Washington an active committee for the purpose of co-operating with the Council of National Defense in matters pertaining to scientific research in the government's interest. Its chairman is George Ellery Hale and its secretary Cary T. Hutchinson. The National Research Council is at present engaged in such investigations as the study of devices for detecting completely submerged submarines and mines; devices for detecting invisible aircraft and sapping parties; military photography; balloon fabrics; antitoxin and serums for diphtheria, tetanus, pneumonia; sterilization of drinking water, soldiers' clothing, and blankets; and the study of noxious gases and methods of protection against them. The country may be sure that the National Research Council's part of the job for the national defense will be well and thoroughly done.

Under the direction of Director Gifford, of the Council, and in the immediate charge of George F. Porter, a Chicagoan, who has separated himself from his business interests, an active department has been established which has for its purpose the co-ordination of State defense activities throughout the nation. Forty-four States of the Union, now working in co-operation with the Council of National Defense, have fully organized State councils of defense, called committees of public safety in some commonwealths.

Under the Advisory Commission is Commissioner Daniel Willard's Committee on Transportation and Communication. Mr. Willard has succeeded in bringing together the railroad executives of the country and in persuading them to organize and maintain in Washington a permanent executive committee made up of a number of railroad presidents. This committee has brought about the complete mobilization of the 262,000 miles of American railroads for the protection of the national government. Headed by Fairfax Harrison,* president of the Southern Railway, the executive committee exercises a benevolent and patriotic despotism over the railroads of the country to an extent which in many ways the Federal authorities themselves have never exercised. Behind this body is what is known as the Special Defense Committee of the American Railway Association, which has subdivided itself over the country into six departments, each to correspond to one of the military departments of the army. The personnel of these departmental bodies is made up in each case of from four to seven railroad executives.

*See "How Men of Science Will Help in Our War," by Dr. George Ellery Hale, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for June, 1917.

*The work of this committee will be described by Mr. Harrison in the September issue of the Magazine.

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There are in turn subcommittees on car service, military equipment standards, military transportation accounting, military passenger and freight tariffs, each of these committees being composed of transportation officials of high rank. The special committee has adopted the broadest attitude in connection with the public interest. It has, among other things, declared that an emergency exists which requires that coal be given preference in car supply and movement; it has issued necessary instructions to the railways that the movement of ore be preferential, second only to coal; it has caused to be modified the car service rules to facilitate the free movement of freight so as to permit a larger latitude in the handling of box-cars in the interest of national efficiency as distinguished from that of individual railroads; and the special committee has certified to the Council of National Defense that in its judgment certain preferences should be given to the movement of fuel, as follows:

First: Fuel for the United States Government.

Second: Fuel for the roads upon which mines are located.

Third: Fuel for steam railroads other than those upon which mines are located.

Fourth: Fuel for other purposes.

The special defense committee is grinding all the time, and aside from domestic transportation problems has occupied itself with such matters as the enlistment of reserve engineer regiments composed of skilled railway workers to aid in the rehabilitation of the railways of France as well as in the operation of the French railways behind the English lines; and the organization of the Railroad Commission to Russia. The American Electric Railway Association, acting in co-operation with and at the instance of Commissioner Willard, has likewise completed a close-knit organization, under the presidency of General George H. Harries.

Also under Mr. Willard's committee, and through the instrumentality of Theodore N. Vail, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, there has been perfected a co-ordination for the government's needs of the telephone and telegraph systems of the country so as to insure complete co-operation not only between the government and the companies but between the companies themselves with regard to communications and censorship of communications. Government toll calls have been given precedence over commercial messages. This act alone necessitated the special drilling of some 12,000 long-line operators in different parts of the United States. In Washington the long-distance wires have been increased from 148 to 294. Swift telephone service has been arranged between Washington and the headquarters of every naval district in the United States; provision has been made for handling telephone calls promptly between the various Army department headquarters and the State capitols and State mobilization camps in each military department; more than 10,000 miles of special systems have already been taken from commercial use and devoted exclusively to the service of the Navy, Agricultural, and other executive departments; in Washington an entirely new central office with an ultimate capacity of 10,000 lines is being installed; plans have been made for providing telephone connections at approximately 100 lighthouses and 200 coast-guard stations; and with regard to the Navy even more extensive plans, which it would be against the public interest to describe at this time, have been put into effect with brilliant success.

Under Julius Rosenwald there is working a fluid and effective committee in co-operation with the purchasing departments of the War and Navy Departments and assisting in the procurement of necessary clothing, equipage, and food. The committee is composed of six men chosen by Mr. Rosenwald from different lines of business who are devoting their entire time without compensation. The Committee on Supplies touches many angles of the government's life, but its activities may best be instanced by citing how, through the employment of modern business methods of buying, it was able to save the War and Navy Departments at least $2,000,000 on a recent $17,000,000 purchase of shoes. This was brought about chiefly through the elimination of the old system of advertising for bids with the resulting creation of fictitious prices in the market. Mr. Rosenwald's own

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vast business sees very little of him nowadays since war is at our doors.

Bernard M. Baruch, a New York financier with a touch of genius in handling men, has organized the field as to raw materials, minerals, and metals in a great company of industries from alcohol to zinc. Mr. Baruch first announced his presence in the tremendous task of mobilizing American industry by procuring 45,000,000 pounds of copper for the Army and Navy at about half the current market price, saving the government in the neighborhood of $10,000,000. He then persuaded the zinc interests to deliver 25,000,000 pounds of zinc at two-thirds of the market price, and he procured for the Navy several hundred thousand tons of shipping-plates and other materials at remarkable concessions. When ship-plates were sold at $160 a ton, this indefatigable worker of industrial miracles obtained them for the Navy at $58 a ton. He then, by methods known only to himself, purchased for the government its needs of aluminum at 27½ cents per pound when the market price was 60 cents per pound.

Samuel Gompers, spokesman in America for organized labor, sits in the Advisory Commission. It has been his dream that American labor should from the start of the war hold up the hands of the government of the United States, and to a remarkable, almost incredible, degree he has made this come true. He knew that one of England's tragedies in the early days of the great war was that organized labor did not come in until a year had gone by, and he wanted with all his heart to have no such thing happen here. There is not space to recite all that Mr. Gompers has accomplished, but perhaps the most outstanding achievement of his committee on labor of the Advisory Commission has been its action looking to the maintenance of existing standards of employment in our industrial plants and transportation systems and recommending that changes therein should be made only after investigation and approval by the Council of National Defense. There can be little question of the sincerity of Mr. Gompers in his endeavors to bring labor, capital, and the government together into one happy and single-minded family for the successful prosecution of the war.

Under the supervision of Commissioner Coffin are concentrated the highly geared activities of a body known as the Committee on Automotive Transport, which deals with truck specifications for the War Department (in fact, it has practically written those specifications), the training of truck-masters and chauffeurs, steel equipment for military truck tires, motorization of field-artillery, and volunteer motor-truck companies—to cite only a few things. This committee is composed of leading representatives of the chief national motor-car, aircraft, and farm-tractor organizations of the country. Through the representation of the Society of Automotive Engineers alone, more than one thousand engineers of the finest training are ready to be swung to practically all of the mechanical transport needs of the government, from the laying out of designs to the officering and maintenance of motor transport units.

Doctor Hollis Godfrey directs the Committee on Engineering and Education. He is considering the development of a comprehensive method for the solution of problems of engineering and education in the United States brought sharply to the fore under war-time conditions. His consulting section touches general engineering as relating to manufacture and construction; his operating section is concerned with the consummation of policies outlined by the consulting section; the general engineering section deals with the development of engineering as related to war; the production engineering section handles specific problems of production engineering as they relate to certain groups of fundamental industries; and the educational section is active in the coordination of the educational resources of the country and their connection with the national government.

Even in what is only an outline of the labors of the Council and the Advisory Commission there should not be forgotten the part which two members of the Council, Secretaries Lane and Wilson, and two members of the Advisory Commission, Messrs. Willard and Gompers, took in the settlement of the recent threatened railroad strike. These four men were the government's mediators, and the outcome of the negotiation is too well known to demand a detailed statement.

The work of the Council of National

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Defense and the Advisory Commission is largely carried on through the assistance of civilians who serve without compensation. The really vast machinery raised up in four months' time performs its functions with a paid staff of less than one hundred persons, nine-tenths of whom are stenographers, clerks, and messengers. The advisory commissioners receive no salaries, and there are constantly at work in the Munsey Building in Washington more than one hundred men of the same type giving all of their time in the same way. In addition, there are several hundred more men of similar caliber and training who are rendering kindred service during more than half of the working day and who are continually coming and going to and from Washington. It is likely that there never has been such a superbly equipped volunteer, non-partisan company of specialists working so unselfishly to a common end in the history of any government.

OUT OF THE EAST

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

How often in a summer dawning,
When life too lovely seems to leave,
And under many a sylvan awning
Grass and the sun their wonders weave,
When everywhere the rose is blowing,
The thin cloud on the azure flowing,
And ragrance floats from bloom and briar,
I think of the old Flemish friar
Who, after fierce and wasting years,—
He like a firebrand quenched in tears,—
Brought back from the wild Tartar chiefs
Fantastic hint of strange beliefs.

There is a certain province lying—
Rubriquis, this Franciscan said,—
Beyond Cathay a bird's quick flying,
By airy forces tenanted.
And who, through any chance whatever,
May win those parallels he never
In that serene shall find him older,
Or feel the fires of life fall colder;
Though white moons wax and wane, and stars
Through æons drive their golden cars
To other centres, he shall stay
Fortunate, poised on that rare day.

If any of us should discover,—
Sailing forever-easting seas,—
That happy land of loved and lover,
'Twould be on mornings such as these.
Yet well we ween the storied sailing
Comes only with the daylight failing,
Where a more ancient province lying
Beyond our living and our dying,
Beyond all boundless atmospheres,
All gleaming tops and misty meres,
Sets the high soul forever free
From beauty's sweet monotony.

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ADELAIDE

[DR. BROOKE'S LOVE-AFFAIRS]

By Norval Richardson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER BIGGS

NO one has ever offered a satisfactory explanation of what it is in certain men that makes all women fall in love with them. The ladies in question could: oh, yes, if they would; but the fact remains that they won't. Balanced reasoning and every-day common sense would assert that the man must be good-looking, fairly intelligent, and of course interesting. It is quite ridiculous to imagine a woman loving a bore, until one sees it happening every day; as we do, you know we do. Again, intelligent women, pretty women, charming women, can knock the foundations from any well-thought-out conclusion by marrying a man you would have sworn they wouldn't deign to notice; furthermore, they appear immensely happy, and, say what you will, a woman rarely bluffs—if the word may be used in such a connection—about loving her husband. If she does, you know it; if she doesn't, you also know it. Of course, I make exception of the cases where it is to her interest to make you think she does. . . . The whole matter is vastly puzzling. I have long ago given up trying to understand, to my own satisfaction, why Mrs. X married Mr. Z. She is the only one who could explain and, as I have said, she won't; knowing all the time, sly Mrs. X, that you wouldn't understand if she told you. All of which, believe it or not, is à propos of Dr. Brooke.

Information, or gossip, if you will have it that way, gathered while I knew him, and from those who knew him before I did, all pointed to the astounding fact that no woman had known him never so slightly—of course those are excepted who had good reason to turn a deaf ear to romance—without having loved him; calmly, sweetly, passionately, according to the temperament of the lady in question. And yet, at first glance, even at second or third for that matter, he was the last man under the sun you would have taken for one of many love-affairs. He wasn't handsome, no one in the wildest delirium of love could have called him that; his charm was at first quite negative; and still more, I doubt very much if he had any imagination to speak of. His eyes were rather good; big, brown, gentle; in fact, now that I think of him, that seems to express him best: gentle. Gentle eyes, gentle voice, gentle manners. I could tell you a thousand instances of his gentleness, his modesty, his kindness, and I will, only now I am trying to present him to you as he appeared in the flesh. It is tremendously difficult. If you don't happen to see him right you won't understand at all, and, bless me, if I know how to set you right. In figure he was long. Long expresses some people; tall, others. Dr. Brooke was long, perhaps six feet and a little more; neither thin nor fat, with always a swinging sort of motion in his walk that suggested outdoor life. His clothes were negligible. To save me, I can't remember what he ever had on, except that he wore a low turn-down collar and a made-up black silk tie. You are placing him as a typical politician from the West or South, and have gone entirely in the wrong direction. He didn't suggest that in the least. Why, I can't exactly explain. It is frightful to say it, and if you don't want to hear you had better put a finger in each ear: the most characteristic things that I can remember about his apparel were his white socks and low black shoes. But of course there was a reason for my remembering them. Now I have said the worst. As far as age went, he was somewhere between thirty and fifty—a matter depending on the weather and how he was going on; always a mannish age, suggesting

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neither boyishness nor senility. All this is in tone with my first impression of him; naturally, as our friendship developed and I became an onlooker, sometimes an assistant, in his numerous affairs, my impressions changed; I saw other sides, unsuspected charms; I even grew to think I understood why all those foolish women "carried on" so about him.

The first day in the village brought me to his office, announced to me by a weather-beaten sign nailed to a weather-beaten fence before a weather-beaten house set back in a tangled garden and watched over by a huge oak, not in the least weather-beaten, though worlds older than the house. Let in by a negro woman, quite as old as the tree and equally spreading and comfortable, I was conducted to the room which served for his office. Dear me, that office! I won't begin to describe it to you. Just fancy heaps and heaps of bottles in quaint old cabinets and bookcases, a long table littered with pamphlets and papers, a desk also littered, old steel engravings on the walls, faded wall-paper showing the path of the sun, chairs covered with horsehair in varying degrees of shabbiness, and, in the midst of all this, Dr. Brooke, poring over a volume bound in rusty calf, one hand lost in the shock of his reddish-brown hair, the other holding a lighted brier pipe. Good tobacco smoke filled the room, coming in a long column from out of his stubby, reddish-brown mustache. He met me quietly, graciously, and indicated a chair. I remember the grip of his hand as being warm and genial. Somehow I felt at home at once, and sat down with an unexpected sensation of pleasure which kept me from stating the object of my call as promptly as I might have, though he appeared in no hurry to hear it. The pipe in his mouth testified to that. In the end I explained that I had come to his village in search of health and, due to my condition, or from force of recent habit, I had thought it advisable to call on him so that, in a case of emergency, he would know me and I know him. He said very little, but what he did say was in such a gentle tone and manner, expressed more through his wonderfully sympathetic glance than in words, that I left him with the feeling that if things did come to the worst he would be a comfort to me, much more so than those tremendous swells I had left behind, who rode in motors, made tests of my blood, charged me a year's income, and called themselves specialists.

I saw him once or twice during the month that followed, drawn to his office for no special reason than that I was lonely, beastly lonely, and thought I might pull off a sort of friendship with him. This idea, though of spontaneous growth, did not develop so rapidly. He did not give himself to you at once, you had to eke friendship out of him, bit by bit, which in the end may have been one of his charms. Every one treats lightly those who give themselves too intimately at first encounter.

II

After several months I was installed in a little house half-way up a mountain. I had built it myself, not literally, but almost so; even if I didn't drive the nails, I saw them driven. I wanted to build it at the top of the mountain, and should have, only disagreeable necessity put a finger in the pie and said I must build where there was water, and water was to be found no farther up than half-way. At least, though, I have a view, a splendid, encouraging view, which has done quite as much for me, with its soul tonic, as the bracing air.

Things went on well enough while I was interested in getting the house finished and furnished, but after that was over and I had spent a month there alone, with only an old mountain woman as cook and nurse and everything else that was necessary, it began to be frightfully lonely. I had not yet trained myself to get along without people, nor had I developed the courage of loneliness. In the end I wrote to Adelaide to take pity on me, and come for a few weeks. Adelaide, you must know, is a cousin, a widow, and, above everything else, immensely smart. At least she calls herself so, and one sees her name grouped with those our journals are in the habit of dubbing "representative." She telegraphed: "Of course I'll come; but I must bring my maid." "You mustn't," I answered. "There's no

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place for her and no use for her." "Will you hook my frocks?" came her answer. Fancy telegraphing a man that! I was discreet enough to reply: "The cook will." So she came, as usual, in her amazing way. It took the village team two days to get her luggage up the mountain, I complaining all the time at her nonsense, she asserting that it was entirely on my account that she had brought so much, that she came to cheer me up, that she couldn't do it without looking her best, and to look her best she had to wear her best, and a whole lot of the philosophy she always indulged in and which was foolish but delightful. The luggage once installed, new troubles appeared; the cook and bottle-washer balked at her new duties. Deep down in her heart I think she was horribly shocked. Her cold, unsophisticated eye told me plainly enough that she didn't believe for a minute that Adelaide was even a third cousin. Cousin, indeed! Cousins didn't carry on that way with each other, and dress that way, and spend all their time dyeking (a mountain expression for making oneself as attractive as possible). Increased wages, however, allayed the question of propriety, and for a while the goose hung high.

It was a very jolly time, that week or two before the thunderbolt. Mountain jaunts, all-day trips, village visits, evenings before a log fire, good books, a sympathetic voice to listen to, sympathetic eyes to meet yours; in a word, the companionship of a charming woman who didn't expect you to spoil it all by making love to her. It was perfect.

"I think I must be going home," Adelaide said one afternoon toward the end of June. We were having tea in front of the house—her suggestion—beside a flaming rhododendron, where she had placed some chairs and a rug or two.

"If you forsake me I shall die—I know I shall," I grumbled, heartily sad over the prospect.

"I've been told that before," Adelaide smiled, a look full of affectionate comradeship. "Somehow, though, no one has yet been complimentary enough to do it. Besides, you are getting dependent on me. That will never do. I promise you, though, to come back in the autumn. I love mountains at that time."

I was silent so long that she offered me a penny for my thoughts.

"I was trying to think of something that would make you stay."

"Just now—nothing. I'm in need of people, and I'm going to find them. I have a longing for lights, and music, and flowers—not wild flowers, flowers that grow in greenhouses and are out of season."

She had barely finished when I heard sounds behind us, and, turning, found Dr. Brooke coming up the path on his white speckled horse. He swung out of the saddle—stepped out describes it more exactly, as his long legs were very near the ground—threw the rein over the branch of a tree, and came straight toward us. Adelaide sent me a swift whisper: "Who is he?" and I had just time to explain before he was upon us.

"I was passing," he explained in his deep, mellow voice. "Thought I'd stop and say good evening." His expression said much more when his eyes fell on Adelaide; and with just cause. I have said she had an amazing way of dressing; that day was no exception. A vivid rose-red gown with heaps of shimmering embroideries is not exactly the costume one often happens upon in a mountain retreat. Add to this Adelaide's face, which is truly beautiful in its gayety and vivacity, and her beautiful throat and neck which showed to a generous degree—she claimed that God had given her no such excellence to hide—and one can quickly see that Dr. Brooke had just cause for a shock.

She acknowledged his bow indifferently—Adelaide is not a type interested in mountain specimens—while I pushed forward a chair for him in such a way that, seated, his face was toward her and me. It was this fortuitous arrangement of chairs which gave me the first clew to the situation. He began by looking at her with frank curiosity; then, not slowly, but in a flash, there sprang to life in his big brown eyes the most charming glow, a sort of dancing light of browns and yellows and blacks, a veritable excess of brilliance, merry, admiring, caressing, worshipping, and loving—oh, so loving! Then they grew warm and soft, luring, masculine, and spoke of something that women know at once, a thing that fas-

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Drawn by Walter Biggs.

Adelaide . . . was splendid; I came near to falling in love with her myself.—Page 196.

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cinates them and makes them wish to sacrifice themselves to its power, to surrender to it before it has gone. It fairly took my breath. It was far from anything I had ever imagined of him.

And do you think for a moment that Adelaide had not seen all this? Never! I knew by the trick she had, that raising of her hand to ascertain the condition of her coiffure, that she was alive to the situation and was loading her guns. It was unbelievable that she should have found it worth while, and yet, if you had seen his expression you would have found it so, too.

The conversation, goodness knows what it was about, rambled on in some way. He, I think, was silent most of the time—with his lips, never for a second with his eyes. Now and then I caught a question put to her with a "madam" at the end. He invariably used that form in addressing women. All this time Adelaide was showing off to her best, swinging one little satin-clad foot over the other, gesturing with her exquisite hands, arching her neck and brows, and from time to time patting her hair with that little caressing movement characteristic of graceful women. She was splendid; I came near to falling in love with her myself. She poured the tea for him—I doubt if he had ever tasted a cup before—and handed it to him in such a way that the dance in his eyes became a mad romp. In the end I began to feel uncomfortably de trop, and when he rose, bowed over her hand in the Old-World fashion, rather well done, too, I felt considerably relieved. He said something about the length of Adelaide's visit, and she had the audacity, right there before me, to tell him it was indefinite, she might remain all summer. When he was gone she sank down in her chair, covered her face with her hands, and laughed so long that I felt sure it was a form of hysteria; in fact, I believe it was.

When she finally looked up I showed my disapproval.

"It was the most brazen piece of business I've ever witnessed. I'm ashamed of you. It was positively indecent."

"Of me!" she retorted. "You're quite mad. I didn't do a thing; I didn't have to. I never had a man make love to me so violently before."

"Violent! That doesn't express it. I was looking for him to pick you up any moment, throw you across his horse, and ride off with you. I know that will be your fate in the end."

"Really, though," she said, a little more quiet, even a bit thoughtful, "wasn't it extraordinary! And it came without any preparation, without any of the usual signals. It was like waking out of a sound sleep and finding the room brilliantly illuminated."

"There's no doubt of its having been brilliant."

"Tell me about him; everything you know."

My information was meagre, aggravatingly meagre, she phrased it, and I was commanded, impatiently, too, to set out early the next morning and scour the country for details of his past, present, and future; intimate details, nothing general, oh, no; what she must have were facts, and, above all, any affairs, as she airily called them, which he might have had or was having at the present time. It is odd how a woman always believes that a man has an affair going on, no matter how sedate and absorbed in a life-work he may be! A point, by the way, which gives them away and shows what they are generally up to themselves.

My search was not entirely satisfactory, though it was at least reassuring. There appeared to be no affairs; there was nothing of interest, not even a wee bit of romance in anything I heard. The innkeeper had known him since they were boys together; the village chemist had, too; the Baptist preacher gave him a colorless four years' "record," and Mrs. O'Herron, who owned and ran the corner grocery, had "raised" him, though I must say she didn't look quite old enough for that. Of all the accounts, I chose hers as being a little more intimate than the others. His father had died soon after his birth; his mother had brought him up, a quiet little woman from whom he had got his brown eyes and gentle manners. He had been educated at the State university, after which he had come back home and gone on living just as when his mother was with him, cared for by the negro servant who had been with them always. No, he had never been married;

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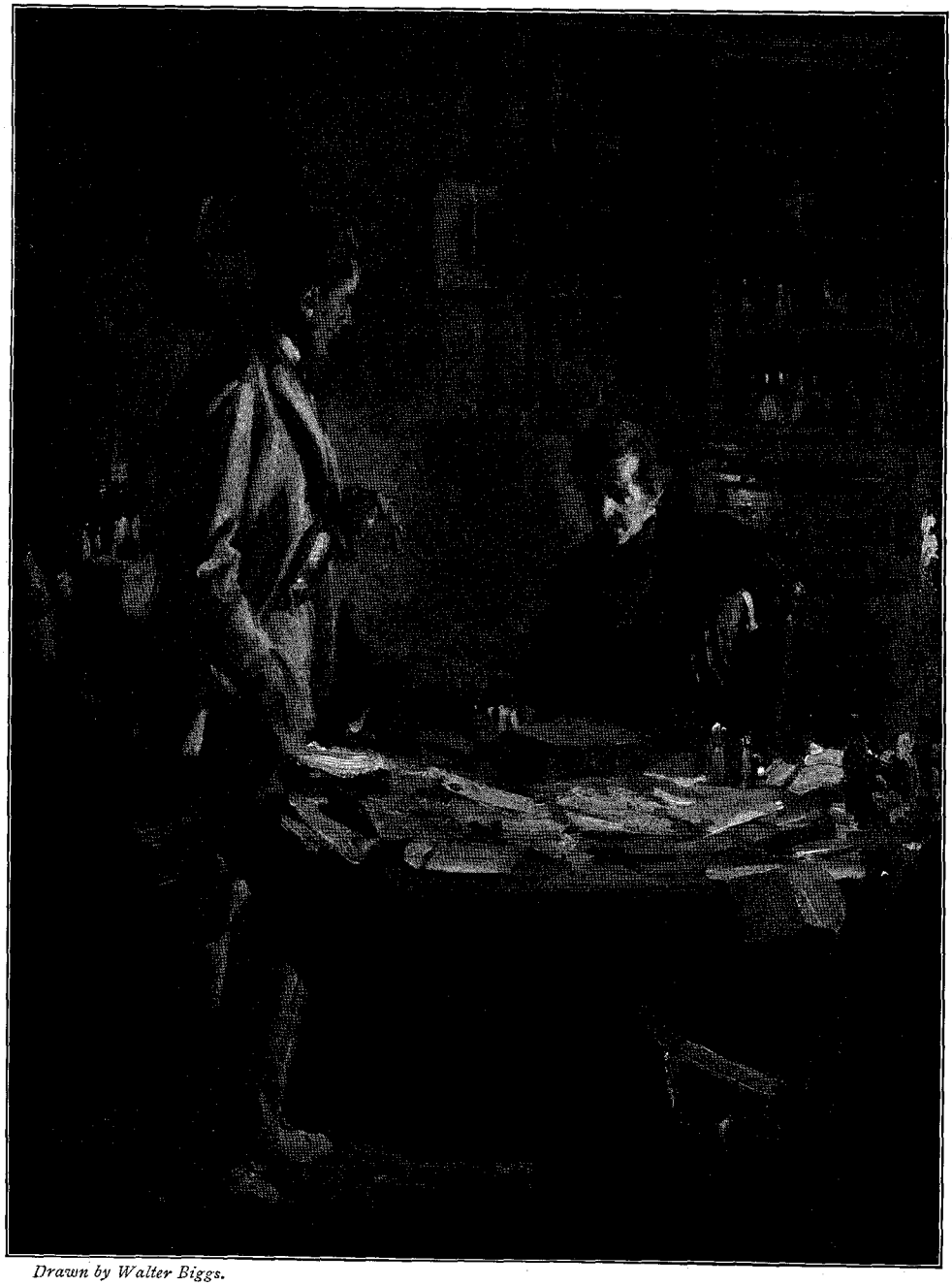

Drawn by Walter Biggs.

"Then you insist upon marrying her?"—Page 201.

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there had never been any rumors of his having been engaged, though of course there were plenty of village and mountain girls who would be glad enough to marry him. Being the good customer I was, and a friend of his, as she, Mrs. O'Herron was, she would confide to me his one little vice, a sort of monthly slipping from the narrow path, a day or two of forgetfulness spent very considerately in bed, brought on by an overindulgence in "mountain moonshine." That was all; an uninteresting enough record for any one, with a sordid touch at the end to which Adelaide pinned her hopes. It must be for some reason, some sorrow, something in his past, that made this day or two of forgetfulness imperative. I could not make her see it as a failing devoid of romance. She would have it her way.

Three days passed with no mention of departure; and I did not bring up the subject, happy enough that anything would delay her. She might build all the castles she wished to about Dr. Brooke if that were all needed to detain her. The morning of the third day she would not go on the tramp that was our daily habit. Yes, she was quite well, only she felt like lounging and reading. Innocently, I left her, and happening to return unexpectedly for midday dinner, having found tramping without a jolly companion a pretty sorry affair, I was told by the cook that Adelaide had gone to the village immediately after my departure, having rigged herself out in all sorts of finery. Not exactly the cook's words, but what she meant to infer.

At one o'clock she returned, buoyant, breathless, and, seeing me, a little flustered.

"I just had to go to the village," she explained, dragging off a hat that must have given the village folk a turn. "There wasn't a tin of foie gras in the house, and there wasn't another thing that would take its place with me to-day. Don't you have foie-gras days?"

I admitted I did and was in for having it at luncheon, which sent her off into a more flustered condition than before and brought forth explanations about there not being any in the village, it had to be ordered and would take at least three days: all this in a stammering, embarrassed tone which awakened my suspicions. She had been up to some devilment, I could have sworn, and after luncheon it came out. Adelaide, if she likes you, will tell you, in the end, pretty much everything she knows.

She had called on Dr. Brooke. What for? Oh, to see him about her digestion. "You've got the best in the world. Besides, you've never once complained of it." Of course she wouldn't have thought of letting me know she had lain awake, nights and nights with an excruciating pain. "I don't believe a word of it. It's your shameless craving for a flirtation." Was I a self-appointed censor to see that she didn't flirt? "Goodness knows, I don't mind," I retorted. "Only, I think it's rather heartless to break into this poor chap's peaceful life and, after you've had your fun with him, run off and leave him all broken up."

For half a minute she was silent. "He is the most fascinating man I ever met." This with a seriousness and in a defensive tone that made it worth noting.

"That's too preposterous!"

"I told you I had never had a man make love to me so quickly, so silently, so eloquently as he did that first day. I've been thinking about him ever since. To-day I just had to see it again."

"It! What?"

"That expression in his eyes when he looks at me."

"Well—did you?"

She flushed, laughed, and nodded.

"You're conscienceless, Adelaide. And this is what you are remaining for! I thought it was out of charity to me."

Then came an outburst of gayety and a confession of the whole episode. Knowing her so well, all her little methods of attack and withdrawal, her manner of playing around a subject and never brazenly coming out with it, and yet handling it so subtly that it was brazen in the end; knowing her so well, it was easy enough to picture the proceeding as it had very likely taken place. I can see her going up the walk to his house, an eye open for every detail. She could tell you to a "T" how the negro servant's apron was made, she could tell you every picture on the walls, where the carpet was worn most,

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and what was under the glass cover on the table in the hall. All this, mind you, taken in and stored away while the servant led her unannounced into Dr. Brooke's office. Once there, she was all apologies for having disturbed him; this said to cover up a sidelong glance bent upon ascertaining the effect her entrance had created. His reply that it was his office hour was left unnoticed, being immaterial. So this was where he lived—his workshop! appeared to her much more to the point. How charming! She loved the view from the window. A real old-fashioned garden. What a delicious fragrance of roses—and larkspur! Think of it! Real larkspur—just the color of Italian skies! Did that happen to be a house beyond the ledge? He admitted it was a house, at least the people who lived in it called it that. This, with his deep, mellow laugh. What would she call it? She supposed she would call it a house, too, she laughed back at him, her glance no longer sidelong now that what she had come for was so obviously, gloriously there before her. Did he know she had half a mind to make a confession? The light went out of his eyes, they were quite clouded with the fear that she was going to tell him she had some frightful malady. So many of us do these days, you know!

If he could help her—indeed, madam—she knew— He could help her; in fact, he was the only one who really could. She must command him. It was that she might bring herself to sit down if he offered her a chair.

Fancy talking to Dr. Brooke in such a shameless way! And yet, I wager he played the game with her; indeed, I know he did.

Seated, with the desk between them, there had been a little silence, a mere atom of time for her to bask in the blazing glance. Then: She didn't sleep at night; she had a pain, just there, where her hand was; a very bad pain, she assured him. It sounded so foolish, because she couldn't remember ever having had anything like it before, and, of course, he could see it wasn't foolish at all. He thought she must be bilious! And he wanted to see her tongue! How extraordinary! She thought that had gone out of fashion years ago. If he insisted she wouldn't object; only, he would have to help her with her veil—she couldn't begin to manage it alone. And——

I shan't go on with such shameless behavior. It was enough that she had gone to his house, bearded him in his den, without going to the extent of making him kiss her. For he had done it. She gave me this as a mere incident of the affair. To add to her other offenses, she had the effrontery to ask me, at the end, what I thought of it.

"I'm sorry you didn't go the day you said you would," I grumbled.

"Ungrateful! I believe you're jealous."

"No. I'm just horribly mortified."

"Why?" with amazement.

"If you don't know why, there's no use trying to explain."

"But if we love each other——"

I rose, at the end of patience.

"I admit he does. That's the shame of it."

"He's coming up here to-night."

"If he does I'm not going to leave you alone with him."

"Very well, don't; that will make the next meeting so much more delightful."

III

However, I didn't play chaperon, I never had any intention of doing it, though some one should have for his sake if not propriety's. He remained for hours and hours out on the mountainside with her. I heard his voice more than hers; it came in a low, steady murmur, as if he were reciting poetry, which, I felt sure, Adelaide would not stand for. She is not the type that finds any special sentiment in moonlight and poetry. At least I hadn't thought she was up to this time.

Things went on this way for days and days, or, more properly speaking, nights and nights, for he came every evening after we had finished supper and remained—I haven't the slightest idea how late. By mere chance I discovered he was bringing her funny little bouquets made of flowers from his garden wrapped around till they were tight as a wad. How she managed to conceal them from

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me I never knew. At the end of the second week she took me into her confidence. Without any leading up to the subject, she hurled it at me out of a clear sky, at least out of one in which I had seen nothing especially alarming. She was going to marry Dr. Brooke.

Naturally, I sat down; it was not a blow one could be expected to receive on one's legs. I suppose I stared at her like an idiot, at any rate it must have been an annoying look I gave her, for she continued icily, after the announcement:

"I hope it won't give you a setback."

"Surely you're joking. It can't be true!"

"Why not?"

"It's too—too absurd!"

She sat down, calm and decided.

"What, exactly, is absurd about it?"

"Everything. You can't love such a man; he isn't up to you. Your whole scheme of life is different. You don't touch anywhere. Whatever this is, fascination or insanity, it won't last twenty hours with you."

She listened as if humoring me; then, after a long pause:

"I don't know why I let you say such things to me. Your opinion isn't worth a penny. What do you know about love! You have neither given nor taken of it. While I—I have had more than my share."

"That's just it. You've had too much to consider this country doctor for a moment. Adelaide, you know as well as I you'd be ashamed of him among your friends. Out of his setting he would be impossible."

"I'm not going to take him out of his 'setting,' as you put it. I'm going to live here with him."

"In that ramshackle house of his!"

"For the present—yes. We may build later."

I laughed aloud at this, certain now that it was a joke she had been playing on me. One glance at her face, though, dispelled any illusion. It was the unmistakable look of happiness; she had actually persuaded herself into believing she loved the man. Astounding as it appeared, it was plain enough, there in her face. My amazement turned to curiosity, and I found myself lost in a maze of conflicting conjecture. What in the name of heaven had made Adelaide, of all women in the world, fall in love with Dr. Brooke! His side of the affair was most natural; any man would fall in love with Adelaide. But she!—with him! It was too much for me. I even went so far as to ask her to tell me sincerely how it came about, and she, being in that mood which demands a listener, did.

It had not been gradual; she had felt it that first day when he sat there looking at her in a way she had never been looked at before. She knew that no one had ever worshipped her to the same extent that he did from the first moment he laid eyes on her. She thought about it, pretty seriously for her, three whole days, at the end of which she gave up the struggle. She had to have that look again, and, seeing it, she had made up her mind that it would make her happy, just that alone; and she had then and there cast her lot. Interesting? Yes, as interesting as men ever are, perhaps a bit more so, for he could repeat beautiful things from Tennyson and Byron, particularly Byron, things she had never dreamed could be so beautiful and so—so—well, so exquisite. At such moments he made her feel that she had missed the beautiful side of life, and that with him all the sordid symbols which had previously represented love to her would be cast aside and only those of the soul left. All this punctuated with reiterated explanations that most of it had come to her silently, seen by her in his eyes; that was the part that had impressed her most, his difficulty in expressing himself, his inarticulateness, his lack of facile expression which made for sincerity. Other men had invariably spoken too well, too easily, but he, not at all. There was no doubt about it, Adelaide was head over heels in love with Dr. Brooke.

"Then you are determined to marry him?"

"Yes—next week."

She left me after this shot and I could get nothing more out of her. I had nothing to say that she wanted to hear, I was informed through her locked door; besides, everything was settled.

You may think it strange that I felt as I did about the affair, but knowing them

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both, Adelaide in particular, it was too preposterous to consider. It had to be stopped in some way. But how? Goodness only knew. I paced the floor futilely. No inspiration came to me. At the end of an hour I happened upon what I considered a last resource. I would go to Dr. Brooke, put the case fully before him, and make as strong a plea as possible to his honor, demanding that he should not bring Adelaide's happy career to such a miserable end. A quixotic thing to do, I admit, but, after all, the whole proceeding was quixotic.

It was sundown when I got to the village, and when I had rung the bell and waited quite a long time the negro woman came and explained that Dr. Brooke was at supper. He came at once to his office, though I had sent word that I was in no hurry, and insisted that I come in to supper with him, which I did. It was a nice old room, the gleam of candle-light on polished mahogany, and though there was no taste displayed in the china and linen, I mean so far as co-ordination went, the effect was pleasing because of the original excellent selection. The food was good, too; I enjoyed it immensely: fried chicken, waffles, and excellent coffee. As to our conversation, it began smoothly enough—local matters, my health, the weather, no mention of Adelaide—though all the time I was wondering how she would appear at this table seated opposite to him; and in what way he would be different with her than with me. The thought of her there was incongruous; but viewing him in this new light he became more interesting. I even began to understand how he had caught her fancy. Yes, his gentleness, his modesty, his quiet charm were all there, mellowed into a warm personality that one could not fail to feel. Supper finished, we returned to his office; he lit a pipe and sat down, I stood at the open window through which came the heavy scent of the old-fashioned garden.

He looked up at me, knowing of course that I knew, and knowing, too, that I had come to talk about it. I broke into the middle of the subject.

"Adelaide told me this afternoon."

He met this with a frank though slightly troubled expression—a look that was far from being the one a successful lover would carry when the subject nearest his heart was mentioned. This puzzled me; it left me not knowing how to continue.

He put the next question: "What did she tell you?"

"That she was going to marry you next week."

The troubled look deepened; it was more than clouded now, I could have sworn it showed real pain. He lowered his eyes and took up the pipe and drew at it.

"She appears very much in love with you—at this moment." I waited for the latter part of this phrase to hit the mark. "Frankly, I don't approve of it. It would be a frightful mistake. Even you ought to see that."

Instead of resenting this, as I fully expected, he said nothing; just smoked on as placidly as you please, giving me all the time I needed to clear my mind of anything else I might have on it. However, I kept silent. In the end he put a staggering question.

"Can you suggest any way for me to get out of it?"

"Can I what!" I exclaimed.

"Tell me how to manage it?"

"If you mean you don't want to marry her—that will be easy enough. Tell her you don't love her."

His splendid eyes turned on me, full of burning reproach. "I could never do that. Besides—it isn't true. I do love her."

I moved from the window and faced him. "Then you insist upon marrying her?"

"No. It has never been my intention to do that."

This was too much; his complacency was exasperating.

"Then what in the devil do you intend to do?"

He met this outburst with the same composure. After another endless wait he spoke again:

"I am not a marrying man."

"Then why under the sun do you lead women to think you are?"

"I don't; they get that impression for themselves. They think love can't mean anything but marriage. You know it can mean many other things."

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"Isn't that a somewhat criminal belief?"

"Not from my standpoint. I have never wronged a woman, if that is what you mean."

"Isn't making them think you love them wronging them?"

"But I do love them. I can't help that."

"All of them?" I scoffed.

"Pretty nearly all of them." He laid aside his pipe and looked at me with quite the most charming expression I had yet seen, a sort of young boy's smile, sweet, very tender, and entirely innocent. "Do you blame me? Aren't all of them lovable? Aren't they the most adorable of all God's creations? Would you live in a world where they did not exist? I can't help loving them; every last one of them."

He said it so seriously, so ingenuously, that I did not see the humor of it till long afterward.

"Your attitude doesn't help the case in question," I went on more quietly. "It's all right for you, but you don't count on the effect this loving may have on the opposite sex."

"You are mistaken. I don't forget," he put in rather abruptly. "This is not the first time it has caused me pain."

"It does hurt you, then, to hurt them?"

His big eyes opened wide. I think my doubt of this offended him more than anything else I had said; though he did not reply in words. I went on: "From all this, I take it that you do not intend to marry Adelaide."

"You have said it was impossible."

"Yes, but do you see it that way?"

"I!—of course I do."

"Good!" I swung across to the window and back. "Then, will you tell her at once? She ought to know."

"Tell her!" He rose and faced me. "My dear boy, you are out of your head! I can't tell her. You must do that."

"She won't believe me. It will have to come from you."

He sat down heavily. "I could never do it."

"Then write her a letter. I'll take it to her."

"I'd rather not."

"Very well"—my voice rose to a higher pitch—"then you'll have to marry her."

He met this with a slight twitch of the fingers, crossed one long leg over the other, and reached for his pipe.

"I think—I think she would believe you."

"Never."

"Couldn't you tell her something about me—something that would make her see it wouldn't do?" He turned with a flash. "I have it! Tell her I'm a drunkard. I get on—on sprees once a month."

I shook my head. "She knows that. She says it's because of the memory of some romance—some sorrow in your early youth." I caught the suggestion of a smile in his eyes. "Besides—her first husband was a drinking man and she worshipped him."

"Then tell her I'm horribly immoral."

"I'm afraid you can't prove it; can you?"

He shook his head gloomily.

"There's no use trying to lie to Adelaide. You'll have to prove everything you tell her."

We were silent after this until I began again at the same ultimatum. "There's no way out of it. You've got to tell her."

Just then the servant knocked at the door and explained that Mrs. O'Herron had come for some medicine the doctor had promised her for the baby. Might she have it now? Dr. Brooke went at once to a cabinet, at the same time telling the servant to bring Mrs. O'Herron into the office. By mere chance I was looking at him when he saw her enter the room, and, with a shock that nearly threw me off my feet, I saw his eyes light up with the same expression of love and adoration that had been in them when he looked at Adelaide. It deepened as Mrs. O'Herron came toward him with outstretched hand, until, standing before her and looking down at her one would have sworn that this was the only woman he had ever loved: more than that, it was a love of such depth and passion that an onlooker had no right to view it. I forgot entirely to speak to Mrs. O'Herron and kept my eyes fastened on Dr. Brooke's during the interview. When she had gone I made a rush toward him.

"I've found a way out!"

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He stared in surprise, and, I think, great relief.

"She, Adelaide, thinks you only look at her that way."

"What way?" he demanded, bewildered.

"The way you looked at Mrs. O'Herron."

He drew his brows together. "How did I look at her?"

"As if you were going to eat her up—checked apron and all."

He laughed, I laughed, we laughed together for a full minute. Then he, serious again: "How does that solve it?"

"Adelaide must see you look at another woman as she believes you only look at her."

"Well—but what woman?"

"Mrs. O'Herron will do—if we can't find a more fetching type."

And so it was that Mrs. O'Herron—poor old dear—if she had ever known!—played the important rôle in this affair.

The next morning Adelaide and I went into the village, and, as luck would have it, I spied Dr. Brooke going into Mrs. O'Herron's grocery. Adelaide saw him, too, and perceptibly quickened her pace. Fate had subtly arranged the scene. As we entered, there was Dr. Brooke leaning over the counter talking to Mrs. O'Herron, looking down into her upturned face as if nothing else in the world could matter so long as she were there before him. It was unmistakable, doubly so to a woman who thought he loved her only. No matter if some words showed they were discussing the health of the good woman's baby, the look was what counted.

Before either of them saw us, Adelaide had turned and gone out the door. I found her quite a distance down the road, her face flushed, a stray tear or two showing, though her head was erect and courageous. I said nothing. We were halfway up the mountain before she spoke.

"I never believed it possible," she broke out finally.

"What?"

"That, at my age, a man could make a fool of me!"

"He didn't make a fool of you."

"Then, what, pray, did he do?"

"He told you the truth. He was in love with you. In fact, he admits he is in love with every woman in the world."

CUIRASSIERS OF FRANCE

By Thomas Jeffries Betts

[Owing to changed war conditions, the crack cavalry corps of the European nations have been in large measure dismounted and sent to the trenches to act as infantry.]

We Cuirassiers of France!
Oh, the bugles would bray as we cantered by,
With our bridles low and our sabres high,
With our black plumes flaunting to the sky
From the tips of our helms, with our plates aglance.
And our hope was an open plain and free,
With the squadron thundering knee to knee;
Of the swish of our keen, straight swords dreamed we,
We Cuirassiers of France.

We Cuirassiers of France!
A burrow worms through our chosen plain.
Unmailed, we hold it, nor count it vain
That the squadron drop, if the ditch remain
As the boundary line of our French advance.
But beyond our dream ourselves we see,
Though our harness rust for a mockery,
Of the steel they took from our backs are we,
We, the Cuirasse of France!

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A CHANGE OF AIR

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

ILLUSTRATION BY H. J. MOWAT

IV

JULIE FORT looked athwart pink curtains at the slanting rain. She was disappointed in the weather, and the pink silk cried out upon her hopes. She had wanted a day as cheaply cheerful as the curtains; a day with no implications or responsibilities, a day that led you nowhere, that bore no relation to fact. Of the heady cup of the times, Julie had drunk only the froth; the real juice of the grape had never reached her lips. She had, despite Bessie John's opinion, no ideas; but her nostrils and her palate had been stung by the effervescence of the wine. Her attitude to life was the by-product of all that ferment. Julie had demanded social regeneration (along startling lines) as loudly as any of the sisterhood to which she had, somewhat ignorantly, belonged: though for their violent logic she cared little, and of it understood nothing. The "crowd" suffered her because she was pretty, was good-tempered, was on her own, was clever with her brush. Most of them never knew that she was drifting morbidly. When the other girls demanded the ballot, Julie demanded it, too; but what she really wanted was a chance to do a lot of things her mother would have died of her doing, without paying the price. She was by no means vicious: she merely hated the sense of bonds. She had absolutely no power of discerning essentials, and her characteristic demonstration against conservatism would probably have been to smoke a cigarette in church. It certainly would have had no more sense than that. She read all the young English novelists, and gathered from them that lust is more than half of love. Bernard Shaw would have been pained, though probably not surprised, to know what she inferred from some of his best paradoxes. She knew that the world was vastly different from the world of gentle conceptions out of which, five years before, her mother, Cordelia Wheaton's girlhood friend, had opportunely faded. It was a world in which you could kick your heels and be respected for it. Her group had good hygienic reasons for kicking your heels: it was the best exercise possible for the body politic. Julie kept under cover of those reasons—which she never understood—and kicked hers ecstatically. Most of her friends railed at bonds of any sort, austerely, on principle, without desire. Julie objected to bonds precisely as she objected to stays, which she never wore. It is a question whether her "crowd" would have put up with the brainless youth of her if she had not had the uncanny gift of caricature. Women seldom make good caricaturists. It was as unnatural, as masculine of her, as it would have been to be a good mechanic. Moreover, the gift suggests brains, a sense of humor, convictions—all sorts of things that Julie had not. She simply knew like a shot what could be done with the line. She saw the implicit grotesqueness of all faces, and her hand never went back on her.

When Miss Wheaton, for the sake of lavendered memories, enriched Julie Fort, the girl gave out to her friends that she was going to Paris. No one, of course, had a word to say. People who paint or draw always go to Paris if they can. Her friends were as conventional about that as the generation before them. They feasted Julie, and Julie feasted them—talking very little, but sketching them with her wicked pencil while they ate and drank and laughed. The sketches were preserved in almost every case; though Paul Rennert, slightly drunk, made a solemn pilgrimage after the party broke up, to the East River, and flung his portrait into the muddy water. Paul cared nothing for Julie's gift, though he had the sense

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "A Change of Air" appears on page 4 of the Advertising pages.

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to be insulted by what she had done with his face, but he took Julie herself very seriously. So did André Henkel; and he has Julie's portrait of him to this day, framed in his study. Both men wanted her: in such different ways that it is hard to use the same verb to express it. André has got on since those days, making his mark: witness the walls on which the smudged caricature hangs. But Julie could not foresee André, or wait through the long cantos for his success in the twentieth book. André himself saw early that she moved in anapests, and would be a fragment finishing in suggestive asterisks. Miss Wheaton, moving among her memories, had foreseen nothing. Bessie John had come nearer it than any one else, but even Bessie was handicapped by her new vision of life. Mentally she cast Julie from her before she took time to understand. Julie went on the scrap-heap along with the Mission furniture.

It was characteristic of Julie that she never, for an instant, contemplated investing her little capital, and living on the income thereof. She planned, instead, to use up her principal slowly, but relentlessly. Anything might come round the corner; she had a gift; meanwhile she was avid of the present. Life for a little should be as gay as she could make it. She would work; but just enough to give zest to her fun. Julie went at the matter of living, those first months in Paris, in the corrupted temper of the æsthete. Most of the young people she frequented worked without a sure knowledge of where next year's (if not next month's) rent would come from. Julie was grateful to be lifted above them in this matter. Sordid suspense had no place among the condiments she craved. She preserved her faculty of fear for finer uses, all emotional. Julie intended to encounter Life in Paris. She was young enough to spell it with a capital letter, and reckless enough to greet the Rubicon—that small and muddy stream—with a cheer.

To-day she stamped her foot at the rain. Gold in her purse had made her impatient of delays. She had bought, in six months, so many hitherto inaccessible things, it irritated her that she could not buy sunlight. There was nothing to do with Paul Rennert when he came. Together they had exhausted all the resources of her studio. There was not a new thing to do in it, not a new place to sit, not a new festivity to invent. The romance of Paul's having followed her across the Atlantic had grown a little stale. She intended to use him again and yet again; she did not intend to drop him until she had squeezed him dry. Julie's mind was not large, and, as I have said, her mental motions were jerky. A woman who at any given moment held more of the future in her hands would have looked beyond Paul Rennert, if only because he had belonged with her in New York; would have prepared, slowly, another drama for herself, finding totally new characters for the totally different scene. All that Julie had accomplished was to cease to be afraid of him. In New York he had always frightened her. Now she had far more money than he, though Paul had been the moneyed one of their indigent group. Once or twice, here in Paris, she had lent him a hundred francs. She did not know how it would be, between them, in the end. But she must get through with Paul before she went on. And of course sometime she must get back to work. She had given away, as mementos, things she could have sold; liking the praise, liking the pose of the rich amateur. But what should she do with Paul to-day? He could not take her to Meudon as they had planned. The evening could be managed; but the people they knew worked in the daytime. None was such an idler as Julie. Delicious not to be mounting the stairs of editorial offices; delicious to wear expensive clothes. But what—oh, dear Lord in heaven—what to *do?* Even if she had felt like sending Paul away and working on the Rue de la Paix series, she could not, for sheer spite, have so acquiesced in the weather. Julie would have stuck out her tongue in all seriousness at Atropos. And Paul Rennert was late. He should—she rather felt—have been bemoaning the rain on her stairs an hour before she condescended to get up.

Rennert came at last. He gave three knocks, and Julie opened to him. To spite the weather (for she wasted time on these impotent gestures) she had dressed for the storm, and Rennert found home-

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spun where he had expected to be confronted with a kimono.

"Ready for Meudon?" he grinned.

"Damn Meudon!" Julie swore, of course: they all did. But she did it conscientiously and badly, and Rennert discouraged it.

"Don't!" he sighed. "Would a cigarette help?"

"No," said Julie. "I've smoked too long and too much, as you know. They're a habit; they're not a comfort. I'm so bored I could scream—and this *is* the dullest town!"

Paul Rennert wrinkled his dark face. "Depends— I like it, in fair weather or foul. But of course you——"

"Well? I? Go on."

"Oh, nothing, my child." Seated on a couch, he cleaned a pipe elaborately. "Only you know you are neither one thing nor the other. How can you expect to be happy?"

"Meaning——?"

"Well, meaning this." He sucked at his pipe exhaustively, and finally lighted it. "You don't work. And you don't play. You muddle along. You don't know what you want."

"I do."

"No, you don't. You couldn't tell me before I counted ten. You see, you don't really care about your work. You've no morals, of any sort."

"I am still bored." Julie regarded him ominously.

"Sorry. But it's true, so you oughtn't to be bored. You could do stunning things, if you'd put your nose to the grindstone. But you never will. You'll dash off little things that make us weep with joy, but you won't tackle anything that would mean trouble. So we have to count you out on the serious side. You haven't got any long hopes and vast thoughts—not one."

"My work's my own affair. That rue de la Paix series is going to be ripping."

"You've said so for three months."

"That's my affair," she repeated sharply. "But a series of satiric sketches, however good, can't be the whole of life. I want to be amused. I want to be interested. I want to live."

"Well—" Paul Rennert looked away from her at an Empire desk he had helped her to buy—"you aren't in love with any one. And except for love *or* work, you can't expect to be amused."

"I would rather die than marry," said Julie listlessly.

"Who said 'marry'? Do you see any black silk stock round my neck? I mean, you've never had a big emotion. All very pretty and sweet of you, but what do you expect? You can't be inside and outside at the same time. I do my best, but on my word, Julie, you're hard to suit."

"What do you mean by your best?"

"Stage-managing this children's pantomime you call your life. How you expect me to get results—! You seem to think that if you live without a chaperon you have fulfilled all the requirements of drama."

"You mean I ought to get up an affair with some one? Like Aline and her little Russian? Thanks. When I see a man I like well enough——"

"You see plenty of men you like well enough," Rennert replied coolly. "But you don't want to. I can't make a grand passion drop on you out of the blue, can I?" He watched her profile very closely as he spoke. "Quite right, doubtless. Only, if you won't give the passion that's in you either to work or to any human relation, why blame me—or Paris? If I were you, I'd go home and get brought out in society."

"Thank you. But, somehow, it doesn't even amuse me to be insulted."

"I don't insult you unless for your good. You've got to buck up, Julie."

"Would you guarantee me success if I took up with one of these men?"

Paul Rennert rose and drummed on the window-pane with his fingers. He spoke only when he had achieved the correct shade of weariness.

"Oh, Julie, you have a rotten mind."

Julie Fort flushed at this. "I face facts. I call a spade a——"

"You call a spade a muck-rake. You don't seem to think of other conceivable uses for it. As for facing facts—you've never faced one in your silly life." Paul Rennert had faced facts—perhaps not always in the most admirable temper—but to that extent he felt himself better than Julie.

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"I've had hard times." She was plaintive.

"Yes—you have. But you've never been really hungry. You've only eaten bad food instead of good."

"Is it your idea that I must starve my way to a soul?"

"Not a bit of it. Only, so far as I see, you don't get any real fun out of your money—any more than if you were a fashionable nobody. You haven't bought a single real thing with it yet."

"Clothes are real." Julie passed her hand over the rough surface of her skirt.

Paul Rennert brought his fist down upon the sill. "No, they're not! Not the way you use them. You stop at making yourself pretty."

"Isn't that good in itself?"

"As far as it goes. But you don't think, do you, that a pretty woman was made to be looked at from a distance? If it never goes farther than that, she hasn't accomplished anything."

"Yet you say I have a rotten mind!"

"I wouldn't mind your being shocked if you were shocked, you know," he threw in. "But of all the amorphous, anomalous creatures— Why do we bother with you, I wonder? Because you're pretty, and because the big *couturière* in your rue de la Paix series is as good as Hogarth." He began irrelevantly to whistle.

The taste of the sugar on her tongue was presently sweet to her, as he had known it would be.

"I might stay at home and work on the Mormon millionaire." But there was no muscle of intention in her flabby phrase.

"Then I'll get along. Sorry about Meudon. Some other day." He gathered himself for departure.

"Stop!" Julie rested her clever hands on her slender hips and faced him. "I shall scream if you leave me here with nothing to do."

"You'll scream if I stay."

"Yes, I shall."

"I'm going to get out. You'd be tiresome, screaming."

"Oh"—she turned from him—"isn't there anything we can *do?* Anything we can *buy?*"

Paul Rennert laughed grimly. "Not with your money."

She might have retorted; but it was of the essence of her feeling for him that she did not, in any vulgar way. "What's the matter with my money? If you had known old Cordelia Wheaton, you'd know it wasn't tainted."

"It's tainted by the way you use it."

"In heaven's name, what have I done with it?"

"That's just it. You haven't done anything. What's money for except to mock the stars with?"

"Will money buy weather?"

"Yes—if it's expended to that end."

Julie looked at Rennert in sheer wonder. She was sometimes slow in the uptake. He returned her gaze very steadily for a moment, but turned away when he saw that his meaning was penetrating her brain.

"Paris—Lyon—Mediterranée," said Julie very slowly. Then she, too, turned away.

"Well"—Paul Rennert shrugged gallically—"what's money for? You can't buy weather at Cartier's; but you can go where the weather suits you. That's mocking the stars, if you like."

Julie Fort was silent.

"Why does it shock you?" he asked, after an interval. "Nothing could be more conventional than going to the Riviera when Paris is dreary."

"And you call that mocking the stars?"

Hands in his pockets, head tilted back, he looked at her.

"As near it as you'll ever get—with your ideas. Sportier, anyhow, than sticking on where you're bored. It's a gesture, at least."

"What do you know about my ideas?"

"Everything I've already told you."

She liked him very much: better than any of the new people; better than any of the future acquaintances she—not very clearly—foresaw. It spoke for the conventionality in Julie which Rennert taunted her with, that she liked him the better because he reeked of "home." She liked him, indeed, well enough for anything. His cool, dark face, his breadth of shoulder and slimness of waist, his easy insolence, which had no taint of mere male condescension: all these spoke to her nerves—nerves that in Julie and her kind were the modern substitute for sentiment.

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"My dear Paul, you seem to think I ought to throw my bonnet over the windmill."

"My dear Julie, there are no bonnets any more, and no windmills."

"No, of course not," Julie replied loyally. For the young of our day run mad over formulæ, and Paul Rennert had just enunicated a pet formula of their "crowd." Not sex, but the formula, is the modern Mephistopheles. It is borne in upon the intelligent young that they must have the courage of their emotions, in spite of everything—in spite, even, of not having the emotions. "But," she went on, "there's no point even in doing that—whatever you call it—unless you happen to want to, is there?"

"Not the least bit in the world. No point in doing anything unless you want to—if you're free. It's beastly hard on the people who don't want anything, though, isn't it? That's why I'm so sorry for you. You can't seem to get up a desire of respectable size. Nor will you live in the moment. You look before and after and pine for what is not. You're about two-litre capacity with one-litre contents. I don't see any way out of it. You won't use your beauty"—Julie pricked up an ear: he had never called it beauty before—"you won't use your talent. You're bored with almost everything, chiefly the weather. Well: I advise you to get rid of the weather in the only way known to man. And you won't even do that. You are a trial, Julie, and no man who wasn't crazy about you would stand it for a moment. Even I am almost fed up with it. Good-bye."

She took no notice of his farewell. "What in the world, my dear Paul, have you done with *your* life, if it comes to that? Have you a supreme desire? And if you have, have you set to work to achieve it? You've always been a drifter, so far as I know."

"Yes, but I haven't money—at least not enough to mock the stars with."

"It doesn't take money to work or to love—those wonderful things you were recommending to me."

"Oh, doesn't it? . . . But I do the other thing. I live in the day. And incidentally I have given some happiness. Don't worry about me, my dear."

One of his sentences brought a flush to Julie Fort's cheek. Yes, she liked him very much.

"We can at least go and get our *déjeûner*," she said, when the flush had cooled. "It's high time, the way we've been quarrelling here. Wait a bit."

Julie disappeared into her bedroom. Paul Rennert listened to the rattle of silver things, the tinkle of crystal bottles, the swish of garments, while he waited. Presently, in an interval of silence, he crossed the studio to the curtained door. "I say, Julie," he called; "let me see the flamingoes. I never have, since we chose them in the shop."

"Oh"—her voice sounded preoccupied. "All right, wait a minute. The bed isn't made yet—and it needs sunlight for the flamingoes; but I'll rake up the fire . . ." The voice trailed off.

In a moment, Julie's hat appeared round the edge of the curtain. "Come along, then." She was ready for the street, and was pulling on her gloves.

Paul Rennert pushed aside the curtain and stepped into the bedroom. He surveyed its small extent, noting every detail. Finally he threw back his head and laughed joyously. "I say, I had no idea how funny they'd be—those creatures. Don't you lie in bed and shriek every morning when you wake up?" He knelt down beside the bed, which Julie had hastily covered with a flame-colored quilt; laid his head on a pillow and stared around three walls at the frieze. The flamingoes *were* funny: marching round the small square room, above the white dado, in every conceivable attitude of self-consciousness. The designer had insulted each individual flamingo in a different way, taking from them all morality and leaving them only their unimpeachable color. There was not a single repeat. It was a gorgeous and sly procession. Paul Rennert, from his uncomfortable position, gazed, rapt.

"I've named them all." Julie laughed, herself, from the door. "Come on, Paul, I'm hungry."

Rennert got up and followed her out of the room, stopping an instant to pat one flamingo. "Aline has doves," he remarked, in the studio. "Stupid as can be. But Aline is a fool."

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"I thought she was a sensible woman—not like me." Julie's hand was on the door-latch, but she turned back to utter her retort.

"Oh, *that*—yes. But Aline's not up to you otherwise. Doves! You can almost hear them coo. . . . I say, it's raining black cats with white tails. I'll go call a taxi. You wait here. And by the way, Julie, when we've had some food, there's something important I want to tell you. Don't let me forget." He bolted out, to fetch the taxi.

"You like sweet white wine, I know you do," Paul Rennert complained, half an hour later. "And I can't afford two kinds. But one can't drink water. You are a nuisance, Julie." He gave the order with a wry face.

"I'll pay for my own, and you can drink something else, thanks. We'll go Dutch, anyhow."

Rennert put his elbows on the table and clasped his hands. "Julie, I wouldn't marry you for the sake of possessing Aphrodite *en secondes noces*. You would drive me out of my mind. Why do you behave like two shop-girls at Childs'? I'll pay as long as I've got any money, and when I haven't, you may pay. But what you call 'Dutch' is the last limit. It takes all the fun out of it. It's like keeping household accounts in a greasy little book. What's the good of a meal when you're doing fractions all the time? I'd rather drink sea-water, if necessary!"

Apart from this sulky instant, they breakfasted gayly. But as Julie was lighting Paul's final cigarette for him she asked soberly: "What was the important thing you had to say to me?"

"Oh, that! Well, Julie, you know your sense of color isn't up to your feeling for line, don't you? I've often told you that, haven't I? You won't be insulted?" He seemed anxious.

"Yes, but— There's no color to speak of in this homespun, surely."

"Bother the homespun. It's the *peignoir* over the chair—*chez vous*, you know. That pink, with the flamingoes. *Green*, Julie, you should have had green. I don't care how many pink ones you have in general, but it makes me quite sick to think of your wearing pink among the flamingoes. White would be best, but I suppose that isn't practical." He sighed. "You're no good at anything, ultimately and finally, are you, dear—with all your money? But do get a green one to please me." His eyes roamed and grew absent; he bowed conventionally to some one at the far end of the room.

Julie did not answer. They got up and left the restaurant.

"Where are you going? Do you want a cab?"

"Yes, please." Julie's voice was crisp. "I'm doing some errands. You might come at tea-time. I know you hate it, but I'll give you coffee. You've no engagements, of course."

"Of course not. To-day was Meudon."

"Be sure to come. And don't turn up with a crowd. I want to talk to you. If you see Aline, you might tell her how nice the flamingoes are. She thinks I don't know anything about decoration."

"Shall I make a point of it?"

"Don't make a point of anything—ever. For God's sake!"

And Julie stepped into the cab, having for once succeeded in being cryptic for Paul Rennert.

The rain had turned to a tepid drizzle when Rennert, later in the same day, arrived at Julie's studio. Mist lay on his overcoat like a fine mould. He entered, after his three knocks, without waiting for Julie to answer. Once inside the studio, he heard her moving about in the next room, and whistled a bar of "Là ci darem' la mano."

"Oh, Paul? All right. I'll be out soon." Her voice was preoccupied.

"Why didn't you build a fire?"

"Too busy"—and then silence.

"I'll build it, then. But you invited me, if you remember."

No answer came, this time, and Rennert, disposing of hat and coat, set to work on the fire.

"Shall I boil the kettle?" he asked finally.

Julie's head was thrust out from behind the curtain. "Oh, you said you wanted some coffee, didn't you? Well, then, make it. I'll be out for some tea, presently. Why did you make such a big fire? I'm going out this evening."

Paul Rennert whistled—not Mozart,

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this time. "Well, of all the nerve! You asked me to come. You rather made a point of it. And I'm going out, too, this evening. Make a note of that, young lady."

"Where?" The question cracked out like a shot.

Paul looked at Julie's blond head—all of her that had yet appeared. "Where? Oh, I don't mind telling you. Aline's Russian. 'Hans Breitmann gif a barty.' Is that your engagement, too?"

"They didn't ask me. I wonder why." Julie was invisible again in her bedroom.

Rennert busied himself about the coffee things. "Well, if you ask me, I think I know. But I'm not sure I shall tell you."

"All right. You can tell me presently."

And silence fell. Obscure noises from within showed that Julie was really busy, though they were not more explicit than that. Rennert, in the studio, wrinkled his brows and stared hard at the little kettle on the hob. He was busy, too, in utter dumbness, wondering whether or not it would be good tactics to tell Julie what he knew. If she would only always be stupid or always clever! But she had bewildering alternations. Not that he cared, except for tactical reasons. For a year he had meant to have her to himself, some time. He could have had her long since, if she had been either clever or stupid. The deuce of it was that she was always tacking. And of late he had probably been dancing a too constant attendance. He would cut and run if she held out too long. It was no part of his philosophy—and he had one, a masterpiece of fluency—to want anything in vain. He managed his wants, on the whole, cleverly. Rennert groaned slightly to himself. The fact was that he wanted her hard: that she had stirred his passion; that there was something in Julie Fort no other woman seemed, at the moment, to have. He couldn't substitute: he could only go. And of course he did not want to go.

Julie came out into the studio at that moment. She had heard the groan, and asked him at once what the matter was.

"The kettle won't boil. And I had expected to find coffee waiting. What have you been doing with yourself? I haven't seen that rig since the days in New York when you lived with Tootie Beauregard and used to work."

The "rig" was a glorified pinafore of peacock blue—very faded, very spotted, and singularly becoming to the girl's blond irregularity of type. Its long, simple sweep of line and color seemed to smooth out her over-traced and over-fretted features. Julie was always better without complications of millinery.

"I've been doing things," she answered vaguely.

"Umph! The coffee's ready, now. If you want tea, I'll boil the kettle again."

"Yes, please." She pursed her lips and seemed preoccupied; then took a cigarette and crossed her knees negligently, breathing out her preoccupation with the cigarette smoke.

"Why wasn't I asked to the party?"

"Petriloff thinks you're a bad example to Aline." Somewhere in the interval he had decided to tell her.

"I? To Aline? The little rotter! Do explain to me, Paul. And I think you might have stayed away yourself, in that case—if Petriloff is giving out his disgusting opinions."

"I was going to consult you—at least I think I was." The aroma of the coffee spread itself domestically between them, and both unconsciously relaxed into more comfortable attitudes. "Anyhow, of course I won't go if you'd rather not. I had half an idea it might amuse you to hear about it afterwards. They've got a little rip of a Hungarian gypsy—sweepings, my dear: a little devil off the dust-heap—coming in to dance afterwards. And with that kind of crowd, she's sure to be one of them before they break up. I think you're well out of it. She shouldn't drink champagne out of *my* glass. Petriloff's blowing himself, you see. Aline wanted you, by the way, and so did some of the rest of the bunch. Wanted you to draw the gypsy: damn her with your precious paw. But the Slav wouldn't stand for it. Miss Chadwick will have to do her conscientious best."

"Do you mean to say that Miss Chadwick is going?"

"She's a serious woman, my dear. You're not."

"But if Miss Chadwick can stand the gypsy creature——"

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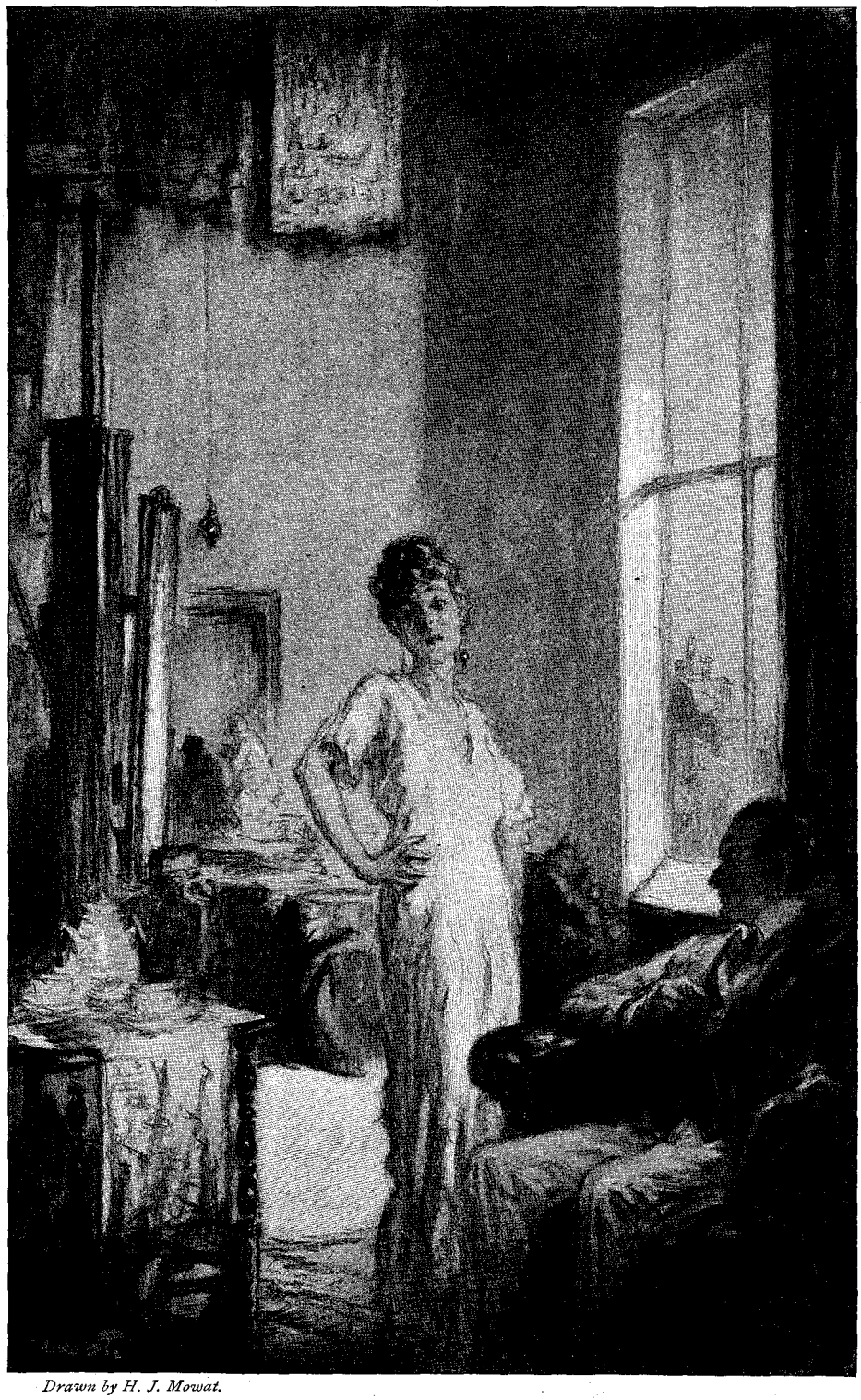

Drawn by H. J. Mowat.

"I can't stand the weather. So I am taking your advice. I'm leaving to-night."—Page 212.

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"You *are* dull, Julie." Rennert sighed. "Don't you see? Miss Chadwick is nothing but a pair of bi-focals and a gift for taking life visually. She not only doesn't believe in the fourth dimension; she doesn't even believe in the third. Thickness is merely something she can suggest with a brush. People haven't really *got* it, you know. . . . But nobody could say you were impersonal, Julie, could they, now?"

Rennert had his voice well under control; but it seemed to him that stark hunger must be audible in his modulations.

"What is the matter with me?" reiterated Julie. She seemed to have forgotten her original preoccupation; she was really interested in the prohibition of Aline's lover.

"You're a Puritanic idler."

"But Miss Chadwick——"

"Keeps more of the Ten Commandments than you do, but she works."

"Is he afraid I'll induce Aline to be frivolous?"

"Can't you take both ends of it? The point is that you neither work nor play. So you don't get admitted at either gate. This crowd doesn't approve. They might let a slacker like you in, for her charm; but when you proceed to be shocked, it's too much."

"Have I ever proceeded to be shocked?"

"Not verbally, oh, no. But you persist in taking a different line. It's the old rhyme:

> "'What are you good for, anyway?
> Not fit to eat, and wouldn't play.'

And as your wealth is dazzling, you just might produce an effect. Miss Chadwick, of course, couldn't produce any. Don't bother your head about it. You're worth the whole boiling—though of course you can't keep it up forever. Have some more tea?"

"Thanks." Julie drank the entire cup before either spoke again.

"What was the thing you wanted to talk to me about?" Rennert asked, when she had set her cup down. "Forget about the party. I don't think I shall go, myself. Too darned dull."

"Something very important, wasn't it?" She behaved for a moment as if she had forgotten. But she got up and walked to the window, then walked back; showing by her nervousness that she had by no means forgotten. He did not answer her; he leaned back in his armchair, his eyes kindling faintly in the twilight.

Julie came finally and stood before him, her hands on her hips. "I can't stand the weather. So I am taking your advice. I'm leaving to-night."

"Oh!" Every muscle in Rennert's body urged him to move, to rise; but he sat perfectly still, defying his muscles.

"Eight o'clock from the Gare de Lyon. Riviera express. Are you coming to see me off?"

Paul Rennert did not rise, though the effort not to brought little drops of sweat to his forehead, beneath his smooth dark hair.

"Oh, I think not," he said lightly. "There'll be a hundred porters for that train. If you're really leaving me, I'd better go to the party, hadn't I?"

"If you prefer it."

"Prefer it— I say, Julie, you're *not* human. You go off—and quite right—to sit in an orange grove and look at the Mediterranean, and you want to accent your good luck by watching me, shivering and forsaken, in that beastly station, while your gorgeous train pulls out. Haven't you a drop of human kindness? If you had, you'd want me to be quite drunk by 7 P. M. I don't blame you for going, but I don't see why you should have such a mediæval taste for rubbing it in. I don't know whether I shall go to the party or not. But I do know that with you tucked up in the *train de luxe* I shall do what I damn please—and you ought to be willing."

Julie did not retort. She simply stared at him questioningly, gravely, a little sadly.

"You wouldn't think of joining me?" she asked at last.

"You jolly well know"—his voice had escaped control: it had a frankly nervous edge—"I'd go like a shot if I had the money. If it were the first of the month, I'd go anyhow, and starve until quarter-day. But it's late in the quarter—and meanwhile I've been existing. You ask questions like a débutante's."

"I have money."

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"That has nothing to do with it. I'm not your Pomeranian."

Julie ignored this. "I even have two tickets."

Paul Rennert got up at last, with one clean spring. "What are you talking about, Julie?" His voice was still low.

"Well, we couldn't go to Meudon, could we? And if I couldn't stand the weather, how could you?"

Rennert's eyes glittered above her, but he did not touch her. "You know a long sight more about human beings than you let on, Julie. How can I go off with you on your money?"

She turned a little of his own careful scorn upon him. "If I had known you were back there, Paul, I wouldn't have mentioned it. And, as a matter of fact, it's the only way I'd let you go."

"Every one knows I've no money now for a lark. You'd be compromised."

"One's always compromised, in such a case. What has the money to do with it?"

"Oh, I might go—for a lark—if I had the cash. People might be brought to see that. But if you take me, there's only one interpretation."

"Interpretations don't matter—only facts." Her voice was very listless, as she gazed into the fire.

"But apparently you still refuse to face them." His voice vibrated significantly in her ear. But he still did not touch her, though his hands were clenched.

"How you talk; how you talk, Paul! When I go the limit, I go it. See? I don't have to name a fact a hundred times in order to face it." Her voice, no longer listless, rose in feverish excitement.

He clasped her then; concentrated in his passion as he had been in his self-control. Finally she shook herself free of his embrace.

"You'll have to go and pack. And I must finish. Come back here. We'll get some dinner in the station." And trembling a little, visibly, she disappeared into her bedroom.

Paul Rennert walked the floor of the studio, with stealthy, catlike steps, for full five minutes. Then he shouted at Julie's door. "Julie, come out, for God's sake! I've got something to say to you."

"If you talk any more, I shall change my mind. I can't stand it, I tell you. I don't want to discuss this thing. If you weren't a fool, you'd see it." But she appeared, flushed and nervous, in the doorway. He faced her across the big room.

"Take my advice, kiddy. Stay here and finish the rue de la Paix series. Then we'll talk. . . . I can get back some money on those tickets for you."

But Julie Fort, since Paul Rennert had kissed her, was a changed being. The formula, once arid philosophy, had become a glowing gospel. She could hardly wait to reach her orange grove above the blue sea.

"You'll be late. And if you are, I swear I'll go alone!" Her voice was jubilant.

Paul Rennert clattered in haste down the long stairs into the street. "If worse came to worst," he muttered, "I suppose I could marry her. But that *would* be the end of all things. Oh, well, here goes—" He shook off the clammy thought, and plunged, flushed and content again, out into the lamplit street.

(To be continued.)

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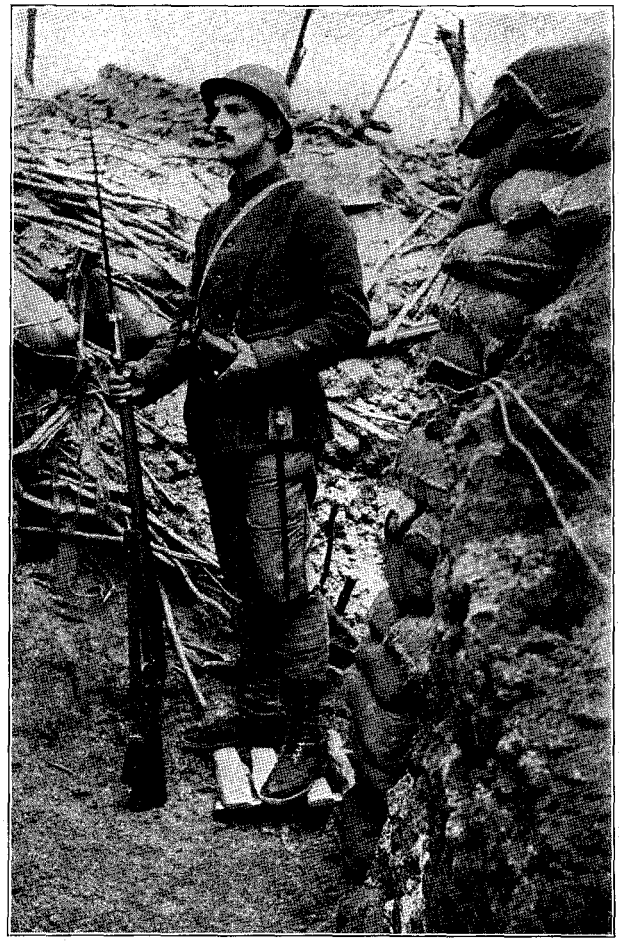

Sergeant Bouligny of the Foreign Legion.

THE FOREIGN LEGION IN PICTURES

By Sergeant Bouligny

A comrade of Alan Seeger

READERS of the "Poems" and "Letters and Diary" of Alan Seeger will be interested to know that Sergeant Bouligny was a comrade of the Poet of the Foreign Legion. He is said to have been the first American to enlist in the Legion in France. He comes from New Orleans and has recently, after several months in the American Hospital at Neuilly, joined the Lafayette Squad and will fight under the American flag. He has won the Croix de Guerre with a silver star.

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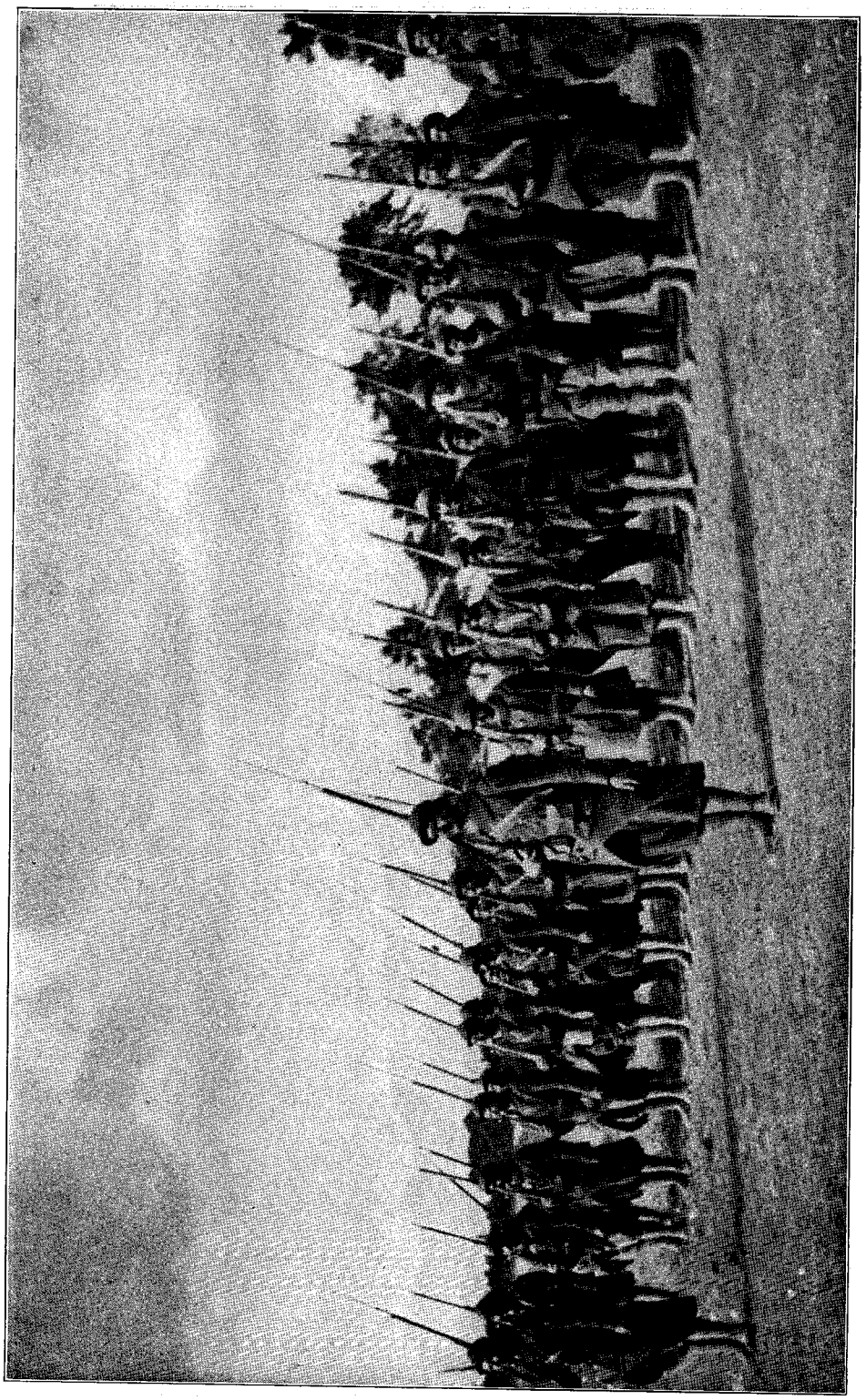

A PLATOON OF THE FOREIGN LEGION.

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A MIDDAY REST.

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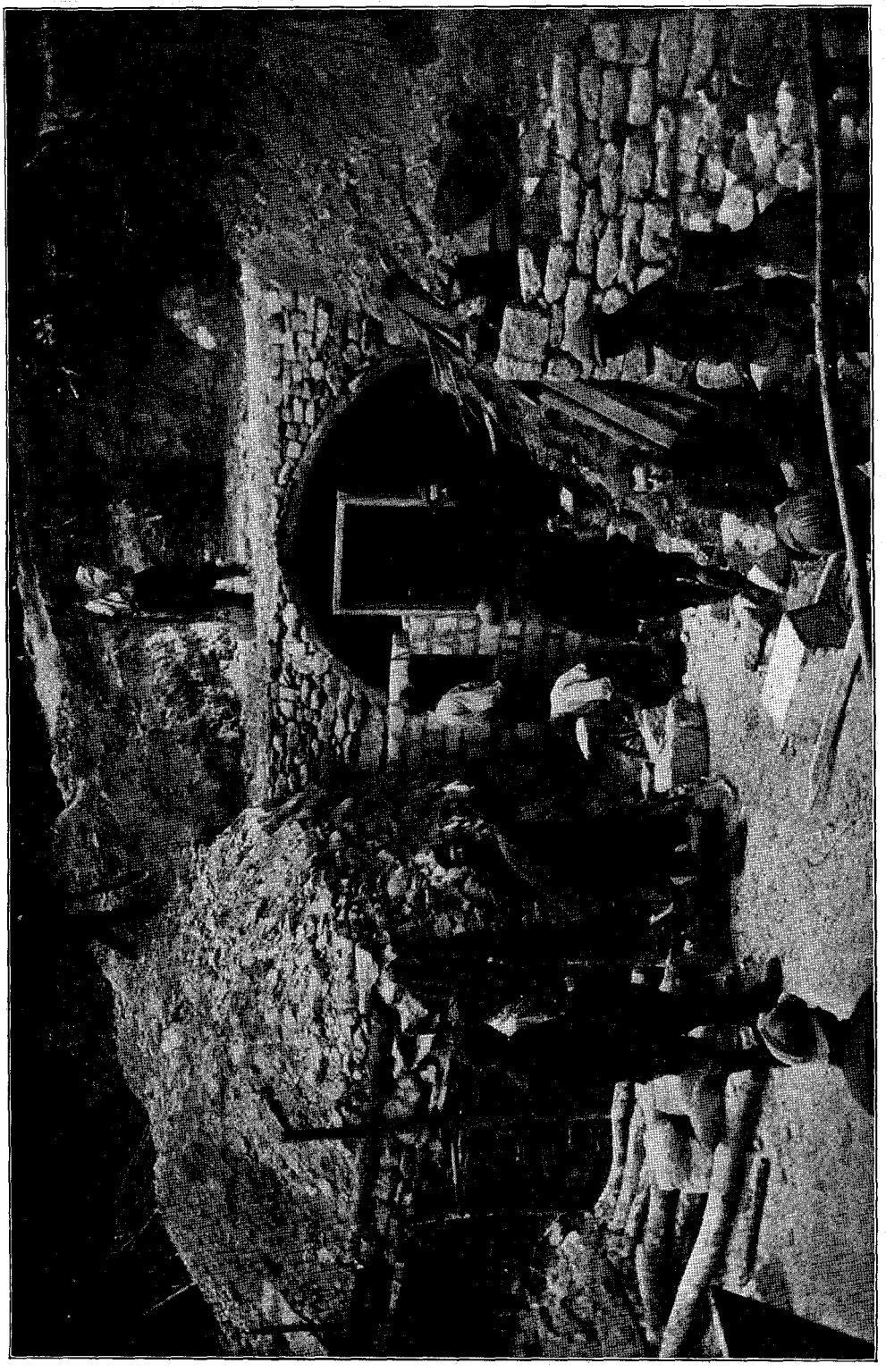

BUILDING AN *ABRI*, OR SHELTER, IN THE TRENCHES.

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IN THE TRENCHES.

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A bad landing.

This aeroplane crashed into the ground while going over sixty miles an hour. It is the latest type of French fighting-machine and so strongly built that the damage done, as the photograph shows, was very slight. The pilot, standing before the machine, took the accident as a great joke and was absolutely unhurt.

THE LATEST TYPES OF FIGHTING AEROPLANES

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT THE CHAMPAGNE FRONT

By Carroll Dana Winslow

Author of "With the French Flying Corps"

AT the front every aviator carries a camera in his pocket. Things happen so fast and so often that one needs a record of snap-shots to remember them by. These pictures were taken during the Champagne offensive in April, 1917, where the French were taking the ground near Reims.

Accidents similar to that shown above occur several times a day, and the results are important in the study of aeroplane building and instruction.

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The latest type of automobile anti-aircraft gun.

The pitfalls and dangers which an aviator must avoid at the front are becoming more numerous every day. These anti-aircraft guns, mounted on fast motor-cars, chase around the country behind the lines and prevent the enemy aeroplanes and Zeppelins from remaining over our territory. This type of battery was responsible for the Zeppelins brought down at Compiègne in April, 1917, and Revigny in April, 1916. In fact this invention was one of the immediate causes of the Germans giving up their "*strafeing*" with Zeppelins. In the photograph above a German aeroplane has just been sighted. The gun is in position and the gunners are just about to put a shell into the barrel. The record for distance and height in hitting an aeroplane with this type of cannon is 15,000 feet in the air at 9,000 yards' distance across country. A very large crew is required to man one of these cannon. The sergeant may be seen standing, giving the orders. Beside the cannon the telephonist is getting the report of the position over which the German machine is flying. The man with his hand on the barrel is the chief gunner. He is listening for the range from the man who is working it out, but who is not seen in the photograph.

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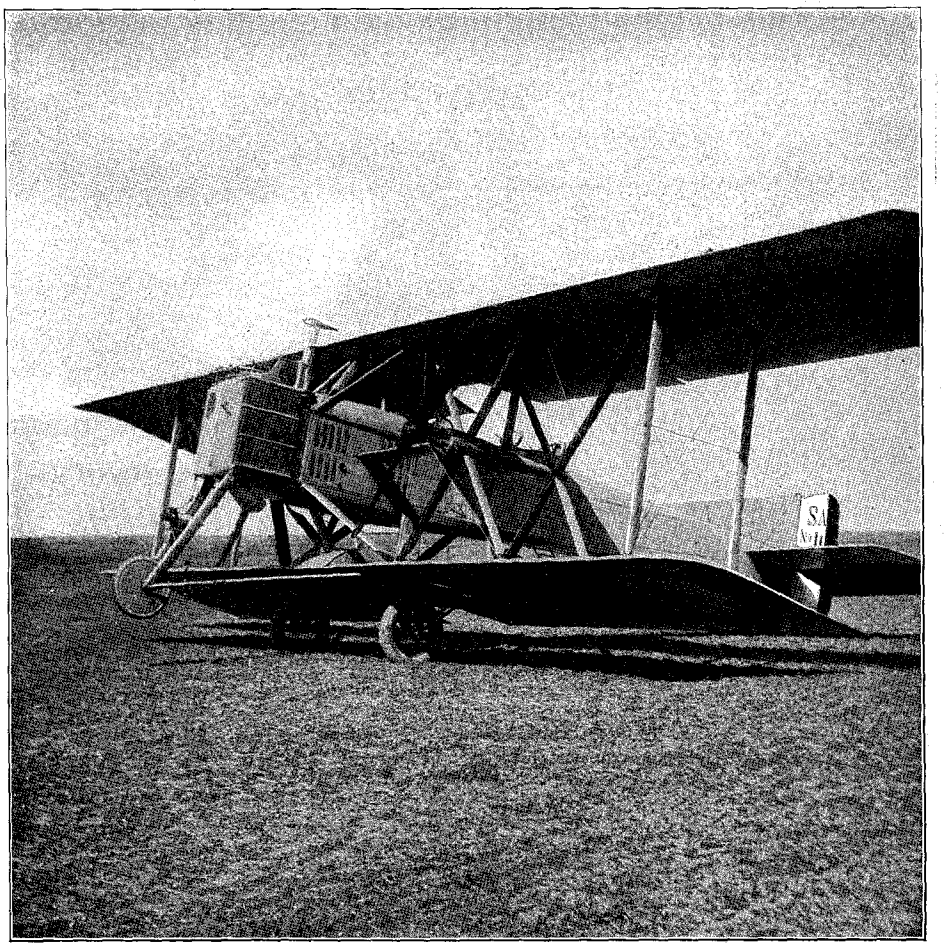

The latest type of French bombing-machine.

The tendency in aeroplanes has been to run to two extremes—for fighting, as small and fast as possible; and for bombing, as large and powerful as possible. Above is a three-seater; one passenger sits out in front mounted in a machine-gun turret. The pilot comes next, immediately behind the motor, while the second passenger sits behind him mounted in another machine-gun turret. This aeroplane is capable of carrying many hundred pounds of explosives and, being very fast and heavily armed, generally accomplishes its mission.

The "Albatross" (page 223) is capable of a horizontal speed of 300 kilometres (about 187 miles) an hour. It is a single-seater and carries three machine guns which, being controlled by the motor, shoot automatically and simultaneously through the propeller. The sight of these weapons converges at approximately 50 yards in front of the aeroplane, making the chance of hitting the opponent three times as sure. The motor is equipped with an electric self-starter. It has also electrical devices for keeping the water warm in the radiator while flying at great heights. The wing surface is less than 20 square yards. It is probably the finest fighting-machine that

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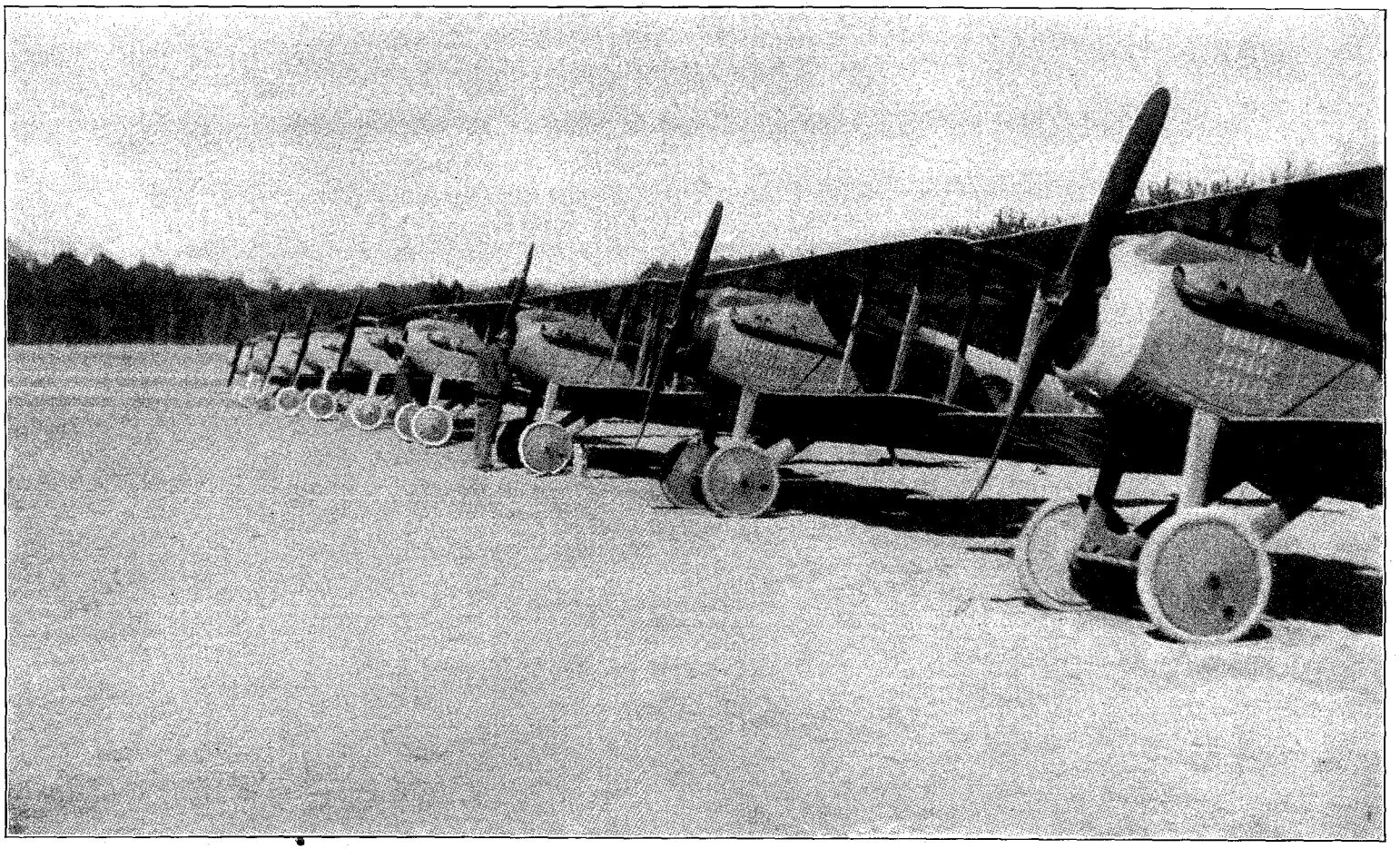

A squad of French fighting-machines.

Every morning the mechanics of each *escadrille* place the machines in long lines, face to the wind. Above may be seen a squad of the latest type about to leave to make a *patrouille* (patrol) over the lines. Their mission is to prevent "Fritz" from coming over and seeing too much.

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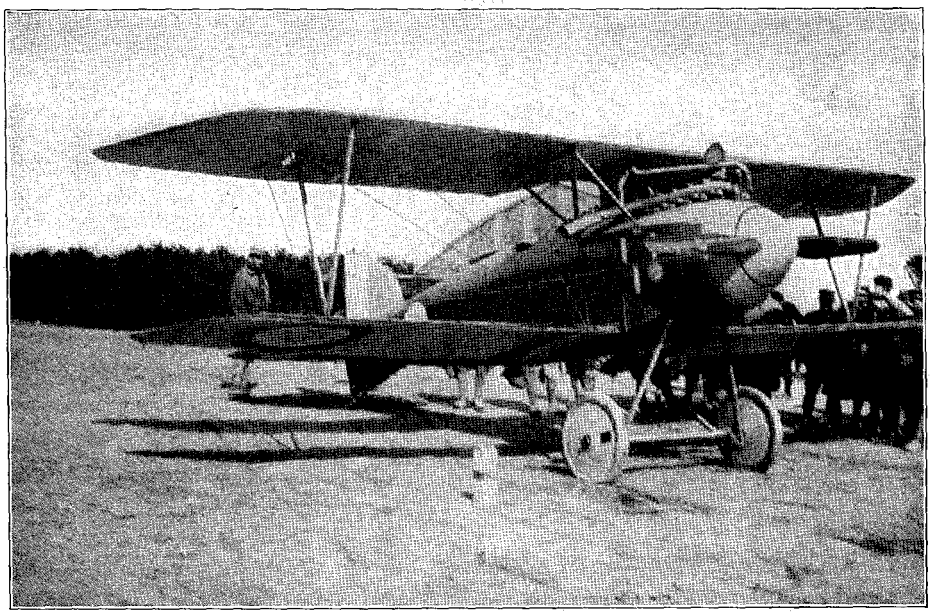
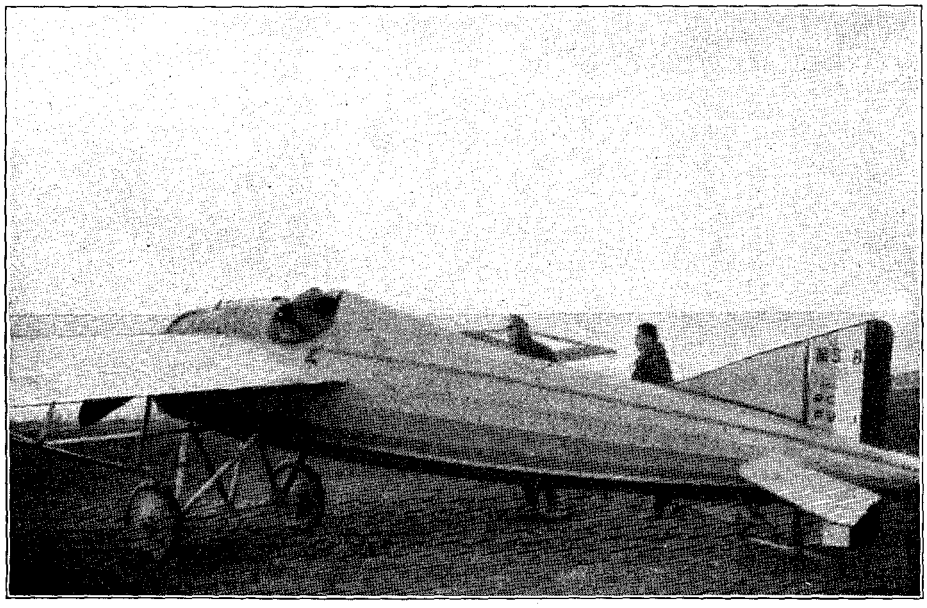


The "Albatross." The latest type of German fighting-machine.

has ever been developed in the world, being capable of climbing to 15,000 feet in less than twelve minutes. This particular machine in the photograph was captured intact. The pilot was lost in the fog and flew about until his last drop of petrol was exhausted. He landed in the middle of the aerodrome at which the author was stationed.



Morane "Monocoque."

This is the only monoplane used in France. It is the fastest machine in the world, but is so tricky and dangerous that only the most experienced and best aviators are permitted to mount it. The "Fokker," of German fame, was copied from this model.

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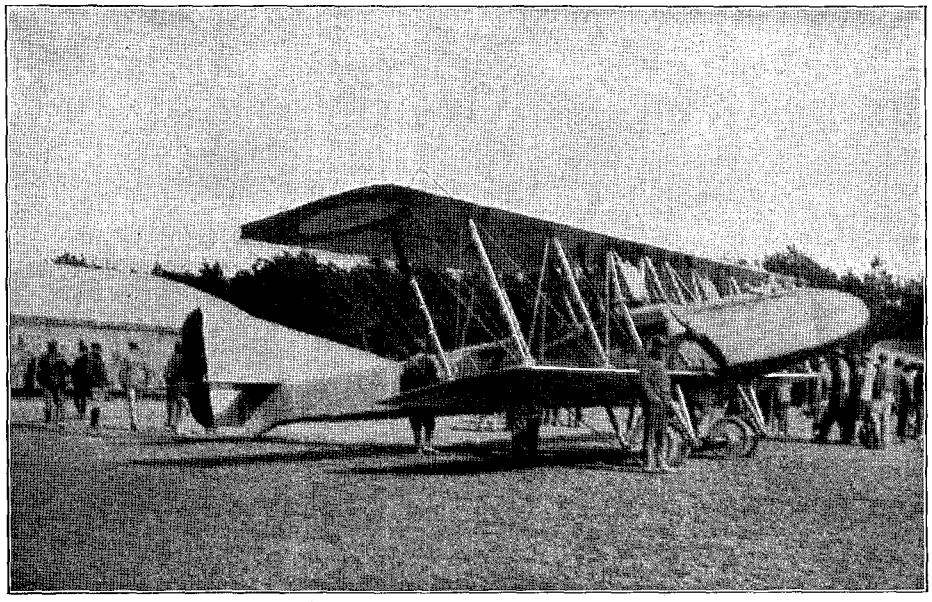
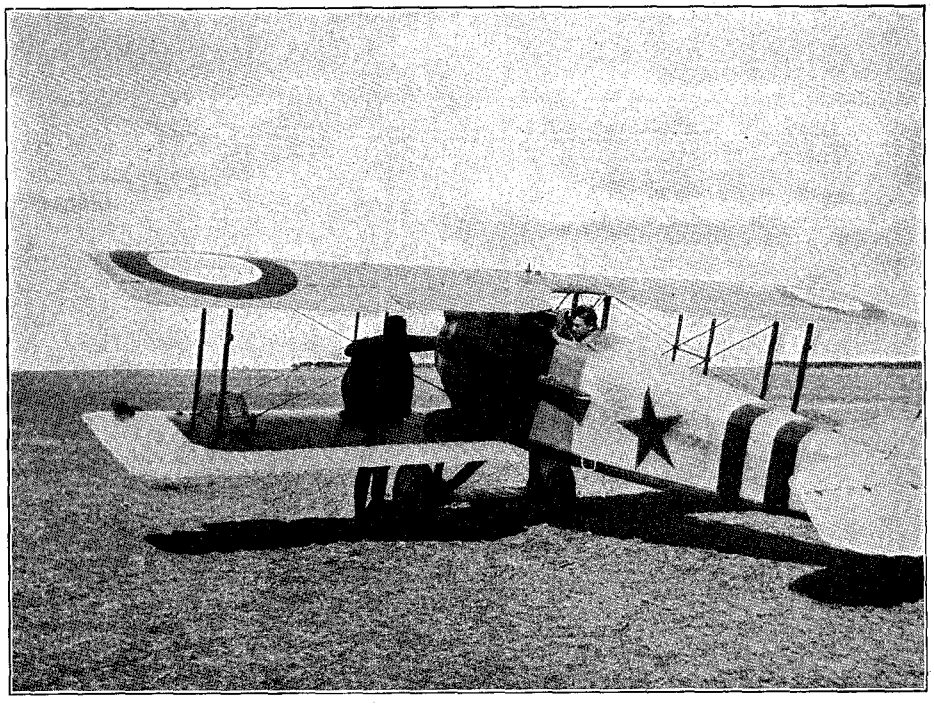


The latest type of French artillery-machine.

It is very fast and the visibility for the observer is practically unimpeded. He is placed in the car, which projects in front, being seated in a turret with a machine gun. Machine guns are also mounted on the wings, and a second passenger rides in the tail with another *mitrailleuse*. This machine is very tractable in the air and well able to defend itself.



The latest type of French fighting-aeroplane.

The wing surface of this machine is less than 18 square yards. It is very fast and efficient, but when it meets the "Albatross," *unless the pilot is very expert and experienced, it has generally found its master and the fight* ends disastrously for us. This machine is known as the S. P. A. D.

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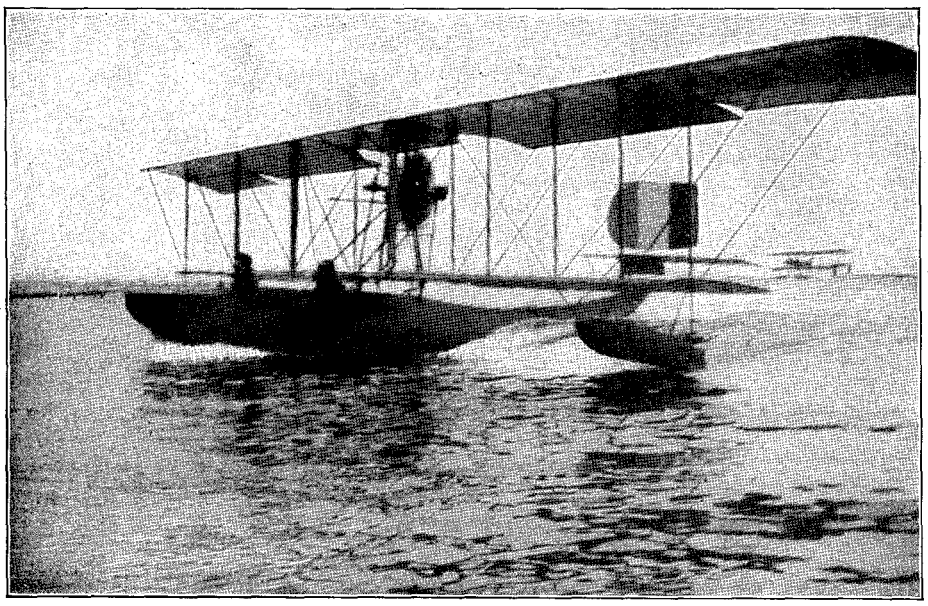

The F. B. A. flying-boat, commonly known as the Franco-British.

It is used by both navies in their coast patrols and is very similar to the Curtiss flying-boat used by our navy. The machine in the photograph is about to leave the water.

The Nieuport type of French fighting-aeroplane.

This is the most famous French model, but in the last few months it has been discarded as being too slow. It is only capable of a speed of 120 miles an hour. Mr. Winslow is in the pilot's seat and his mechanic is just turning the propeller for a flight.

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"Your Diane, Madame Nicolas, is, I fear, annoyingly feminine."—Page 229.

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THE END OF THE ROAD

By Gordon Arthur Smith
Author of "The Pagan," "City of Lights," "Feet of Gold"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

I

ON a June morning Monsieur Silvestre, the landlord of the Café de l'Univers, sat under the street awning drinking beer with the curé of the little church across the square. They had discussed religion and politics until those vital subjects and the tall foaming glasses were drained dry. Then the landlord ordered a second round and the topic of conversation shifted.

"One hears nothing more of that Ferdinand Taillandy," remarked Monsieur Silvestre. "There was a type for you! There was one, at least, who had no use for your religion. A pagan, he called himself. I suppose, now, you consign men like him to hell-fire."

"I consign no man to hell-fire," answered the curé calmly. "There are some, however, who consign themselves: they think it modern—fashionable."

"You refer to me, perhaps?" suggested the landlord quickly.

The curé laughed, shaking his head.

"You!" he echoed. "Why should I refer to you, my friend? Before this year is out you will be coming to me for confession and communing at the altar. I have no fears for you."

He paused to raise the glass to his lips. Then he added: "It is of Taillandy I am speaking. Monsieur Silvestre, the church wants that man—he is too good to lose. So admirable a pagan—think what a Christian one could make of him! I wish I had him here."

The landlord nodded his head sarcastically.

"Yes," said he, "it would be a pleasure to see you two together. Taillandy talks well. He could argue with you more effectively than I. Yes, it would be a pleasure—for me."

"My friend," said the curé sharply, "you and he have nothing in common. Taillandy believes—in something: you believe in nothing. He would scorn your agnosticism. In truth, his belief differs from mine very slightly; he is far nearer to me than to you. He sees gods in everything, whereas I see God in everything. The distinction, you observe, is slight."

Monsieur Silvestre puffed out his cheeks in a sigh.

"There," he exclaimed, "you out-talk me as usual! All the more I wish Ferdinand Taillandy were with us, he who can turn phrases as well as you. Have you read his 'Hymn to Diana Imprisoned'?"

"I have," said the curé. "It is admirable. Have you read the Song of Solomon?"

"No," admitted Monsieur Silvestre.

"It, too, is admirable."

"Where can I find it?" asked the landlord incautiously.

"In your Bible," said the curé, and drained his glass, well pleased.

"*Touché!*" grunted Monsieur Silvestre. "It is I who pay for the beers."

Presently, when the sun had swung up high above the square, the curé perceived Madame Nicolas coming from her shop beside the church. The landlord, too, marked her in the distance, for the streets of the village of Evremont were never so crowded but that one could distinguish Madame Nicolas. Nor was any one in Evremont ever too busy or too hurried to greet her.

She was a serene, motherly woman, now past middle age, who, with her daughters Diane and Véronique, kept the little shop where good Catholics purchased the consoling symbols of their faith. But always Madame Nicolas gave something more priceless than anything she sold. As the curé put it: "When you buy a rosary from Madame Nicolas you obtain a great deal more than a rosary—you obtain a

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glimpse of peace on earth; and you depart convinced that God is good."

Even Monsieur Silvestre, professed agnostic, fairly worshipped Madame Nicolas.

"There," he said, "there is the morning sunlight."

She crossed the square, careful not to disturb the sparrows drinking and fidgeting at the watering-trough, and approached the Café de l'Univers.

"Good morning," she greeted them. "I come to inform monsieur le curé that I have finished mending the altar-cloth. Diane and Véronique and I worked until late last night. Diane and Véronique have done beautifully—but I—my fingers are a little old and my eyes a little dim. My portion of it might be better."

The curé hastened to assure her that he had no anxiety as to the quality of her work. He knew it of old. Then said Monsieur Silvestre: "We were talking but now of Ferdinand Taillandy. Have you news of him, Madame Nicolas?"

She shook her head gravely.

"No," said she, "we have heard or seen nothing of him since—since he found my Diane and brought her back to me from the city. It is impossible now to thank him for what he did, but I pray for him. He is a good man."

"He is not of the church," Monsieur Silvestre could not forbear saying.

"No," she agreed quietly, "nor, for a long time, was Saint Paul."

"I perceive," responded Monsieur Silvestre with a shrug, "that you Christians claim us all. If you count Taillandy and me among you, it would appear that your religion is tolerant."

"Belief," said the curé, "is always tolerant. It is only unbelief that is bigoted. The dogma of the agnostic is very strict—perhaps because he fears that any day a little ray of faith will come to disturb him."

"You talk me to death," remarked the landlord, "and I have work to do. I will bid you good-by." And he retreated sulkily to the shelter of his desk within the walls.

They smiled at his discomfiture, for they knew his moods and loved him for them and in spite of them.

Then said Madame Nicolas: "Monsieur le curé, may I talk to you for a while—about Diane?"

The curé silently drew a chair for her beside him.

"You may talk to me, Madame Nicolas, about anything."

For a space she remained silent, searching doubtless a method of beginning. Her hands were unquiet and there was a hint of trouble clouding her kind gray eyes.

"You know Félix—Félix Romarin?" she asked at length.

"Yes," answered the curé, "I know him certainly—and then?"

"Do you think well of him?"

"Ah, now, Madame Nicolas, what shall I say? Yes, I think well of him. Also I am sorry for him. He has a devil within him that may some day send him headlong down a steep place into the sea. But we are trying to cast out that devil—Félix and I—and I have the hope that with God's help we shall succeed. Félix is of the south—his family come from Cagnes—and in the south men strike before they think or before they speak. They wound with their hands rather than with their tongues. I am not sure that on that account they are more blameworthy in the eyes of the Lord, but certainly they are more blameworthy in the eyes of the law. The magistrate has seen Félix on several occasions. Thus far he has been lenient; next time perhaps—but what has Félix done now?"

"He has fallen in love with Diane," answered Madame Nicolas simply.

The curé whistled softly and perplexedly.

"I understand," he said—"I understand. Or, rather, I do not understand."

"He desires to marry her at once," said Madame Nicolas.

"Yes, yes—and she?"

"What would you? She does not love him—she likes him well enough perhaps. She asks me. It is difficult."

"Indeed, yes, it is difficult," pondered the curé. "It is an opportunity, of course, and not a bad one. Félix, as I said, is not bad at heart—impulsive only. And Diane—ah, Madame Nicolas, it is a sad truth that when a young girl has sinned there are few sinners who will forgive her."

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"I know," said Madame Nicolas wistfully, "I know."

There was a silence.

"I think—" began the curé, and stopped. Then—"Let us wait awhile, Madame Nicolas," he said. "Let us wait and see how much in earnest Félix is. And perhaps—who knows?—Diane will come to love him at least a little. Then, in that case, let her marry, Madame Nicolas, and—ah, well, let her marry and bear children who will resemble their grandmother."

But Madame Nicolas, with the merest trace of a smile in return for the compliment, shook her head.

"I wish I might believe that they could marry and be happy," she said, "but I know my Diane. She will not marry Félix because she loves another."

"And the other, I suppose, does not love her. Always it is like that with a woman. Your Diane, Madame Nicolas, is, I fear, annoyingly feminine."

"What would you wish? Can even a man control his heart?"

The curé glanced away rather hastily. He had once been two-and-twenty.

"No," he said, "you are right. A man can but smother his heart."

"And still be happy?" persisted Madame Nicolas.

He sighed and smiled.

"And eventually be not unhappy," he answered. "But we are becoming too abstract, and I am certain you did not come to me to discuss generalities. Tell me, if you wish, who is this other man whom Diane loves and who is senseless enough not to love her."

"It is Ferdinand Taillandy," said Madame Nicolas.

"Ah," said the curé; and then he added: "Of course."

"Why do you say that?" she asked.

"Why? Because that man is in every one's mind. He has become an obsession with all of us. Monsieur Silvestre and I were but just now quarrelling over him——"

"That proves nothing," interjected Madame Nicolas with a smile, "you and Monsieur Silvestre would quarrel about a sparrow."

"You have said it," agreed the curé; "but nevertheless Ferdinand Taillandy seems to be of greater importance than a sparrow. Certainly his flights are longer."

He stopped and leaned forward in his chair, shading his eyes from the sun. Madame Nicolas, following his gaze, saw in the distance, far down the road that bordered the river, a gray figure of a man walking briskly toward them. There was a bulky something strapped to his back, and in his hand he swung a stick. Occasionally he skipped a little, as if rejoicing in the beauty and freshness of the day, and occasionally he made wonderful passes and lunges with the stick into the empty air.

"He is gay, that one there," observed Madame Nicolas.

The curé did not answer, nor did he remove his eyes from the figure.

"He skips like a lamb," continued Madame Nicolas.

"Do you forget," said the curé, "that it is spring?" And still he did not look away.

The stranger drew rapidly nearer. A stray breath of the breeze bore to them a fragment of song from his lips.

"He sings, too," said Madame Nicolas. "I wonder is he of the circus."

The curé vouchsafed no reply, but he got up from his chair that he might see the better.

"*Tiens*," he murmured to himself, "*c'est bien drôle!*"

"Why," demanded Madame Nicolas, "do you so excite yourself? It is not the first time a stranger has come to Evremont."

Suddenly the curé broke into loud laughter and sat down. He slapped the table with his hand until the glasses trembled and threatened to fall. Madame Nicolas regarded him in amazement. Down the road the stranger was singing lustily now. They could hear the words:

> "*L'Amour est enfant de bohême,*
> *Qui n'a jamais connu des lois.*"

The curé could not cease his laughter.

"What have you?" demanded Madame Nicolas, distressed.

"Where are your eyes?" retorted the curé. "I fear, Madame Nicolas, that you are near-sighted."

"I am," said she, "but what harm? Is it any one I know?"

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The curé's response was indirect.

"Monsieur Silvestre!" he called—and again: "Monsieur Silvestre! Three tall beers—and cold ones! Monsieur Ferdinand Taillandy, if I am not mistaken, will be thirsty!"

II

TAILLANDY, as the curé had foreseen, made direct for the Café de l'Univers. He had walked far that morning—indeed he walked far every day, and had for nearly nine years—and he knew by experience that Monsieur Silvestre's beer was good. Moreover, as a young man in his early twenties, he had known the landlord and the curé and Madame Nicolas, and he had teased Véronique and Diane when they were children and had pigtails to pull. So he approached the Café de l'Univers with an eager step, anticipating both beer and benedictions.

Monsieur Silvestre, the curé, and Madame Nicolas arose to make him welcome. They vied, one with the other, in cordiality, for Monsieur Silvestre admired his mind, the curé coveted his soul, and Madame Nicolas—ah, Madame Nicolas had given him her heart ever since he had found Diane and brought her back from Paris one cold November dawn.

"Monsieur Ferdinand," said she, "you left so quickly that morning that I could not thank you for what you had done. And now I see you again after these months and, behold, I find no words."

"Madame Nicolas," answered the poet, "you need no words. I received your thanks when I saw the light come into your eyes on that morning. I am a pagan, but a pagan can be proud to have been of service to such a Christian as you. I am your very humble servant, Madame Nicolas," and he bent very gallantly to kiss her hand.

"So," remarked the landlord eagerly, "you are still a pagan? You still believe in all those gods?"

Taillandy raised his eyebrows in surprise. Then he leaned back in his chair, stretched himself in the sunlight, flicked an ash from his cigarette with a nicotine-stained finger, and smiled—an amused, crooked smile—under his gay mustache.

"But yes," he said, "but yes. Naturally, I believe in the true gods. Why should I not? They are everywhere about me. One has but to open one's eyes to see them."

"Are they in that beer?" queried Monsieur Silvestre maliciously.

Taillandy shrugged his shoulders, a little vexed. "No," said he gravely. "I see nothing in the beer but a dead fly."

"Bravo!" applauded the curé.

"Thank you," said Taillandy. "Does he trouble you, too, monsieur le curé, with his scepticism?"

"Oh, no; I fear that it is I who trouble him with my belief. He tries to convert us all to his iconoclasm—I believe that is the name he calls it by. It is a handsome word and sounds intellectual. But all it means, I am told, is: 'I don't know.' Well, that is Monsieur Silvestre. Always he does not know."

Madame Nicolas shook her head, smiling. "Monsieur Silvestre is a fraud," she said. "He is a lamb in wolf's clothing. It is I who have seen him often enough without his disguise, and he has the largest heart in Evremont-sur-Seine. Diane says that when no one is looking he is always doing some good deed and blushing with shame. Several mornings, when he thought no one was about, she saw him scattering crumbs for the sparrows out there by the watering-trough."

"They become hungry in the winter," said Monsieur Silvestre gruffly. "I can't have them dying in front of my café."

"And," continued Madame Nicolas, "he bought the crutches and the invalid's chair for little Baptiste, that poor lame boy."

"I give up," said Monsieur Silvestre. "You see good in everything and everybody. You would doubtless see something to praise in the devil himself."

"Why not?" interposed the curé. "His perseverance surely is commendable."

"We talk too much," asserted the landlord. "Let us give Monsieur Taillandy's ears a rest. He should have much of interest to tell us. From where do you come, Monsieur Ferdinand? I am told you have walked all over the map of Europe in the last nine years."

"Austria—the Tyrol—northern Italy. High up for the most part. As near as possible to the stars. Next to the sea I

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love a mountain. The sea soothes me but a mountain exalts me. It is like solemn music. Then, too, I am fond of pine-trees—straight, tall, clean pine-trees, such as grow on heights. Have you ever seen a winter moon shining through a forest of pines, their shadows black on the snow?"

"Are you never lonely?" asked Madame Nicolas a little wistfully.

He glanced at her quickly, as if she had correctly read some secret thought of his which he was loath to admit even to himself.

Then he said: "There are always dryads for company."

"There are what?" demanded Monsieur Silvestre.

"No matter—you would not understand. You will never see them. There are scores of them hiding in those poplars down there by the river, but, alas, Monsieur Silvestre, you will never see them. . . . And now," he added after a silence, "and now that I have finished my beer I am going to ask Madame Nicolas to grant me a favor. I am going to ask her to take me across to her shop and let me see its treasures."

"But certainly," cried she. "Only I fear there are no treasures."

"There is one that is priceless," he said; "there is Diane."

III

Madame Nicolas's shop was in immaculate order, for she and her two daughters would have considered it akin to sacrilege that dust should lie on the pictures and statuettes of the saints, or that there should not be a fitting and comfortable place for each wreath and rosary. The place had the air of repose that one associates more with a museum or a chapel than with a store where articles are bought and sold. It was hard to say whether Madame Nicolas's personality endowed it with this serene, tranquil atmosphere, or whether Madame Nicolas's serenity and tranquillity were lent her by the shop and its consecrated contents.

"Come in, Monsieur Ferdinand," she said. "Véronique should be in the kitchen, but I will fetch her. As for Diane—here she is at the desk. There will be no measure to her joy."

The meeting of Diane and Taillandy would perhaps have been difficult—a little constrained—had Taillandy not, fortunately, been Taillandy.

"Here, then, after all these months, is my Diane of the Moon!" he exclaimed, seizing her two hands. "It is good to see you treading the earth. You have not, I hope, forgotten the mad poet."

Forgotten him, indeed! The reverse was so true that she blushed a little.

"One does not forget the noblest man in the world," she said.

"Ha!" cried he, "now I perceive how easily reputations for nobility are made! I have always wondered why so many merely mediocre fellows are esteemed. Doubtless, in a moment of aberration, they committed some one good deed."

"Is not a poet called great, even if he has written but one great poem?" ventured Diane.

The pagan smiled at her affectionately.

"Not until he is dead, my dear," he assured her. "Then all his bad poems are either forgotten or included in anthologies of verse."

This was, of course, over Diane's head. Indeed, most of his conversation left her dazed and bewildered—but always admiring.

He could, I think, have recited to her the alphabet and she would have thought it all very wonderful and the work of an inspired genius. But she was spared the necessity of a reply by the entrance of Madame Nicolas and Véronique—the latter glowing (not at all unattractively) from the kitchen.

"Monsieur Ferdinand," said Madame Nicolas, "do you remember my daughter Véronique?"

Taillandy bowed low.

"I do," said he, "very distinctly. She had bare legs when I knew her and used to like to be kissed."

The girl smiled gravely at him. Then she blushed, glanced at her mother, and said: "I wear stockings now, but otherwise I doubt if I have changed."

"Good!" cried the poet, and embraced her on both cheeks. Then he stood off and surveyed the three of them, evidently with approbation.

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"The mother of the Gracchi!" said he. "You are Cornelia and those are your jewels. You are greatly to be envied, Madame Nicolas."

His enthusiasm pleased and confused them. But it was enthusiasm well-founded. Diane he had known to be lovely, for he had seen her within the year; but Véronique he had not seen for many years. She was slightly older than her sister, slightly calmer, slightly more poised. She was tall and dark, with smooth hair framing a narrow, oval face. In her brown eyes lay something of the calm and the confidence that was her mother's—the calm and the confidence earned by suffering borne and ended. More reticent perhaps than Diane, she was more of a riddle to solve. You felt never quite sure what Véronique would say or do; you felt always sure that Diane would obey her impulses, and in time you could learn the nature of these. Taillandy had learned their nature and, learning that, had learned her charm. She was the second woman in his life to alter his life: the first one had driven him disconsolate into exile; the thought of the second, just when his solitary nomad's existence had become sweet to him, caused that existence to seem aimless, sterile, intolerable. Man was not made to live alone. And so it came to pass that the wanderer returned to Evremont-sur-Seine, where he had every reason to expect he should find Diane and solace.

Madame Nicolas broke in on his meditations by extending an invitation to luncheon. Everything, he reflected, was being made easy for him. They were receiving him open-armed. And then he heard Diane say, a little irritably: "Félix Romarin will be here also. Had you forgotten, mother?"

It was obvious that Madame Nicolas had forgotten—she might well have forgotten more important things than that in her enthusiasm at this unlooked-for opportunity to display her gratitude. She experienced a brief moment of discomfiture—a moment not so brief, however, but that Taillandy marked it and said: "Perhaps another day, Madame Nicolas. My stay at Evremont is indefinite."

She protested earnestly and sincerely, vowing that there was plenty to eat for all. "But," said Taillandy to himself, "it was not, I am sure, the question of food that embarrassed her. It was this Félix, whoever he may be." And he was not wrong.

In the interval before the arrival of Félix the pagan noted that Véronique was the only one to appear quite herself—the only one who did not fidget uneasily or glance at the clock. Diane seemed moody—now distraite, now very talkative and vivacious; and, as for Madame Nicolas, she was as distressed as a woman of her innate serenity and self-control could be.

"A little drama, perhaps," mused Taillandy, always observant. "One man too many at the table. I had almost forgotten how complex civilized existence is. Well, when this Félix arrives we shall see what we shall see."

When Félix arrived Taillandy saw a dark-skinned, dark-eyed youth with a shock of black hair that curled evidently in spite of the brush—a youth of quick, abrupt gestures and speech, a youth of twenty-three, perhaps, with a mouth that could smile radiantly or could turn sullen at a word. He saw a lithe, active youth, supple as a cat, graceful as a cat, and, thought Taillandy, treacherous, perhaps, as a cat.

The two men mistrusted each other, I think, from the very first; but once again it was Taillandy who was able to ease the strain.

"You come from the south, monsieur?" he inquired courteously, "unless I misjudge your accent."

"Yes—from Cagnes."

"Ah, true? I know it well. It bathes its feet in the sea—and what a sea! Picture to yourself, Madame Nicolas, a blue sea that sparkles like the eyes of Aphrodite, that is edged with foam as white as her white arms—a sea whose laughter among the rocks is like the glad laughter of nereids. Cagnes, I tell you, bathes her feet in that sea, and——"

"And," interrupted Félix, "Cagnes is truly blessed in its foot-tub."

Taillandy, annoyed at the interruption, frowned a little; then, thinking better of it, smiled and bowed.

"It is as you say, monsieur—Cagnes is blessed in its foot-tub."

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IV

It was not a particularly successful luncheon. Taillandy did his best, which meant that he talked a great deal, and Félix, resenting the ease with which the poet conversed on unintelligible subjects, grew silent almost to the point of being openly impolite. Moreover, Diane ignored him, ignored him wholly to the point of being impolite—but I doubt if this was deliberate on her part. One does not, after all, pay much attention to the moon when the sun is high.

Things went no better after the meal, and this was due to the fact that, in the rear of the house, there was a garden—a careful, neat, well-groomed little garden such as the French bourgeois loves. It was rectangular; it was hemmed in by a low, white wall with red tiles capping it and green vines draping it. At places a sunflower or a hollyhock peered curiously over this wall, that outsiders might be envious and regret they were outsiders. Two straight paths traversed the garden at right angles and divided it into four parts, and a plaster Cupid, aiming an arrow into the air, marked triumphantly their intersection. At the centre of the far end of the garden, and therefore in line with the Cupid, was a stone bench, carved, as Madame Nicolas would tell you, by the hands of her dead husband. To this bench, then, came Taillandy and Diane, while Félix sulked indoors.

"We will talk," observed the pagan simply, as he took his seat beside her. "Or, rather, you shall talk, and for once I will listen. . . . This Félix? He loves you?"

"Oh, monsieur!" remonstrated Diane.

Taillandy nodded.

"Precisely—he loves you. But, name of a name, naturally he loves you! The one question of interest is—do you love him? Answer me that, my little Diane—and answer truly."

He looked her seriously and fixedly in the eyes, and there was no trace of a smile at his lips but, rather, his high eyebrows were knit in a frown of doubt and of anxiety. It seemed he placed great weight on her reply.

She, a little frightened by his intenseness, hesitated, blushed, looked at him and then away, opened her lips as if to speak but, instead, put her face in her hands and sobbed. . . . Ah, woman, where is thy mystery!

Of course he should have taken her in his arms to comfort her; but Taillandy, who understood many things divine, understood not human woman—and, more especially, human woman in tears.

"I am sorry," he said contritely. "I have given you pain—I have asked too much. Will you forgive me?"

She did not reply for a space; but presently she threw back her head, brushed the tears from her eyes with an impatient hand, achieved a smile, and said: "It is nothing; I am foolish; I cry for nothing at all. Always I have been that way. But now, you see, it is past—my foolishness, and I will answer your question. Monsieur Ferdinand, I love a great many things in this world: I love my mother and I love Véronique; I love monsieur le curé and I love Monsieur Silvestre; I love the Seine—not the Seine of Paris"—she shuddered a little—"but our Seine, the Seine of Evremont, with the poplars, and the meadows, and the cows, and the little boats. I love all these things, Monsieur Ferdinand, and yet—is it not strange?—I do not love Félix."

"The gods be praised!" murmured Taillandy.

She stole a glance at him, and in that glance was a trace of the Eve that had always been in her.

"And why," she asked demurely, "should the gods be praised?"

"Why?" he echoed, and then again, very triumphantly: "Why? Why, because, my Diane of the Moon, the gods have planned a different destiny for you, and it is not good that the gods be thwarted."

He raised his long arms as if calling all Olympus to witness; and as he did so he saw Félix Romarin coming down the path from the house.

V

Perhaps Félix thought that he had sulked long enough in his tent. After all, sulking is ineffective and therefore unsatisfying unless the act is attracting

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attention—causing pain, for example, or anxiety, or even pity. To sulk unheeded is sheer waste of time and energy.

Now, Madame Nicolas and Véronique had talked pleasantly and comfortably across Félix's most obstinate silence. In vain had he endeavored to emphasize the facts that his feelings were hurt, that he took no interest in their conversation, that he considered himself ill used. They remained persistently cheerful, and as soon as they perceived that he ignored their questions they forbore to question him.

Finally, in a rage, he picked up his hat and left the room for the garden, where he well knew he was not wanted.

"I fear there will be trouble," said Madame Nicolas anxiously.

"He has a quick temper," said Véronique.

"But at bottom a good heart," added Madame Nicolas.

"It is far at the bottom to-day," concluded Véronique, and snapped the silk thread of her embroidery viciously. . . .

When Félix reached the bench at the end of the garden he stood silent before Diane and Taillandy, his arms folded, his head down, watching them from under sullen brows. He did not know what he wished to say—what he had come to say—so he said the most unfortunate thing possible.

"Have you talked enough with your lover from Paris?"

There was a silence. Taillandy's arms dropped slowly to his sides and, as slowly, he got up from his seat.

"Go back to the shop, Diane," he said quietly. "I will talk with this Romarin a little."

"No—no!" she cried, clutching at his hand. "You must not stay alone with him—you do not know Félix. He is mad—he sees red—and when he is that way he will do anything."

"So I perceive," answered the pagan, and the crooked smile came to his lips, but mirthlessly.

"No," continued Diane, "it is I who will talk a little with this Romarin. And when I finish I shall talk with him no more. Félix, listen well. It is of the utmost seriousness—what I have to say."

Félix clenched his fists, but his eyes sought the ground and he flushed darkly—perhaps from anger, perhaps from shame.

"Let me deal with him alone," he said. "He is a man and I am a man. It is easier that way. I can do nothing with you—you know that. You are a woman—you are my woman—the woman I love. That also you know. I cannot talk to women. Let me, I say, deal with *him*."

"I am the woman you love—I?" cried Diane. "When you love a woman, then, do you insult her?"

"If the woman I love hurts me," said Félix, "I strive to hurt her."

"And if—" interposed Taillandy, "and if the man you hate hurts you, what do you do?"

There was a brief silence. Then—"I strive to kill him," answered Romarin.

"In that case," argued Taillandy, "since I seem to be the offender, why do you not kill me at once? With what weapon are you accustomed to commit murder?—the knife?—the revolver?—or, perhaps, the slow poison? Come, my friend, you are rather absurd. You seek doubtless to frighten me, but, you perceive, it is not I that am afraid to die—it is you that are afraid to kill. And that is quite as it should be, for no pagan hesitates to die, whereas all Christians hesitate to kill. This repugnance of bloodshed is, if I may point it out to you, a weakness derived mainly from Christianity and from our modern and unnatural state of civilization. You are told, I believe, to love your enemies; but do you not see how impossible that is? A man can love some one who has been his enemy, or some one who may eventually become his enemy, but the instant a man loves his enemy, why, then he is simply loving his friend—and we are all of us quite capable of doing that. In fact, it would be just as unnatural for a man to hate his friend as it would be for a man to love his enemy—just as unnatural and just as impossible. But perhaps you will ask—is not hatred unbeautiful, and therefore something to be shunned? The answer is simple: there are beautiful hatreds and unbeautiful hatreds, just as there are beautiful loves and unbeautiful loves. Is the hatred of tyranny more ugly than the

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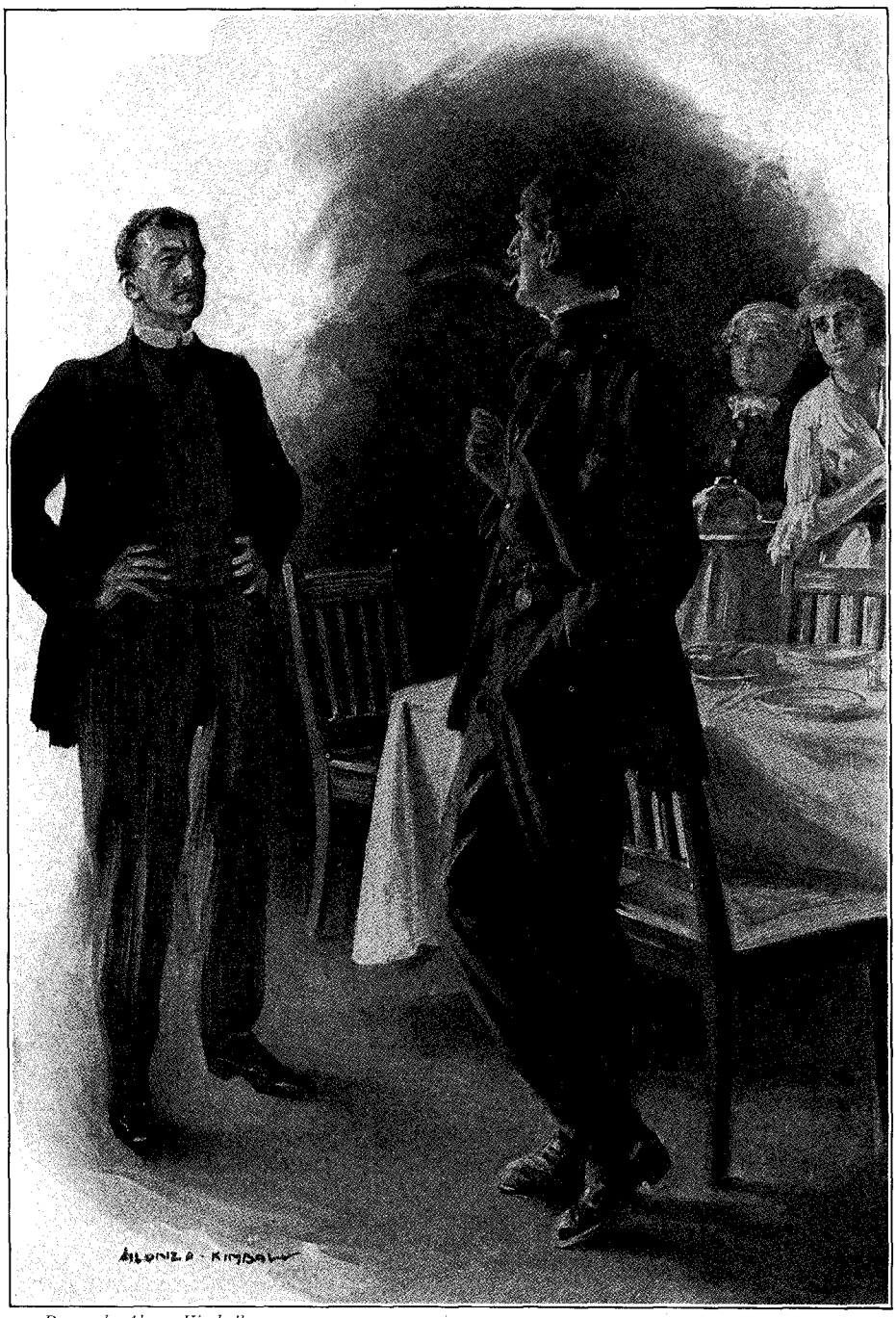

Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"You come from the south, monsieur?"—Page 232.

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love of tyranny; or, if you will be more concrete, is the man who hates a tyrant more blameworthy than the man who loves a tyrant? . . . But perhaps I bore you. It is a subject on which I am inclined to become discursive. Always, always, I talk too much. Is it not so, Diane?"

He turned to smile at her, and this time there was mirth in his smile. And then he did a strange thing—strange because it was successful: he took each of them by an arm and led them calmly up the path to the shop. And, to keep up their spirits on the way, he recited to them an ode from Horace, which, of course, neither of them understood in the least. Félix went unprotesting. I think that, for the moment, Taillandy's rhetoric had him cowed.

VI

TAILLANDY made his home at Evremont in an up-stairs room of the Café de l'Univers. Monsieur Silvestre, needless to say, was delighted to have such an illustrious comrade, and monsieur le curé visited the café even more frequently than before. That Taillandy loved to talk there is no denying; but also there is no denying that this audience of two loved to listen to him. At the little table on the sidewalk he arranged the affairs of earth and of heaven: he upset ministries, he dethroned kings; he pommelled civilization, and annihilated all creeds but his own. Often, to be sure, he contradicted himself, but that is the way of all fluent and eloquent men. At the end of three days he had the world so transfigured that all was right with it—a prodigious feat, you must admit, to perform at a café-table.

But he did not neglect Diane. At Evremont-sur-Seine one rises early, and Taillandy, trained by his years of solitary wandering to rise by the sun rather than by the clock, adapted himself readily to the custom. And so it came about that his hours with Diane were the twilight hours of dawn and sunset—those miraculous hours when our senses are the most acute, when we are gladdest or saddest, when we love life the most or fear death the least.

As for Félix Romarin, for the time being he was out of the picture. If any one worried about him it was the curé, who was aware that he had given up his employment and had been drinking more than was good for him. Félix never troubled the Café de l'Univers (for reasons known doubtless to Monsieur Silvestre), but twice during the week he had been forcibly ejected from that more plebeian resort known as the Café de la Victoire; and this was ominous, inasmuch as the management of the Café of Victory was notoriously lenient.

One day, at noon, Taillandy met Félix crossing the square.

"Good morning," said the poet; "it is a handsome day."

Félix stopped short and regarded him, swaying slightly where he stood.

"Some may think so," he replied ungraciously.

"Which implies, I presume, that some do not?"

Félix shrugged his shoulders and steadied himself with a hand on the watering-trough.

"Every one has his turn," said he. "For the moment you are up and I am down. But that may change—who knows?"

"Yes, indeed," agreed the poet; "who knows?"

Romarin stared at him.

"I know," he said briefly, and passed on. . . .

Now, in June the days are long, and Evremont, dining early, finishes its cognac and coffee before sunset. Taillandy and Monsieur Silvestre were accustomed to take their evening meal together on the sidewalk when the weather was fine, and to linger over it, cracking nuts and nibbling raisins, until the curé should join them for the coffee. On a certain evening (it was the second Sunday, I believe, after Taillandy's arrival at Evremont) the curé was wofully late in appearing.

"I wonder what it is that holds him?" mused the poet.

"It would perhaps be that old housekeeper of his—that Amélie. She treats him like a child and does not like him to go out in the evenings. If she had her way monsieur le curé would be between the sheets at half past seven every night.

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That is solicitude carried to excess. Sometimes it makes me glad that there is no one to care for me to such an extent."

"I take it," observed the landlord slyly, "that you contemplate engaging a nurse."

"You have wonderful vision," returned

He raised his long arms as if calling all Olympus to witness.—Page 233.

Taillandy nodded slowly.

"Yes," he answered, "we men want to be nursed only when we want to be nursed. But when we want nursing and there is no one to do it—ah, then, my friend, then how sorry do we feel for ourselves!"

Taillandy, and was about to change the subject when the hurried arrival of the curé saved him the trouble.

Monsieur le curé was panting and distressed.

"You are late," said the landlord, "and you are out of breath. Have you been

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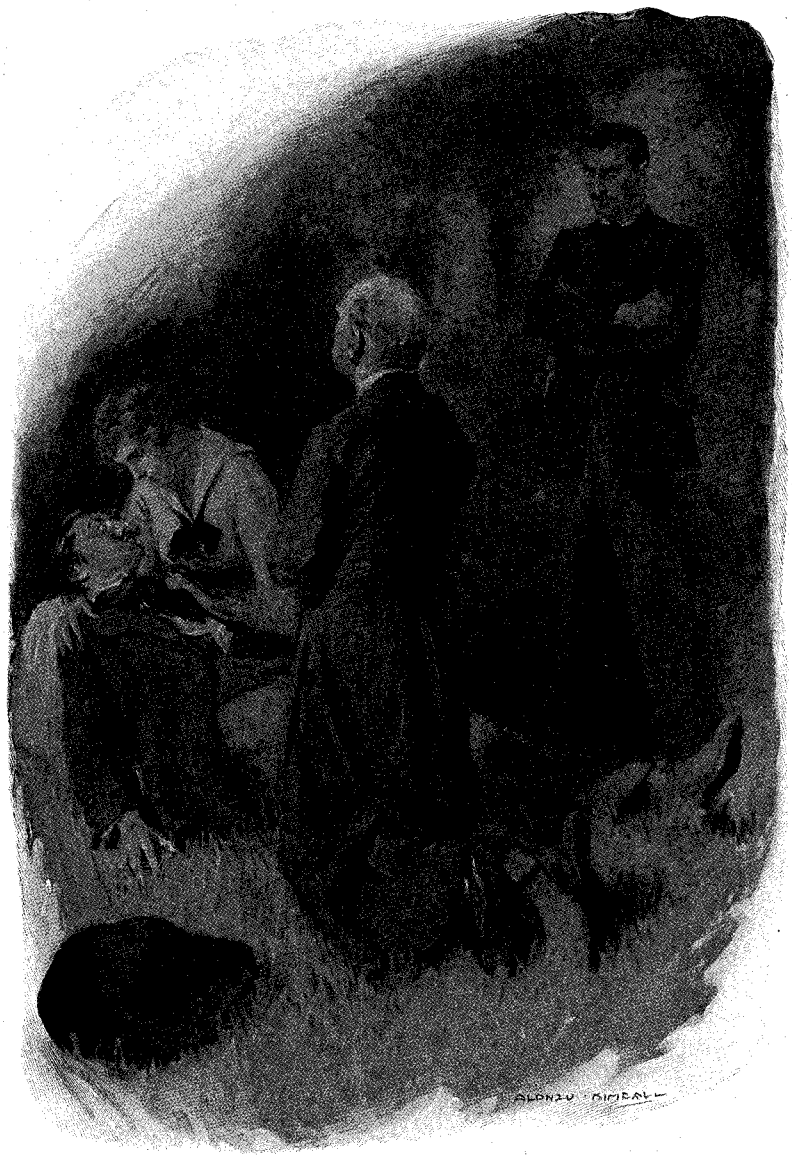

"You will come when the gods will it. And I, going ahead, will leave signs by the roadside to guide you."—Page 241.

wrestling with your conscience—or running away from it, perhaps?"

"Neither," replied the curé briefly; "I have been searching for Félix Romarin. He has been missing since noon, and he has been drunk since last night. It is bad. I have inquired for him at every house in Evremont."

"Why look for something no one wishes to find?" demanded Monsieur Silvestre. "We are well quit of him."

"Hush," commanded the curé. "Do you not know——"

"Oh," the landlord interrupted airily, "I know. You will tell me about the sparrow that falls and how the very hairs of my head are numbered."

"Not at all. I was about to ask you

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if you did not know that he had procured for himself a revolver."

"Ah," observed Taillandy, "that becomes interesting. And what does he think to do with a revolver?"

The curé hesitated.

"It is as well to warn you," he said at length. "They who saw him last tell me that he left the Café de la Victoire very drunk at noon with his revolver, and that he said he was going hunting—for big game!"

Taillandy raised his eyebrows, sipped his cognac, replaced the glass on the table, and lit a cigarette.

"Big game," he mused. "That would be me—not? Well, he has been very slow to find his big game—and very blind. I flatter myself I have been much in evidence since noon."

"Then," said the curé, "I beg of you to be less in evidence this evening. I am serious, my friend."

"I hope so," replied Taillandy enigmatically; "I hope so. And I, also, am serious. But I shall not change my habits merely because Monsieur Romarin chooses to become drunk; and to prove that I shall not I now bid you all good-evening. As for the hunter of big game—well, you remember that Actæon and Adonis were huntsmen who found game bigger than they expected—with fatal consequences to them both. *Messieurs, bonsoir.*"

He picked up his battered hat, thrust it carelessly and rakishly on his head, tossed a two-franc piece on the table, and departed. They watched him cross the twilit square in the direction of the shop of Madame Nicolas.

"He goes to walk with Diane?" said the curé, interrogatively.

"But yes," responded Monsieur Silvestre. "It is their custom at this hour." And then he added with a sigh: "It is the lovers' hour. I remember . . ."

"Naturally," interrupted the curé, "we all remember."

They fell silent, each perhaps remembering.

Inside, in the café, a waiter commenced to light the lamps, for it was growing dark; and presently about the village other lights glowed behind square windows. Below them, as the sun slipped down behind the hills, the Seine changed from gold to silver. Then a star or two stepped into the sky and it was night.

"I am uneasy," said the curé, shivering a little.

"For him?" asked Monsieur Silvestre.

"Yes; for him. . . . Listen! Did you hear nothing?"

"I hear only the tinkle of the water in the trough out there, and the splashing of the sparrows."

"Nothing more?"

"The wind in the poplars."

"It is well. I imagine things. I am overwrought."

"You had better sleep," advised Monsieur Silvestre. "I will walk home with you across the square."

"No, not yet awhile, my friend. I should not sleep. It is better that I stay here with you for a time, if you will bear with me."

"As you will. For me, I ask nothing better. Will you drink?"

"No, but I will smoke. It will quiet me. . . ."

VII

Taillandy found Diane waiting for him in the doorway of the shop. She was in white, with a hooded cloak over her shoulders. Her face was pale even in the glow of the dying sun, but there was gold in the shadows of her hair.

"I am late," said the pagan; "the curé detained me."

"Is there anything wrong?" she inquired.

He hesitated; then—"No, nothing," he replied. "Are we not together?"

They followed the crooked street that led to the river—a street that soon became a mere wagon trail across the meadows. They walked close together, and presently he put his arm about her and kissed her, with only the first stars to witness it.

"In that," he said gravely, "are all my vows. The earth and the sky are my altar, and I pledge myself to you before them. To-morrow—or when you will—for your sake and for the sake of our good friend the curé, I will stand before your altar and his to renew this pledge. Are you content, my Diane?"

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"You are good," she answered, "and I am very happy."

"And you love me?"

She smiled at him quietly, wistfully, yearningly, as a woman smiles when she knows that all her words are inadequate.

"You know I do," she said.

"Forever?"

"Forever—ever and forever," she repeated. . . .

They came to the margin of the river, and he found her a spot beside a willow where they could see the stars. At their feet the Seine murmured and whispered, flowing silver to Paris and the sea. About them hung the perfume of spring.

For a long time they talked quietly—they knew not how long, whether it was a thousand ages or an evening. Then, suddenly, the poet stopped short in the middle of a sentence.

"What was that?" he asked.

They listened intently.

"It is some one walking by the river," she said, after a space.

Again they listened. They heard footsteps coming along the path that bordered the Seine—unsteady footsteps. Perhaps because of the darkness. They heard a crackling of underbrush and an oath. Diane gave a little cry. Taillandy stood up, long and lean and silent. She also stood up, but, holding her hand, he put her gently behind him.

Out of the shadows by the path and into a patch of starlight came a grotesque black figure, lurching, stumbling, shaking his fists at the stars. When he was within twenty yards of them he stopped, his eye arrested by the splash of white that was Diane's dress. He straightened himself with an effort and regarded them for long, silent minutes. Then, slowly and with caution, he advanced.

"What do you want?" demanded Taillandy sharply.

"That which I have found," was the answer. "I am in luck. It is Diane and her lover. To-night, Monsieur Taillandy, I am up and you are down. Do you not remember that I warned you?"

"You had better go home and get to bed," advised the poet.

Félix laughed unpleasantly.

"It is you who are going home," he answered, "and your bed will be deep."

He made a quick motion with his right arm; there was a sharp report of a revolver—not overloud; there was a little cloud of smoke swaying in front of Romarin's face; there was the bitter smell of powder poisoning the air. . . .

Diane caught Taillandy in her arms, staggered under the weight of him, and then fell with him to the ground. . . .

VIII

"HUSH!" cried the curé. "What was that?"

"A shot," answered Monsieur Silvestre, "down by the river. Come! Can you run?"

But the curé was half-way across the square. Monsieur Silvestre, more corpulent, panted after him.

When they reached the river they heard Diane's voice calling for help. The curé, who still led the race, his skirts flapping about his ankles, turned as he ran and shouted: "Faster, my friend! Diane does not cry for nothing."

"Name of God," answered the landlord, "is it not I who know it?" and he redoubled his efforts with such effect that he drew abreast of the priest.

Together, then, they came upon the little group beside the willows. Taillandy lay motionless on the ground, his long limbs relaxed, his head pillowed on Diane's breast. Félix stood over them with arms folded across his chest and the revolver still in his right hand. He said nothing, but swayed slightly from side to side, shifting from one foot to the other.

When Diane recognized the curé she said: "*Mon père*, tell me that he yet lives."

The curé knelt beside her and laid his hand on Taillandy's breast, over his heart. The hand came away wet and stained darkly, and the curé shuddered.

"My daughter," he said, "he still lives."

Then he turned to Monsieur Silvestre.

"Take that devil's weapon away from Félix," he commanded, "before he does more harm with it."

At mention of his name Félix spoke for the first time.

"I found her with her lover," he

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whimpered—"I found her with her lover, and so I killed him."

Monsieur Silvestre, growling with fury, leaped on him. He wrested the revolver from his fingers and struck him across the mouth with his open hand.

"That is enough from you!" he cried.

But Félix, impassive under the blow, merely repeated: "I found her with her lover, and so I killed him."

"Come," said the curé, "pay no more heed for the present, Monsieur Silvestre. We must get Ferdinand back to the village."

They were about to lift him, the curé at his head, the landlord at his feet, when Taillandy opened his eyes and motioned them to desist.

"I know," he said, with an attempt at his twisted smile, "I know. You are very good. But let me lie here for a while. It will not be long, and here I have everything and every one about me that I love. . . . Even that poor Félix, whom I do not hate."

"We will attend to him," promised Monsieur Silvestre.

"Attend, rather, to the absinthe," said the pagan vaguely, "and to the hot blood of the south." With that he seemed to dismiss the matter from his mind, and, turning his face to Diane, he said: "Kiss me well, my little Diane, my Moon-Goddess, my slim Huntress—kiss me well. Give me strength from your lips to climb Olympus alone. You remember, I told you it was a hard climb—a hard climb even when two go together."

She bent her head to kiss him. Monsieur Silvestre turned away, sobbing and groaning: "Now where is your God of pity!" he cried; "where is your God of love! Show me now a miracle and I will believe!" The curé still knelt quietly by the poet's side; Félix stood above them, motionless, dazed.

"My love," whispered Diane, "if you want me with you to climb the mountain I am ready. And I am eager to start. Félix should have another bullet——"

"Hush," he interrupted her. "You will come when the gods will it. And I, going ahead, will leave signs by the roadside to guide you. It is better so. . . . Listen! Do you not hear the naiads singing in the river—or is it the stars, perhaps, that sing? Surely I hear it. It grows louder—there is in my ears a great surge of song—and a clashing of cymbals. Take my hand, Diane. . . . Look, monsieur le curé is praying for me—praying to *his* God. That is kind of him, Diane. May your God bless you, monsieur le curé! You and I—we are both right, for Something put all those stars in the heavens. Is it not true?"

The curé's eyes glowed with happiness as he answered: "The God of gods and the Light of light—what matters the name?" And he made the sign of the cross on Taillandy's forehead and breast.

The poet smiled weakly.

"What matters the name," he repeated, "so long as the name be Love?"

He closed his eyes, the smile still at his lips. And, with the smile still at his lips, he went out, alone, to his wandering.

AN ALIEN

By Clinton Scollard

But yesterday I saw him pass
Along the jostling thoroughfare,
The far-off wonder in his eyes
That dreamers wear.

Brother, what do you here, I thought,
Who should be wandering upland ways
Where all the cool, thrush-haunted hills
Are hung with haze?

Your spirit must be there, I know,
Whatever gyve your body binds,
Hearkening the secrets of the leaves
And lyric winds!

The embattled wall of circumstance,
Although unscalable it seems,
May not restrain the soul of him
Who dwells with dreams!

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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AT SARANAC

By Thomas Russell Sullivan

THE late Thomas Russell Sullivan, credited by Henry Cabot Lodge with having written "some of the best short stories of our day," author of "Day and Night Stories," "The Courage of Conviction," and other books, was also an accomplished writer and adapter of plays, and it was through his dramatic version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" that Richard Mansfield did so much toward establishing the place he took among American actors. This dramatization also led to Mr. Sullivan's intercourse with the beloved R. L. S., a detailed account of which is recorded in the journal which Mr. Sullivan kept during certain years of his life; a journal rich especially in pictures of well-remembered persons in the closing decades of the nineteenth century. Out of that time no figure can more surely be met with an eager welcome than Robert Louis Stevenson, and from this journal the following passages are taken.—L. W. S.

T. R. SULLIVAN'S JOURNAL

1894—Dec. 17th. News from Samoa that Robert Louis Stevenson died suddenly there on the 3rd inst. of apoplexy. He was hardly 45, and what a loss to the world! His last little book, *The Ebb Tide*, is a masterpiece. His entire shelf, in fact, already stands among the classics. Few men are recognized so speedily and so justly,—yet his beginning was very difficult. How my little acquaintance with him shines out now. The pleasantest of pleasant memories!

1895—Jan. 1st. The news of Stevenson's death is unhappily confirmed, and I am moved to record here some remembrances of my association with him. When, in 1886, I undertook to make a drama out of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* for Mr. Mansfield, who saw the theatrical effect of such a dual rôle, I wrote to Stevenson, asking his consent to the scheme. He replied, at once, granting permission, and wishing me success in what he felt to be a difficult undertaking. The Play first saw the light, in Boston, on the 9th of May 1887. It was an undoubted hit, and I wrote again to the author of the story, giving him a full account of the first performance. In the summer of 1887 he left "Skerryvore," his Bournemouth home, forever, and came to the United States, bringing with him his wife, mother, and stepson, Lloyd Osbourne. We met first at Newport, where he was visiting the Fairchilds. Upon calling, I was taken to his chamber, where he lay in bed, reading and smoking cigarettes. It seemed to me that I had never seen so strange a figure. He was not only very thin and very pale, but had an uncanny look in his bead-like eyes; and his long, brown hair hung around his face like strings. He received me most courteously, sat up in bed, and wrapping himself in a red silk blanket, began to talk. Our interview lasted, perhaps, a quarter of an hour, and I went away strongly impressed by his friendliness, his unaffected modesty, his wit, and his very marked individuality. But the lean, blanketed figure haunted me, and I felt as if he must be on the brink of the grave.

This was in August, I think, and in the following month the play was produced for the first time in New York. Stevenson, though in the city, was too ill to go to the theatre, but the box I sent him was occupied by his family, who gave me hearty congratulations. The play proved to be a financial triumph, making an enormous success in all the cities. Later in the year came other Richmonds into the field with new versions of the story. And an old stager, Daniel Bandmann, early in 1888, brought out his own pretentiously absurd one, which ended with an apotheosis of the repentant Dr. I saw, incognito, the first performance of this at Niblo's. The play had no merit whatever, and was coldly received by a very thin house. But certain papers, the next morning, were sufficiently friendly to cause Mansfield uneasiness, and it was known that Bandmann had corresponded

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with Stevenson, who was passing the winter in the Adirondacks. I reminded Mansfield, as I had often done before, of a promise made me by him, to the effect that in case of a great success he would pay Stevenson royalties. "Now is your time to give him an earnest of your good faith," I said, and Mansfield, accordingly, made him a remittance on account. Then, still uneasy, he suggested that I should visit Stevenson, read him my play, and obtain his signature to a formal announcement of it as "the authorized version."

To this plan I assented very willingly, and started without delay for Saranac, where I arrived early one gray March morning. I put up at the hotel, and then went directly to the Stevenson cottage, which was very near. Mrs. Stevenson welcomed me warmly, "But I hope you haven't a cold," she said. "No," I answered. "Good!" she continued. "Then you may go in. Louis never sees anyone who has a cold. His mother has been three days in quarantine." Upon my reassurance, I was shown to Stevenson's chamber.

He was sitting up in bed, smoking cigarettes as usual, and at work on a page of *ms.* He explained that this was a portion of a story (it proved, afterwards, to be *The Wrong Box*) which he was then writing with Lloyd Osbourne. "I never write long at a time," he added; "and when I stop work I amuse myself with this,"—pointing to a flageolet which lay on the bed beside him. I told him why I came. "Yes," he said, "I have heard from Bandmann, but have not answered his last letter. What is his play like?" I described it in detail, and he laughed heartily. "Mrs. Stevenson liked yours, you know." "Well, then," I said, "Perhaps you would be willing to hear it. Here is the *ms.* in my hand." "Of course I would like to hear it, and the sooner, the better." I then sat down at the bedside, and read the play from beginning to end at a single sitting which lasted nearly two hours. He listened most attentively,—so far as I can recollect, interrupting me but once, at the end of the third act, which closes with the transformation scene in Lanyon's office,—much the strongest thing in the whole play. The scene is described in the story, and my work upon it had consisted in extending the very brief dialogue, and in turning narrative into action. "Good!" said Stevenson. "You have done precisely what that scene needed for stage effect. It is very strong." I went on with the fourth and last act, at the end telling him frankly that I had never in my life found anything more trying than this little reading. "Yes," he said laughing. "I saw you were very nervous, and I should have been so, too, in such circumstances. I might not have liked it, you know. But I do like it, all through. Now, let us go to luncheon."

His chamber was on the ground-floor adjoining the parlor of the cottage where luncheon was served. In a few moments he appeared, fully dressed and took his place at the table. We sat a long time over the meal, which was made merry by his brilliant talk of books and men, methods of work, etc. etc. We began by discussing stage effect, *à propos* of the *Jekyll and Hyde* and of a dramatic attempt of his own, called *The Hanging Judge*, which had been sent me to read. Speaking of Browning's work in this kind I said that, in my opinion, the dramatic poems would not act because of their want of action and their verbose, involved dialogue. "Take *Luria*, for instance—" "Oh," said Stevenson, "I love *Luria;* it is to my mind the best single bit of Browning." He expressed a strong admiration for George Meredith, particularly for *The Egoist*, *Rhoda Fleming* and *Evan Harrington*, but not *Diana of the Crossways*. Then he told me how Meredith, after his wife's desertion, passed hours alone upon the downs, tossing up and catching a cannon-ball, to work off steam, as it were. . . . He said that Swinburne sometimes seemed afflicted with "literary diabetes," . . . that there was material for a fine play in the life of Marcus Aurelius,—also in that of George III with the touching incident of his death. We talked of Dumas, and he advised me to read *Olympe de Clèves*, which I did not know. Then we discussed Scott and Thackeray and Dickens for a long time with a general note of admiration. I had just been re-reading *Henry Esmond*, and said that in spite of its wonderful qualities, I couldn't put it above the other stories, as critics often do, because of the long campaigns in

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Book II, for which the main interest seems, to some extent, sacrificed. "Yes," he said, "I agree with you. The attempt to put Webb upon a pedestal is a failure."

Of George Eliot he remarked: "She has a light hand at being tedious!" Then he passed on to a pet idea of his, viz., that of collecting into one small volume certain "Masterpieces of English Narrative." "I have already made some selections for it," he continued. "And what do you think I chose first, as the finest thing of all?" I guessed in vain, even after his hint that the book was by one of my own countrymen. Then he told me that it was Richard Henry Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*. "And after this we must have Wandering Willie's tale from *Redgauntlet*, the opening chapter of *Great Expectations*, —Borrow's Journey into Finisterre,— one of Napier's battle-scenes,—something from Washington Irving, the scene perhaps from which I took hints for *Treasure Island*." "And what from Thackeray?" I asked. "Something, of course, but I have not decided upon it yet."

He praised the work of Quiller-Couch, then known only as "Q," also Edward Knight's *Cruise of the Falcon*, and in the course of this talk I was struck by his use of slang expressions which were unfamiliar to me. One book he called "gaudy good," and of one living writer he said: "That fellow can write like Billy—" meaning extremely well. But I do not recall to whom these phrases referred. *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* and *The Unsocial Socialist* he placed on the list of his favorite modern books. I asked about his own way of working. "Four hours a day are enough," he said. "One ought never to write after drinking, and it is better, I believe, to write without smoking,—but I can't. Almost all my stories have been written with a break in the middle of two months or so. In this way I wrote *Olalla*, *Markheim*, and *The Treasure of Franchard*. *Jekyll and Hyde* was written very slowly, and much material was discarded. In *Treasure Island* I stuck fast at Chapter XV, and, after waiting a long while, finished it in a hurry." "How about *Will o' the Mill?*" I enquired. "Ah, that was one of my earliest things, and went with great difficulty. I had not learned to write then." He broke off abruptly in his talk and went back to his room. I stayed to talk for a few moments with his wife, and presently we heard his flageolet. "You will come to dinner, won't you?" said Mrs. Stevenson. "Louis will not get up, —he never dines with us, but you can see him in his room afterward."

I returned at the dinner-hour, and sat down with Mrs. Stevenson and Osbourne. But before dinner was over, Stevenson had dressed and joined us. He was in the gayest of moods, and we sat long after dinner, longer, perhaps, than he intended because we became involved in working out an ending to *Edwin Drood*, the unfinished novel of Dickens. I had expressed intense admiration for the story and Stevenson echoed me. "It is great," said he. "Let us talk about the probable end of it." "I will do so only on one condition," I said; "we must admit, at once, that Edwin is really murdered." "Of course he is," said Stevenson; "now begin!" We then worked over the Chinese puzzle for a full hour, both, having made, as it proved, a careful study of the finished portion. I remember that we agreed, substantially, at last; wrangling over the cathedral clock, for a long while, however. He took the ground that its injuries had something to do with Edwin's disappearance, while I laid them entirely to the storm. This was really my last talk with him. I left Saranac on the following day with my errand most pleasantly and satisfactorily performed. He wrote an endorsement of my version for use in the programme, and Bandmann soon retired from the field. I saw Stevenson for a moment that morning, as he lay in bed, among his manuscripts. "You will stay on here for a time," I said. "Yes," he replied, "but only for a time. It is a sunless place, and I must try something else. I could not bear another winter here. Goodby!" These were the last words I ever heard him speak. After my return several letters passed between us, and the correspondence was a friendly one.

The rough notes of the Stevenson interviews were jotted down at Saranac, and are accurate, so far as they go. After he went to the South Sea Islands, he sent me a pamphlet containing his attack upon the wicked Missionary Hyde,—one of the

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finest pieces of invective in the English language,—and in the year 1893 came his last letter to me, which I now copy here:

"Vailima, Samoa,
April 17th, 1893.

"T. Russell Sullivan, Esq.

"*Dear Sullivan,*

"This is quite a private request. Please let me know, with perfect frankness and if it may be by return of post, the truth about the failure of 'The Wrecker' in the States. If it would not be asking too much, you might ask the book seller with whom you usually deal. I have reasons for believing the frost to have been extreme, and reasons for wishing to make quite sure as to its extent and severity. Please understand I would rather this was not talked of.

"I see your stories every now and again with pleasure; but I think you might add to your letter some more personal details and particularly how you have sped with Mansfield. It is scarce worth while mentioning that since my skirmish with that gentleman I have heard no more talk of royalties.

"Yours very truly,
"Robert Louis Stevenson."

Unlike his other letters to me this is not holograph, but only signed by him. I copy it partly because it is the last, and partly because of a rumor that has reached us (which this seems in some small measure to confirm) concerning his fear that success was waning with him.

I have a small photograph of Stevenson, (taken in his study at Bournemouth) which his wife gave me the day after the first New York performance of *Jekyll and Hyde*,—also several delightful letters. His first letter from Skerryvore, concerning the proposed play, I gave to my friend Theodore Dwight for his autograph-collection.

Jan. 12. Calling this afternoon upon Mrs. Fields, met Mrs. Fairchild with whom, of course, I talked of Stevenson. She had received a letter from his mother, dated at Samoa on the very day of his death. The letter describes him as in the best of health and spirits, full of interest in his new novel which was half done and promised well.

Jan. 25. Today has come from Samoa an interesting little pamphlet, printed for private circulation only, and sent me by Lloyd Osbourne. It is "A Letter to Mr. Stevenson's Friends" with notes by Osbourne and others concerning Stevenson's last days, his death and burial. On the title-page are these words from "Will o' the Mill":

"I have been waiting for you these many years. Give me your hand and welcome."

It appears from this touching document that on the night before Death gave him his hand, Stevenson composed and read to his family the following prayer:

"We beseech thee, Lord, to behold us with favour, Folk of many families and nations, gathered together in the peace of this roof; weak men and women, subsisting under the covert of thy patience. Be patient still; suffer us yet awhile longer with our broken purposes of good, with our idle endeavours against evil—suffer us awhile longer to endure, and, (if it may be) help us to do better. Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these must be taken have us play the man under affliction. Be with our friends, be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns to us, our sun and comforter, call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts—eager to labour—eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion—and if the day be marked for sorrow—strong to endure it.

"We thank Thee and praise Thee; and in the words of Him to whom this day is sacred, close our oblation."

What wonderful last words are these!

1895—Dec. 24th. I have never been reconciled to Stevenson's "South Sea Odyssey," as Colvin calls it,—and these letters* strengthen my feeling. To me they are intensely sad, all through. He is adrift from friends and books, busying himself with Samoan politics, working, overworking, upon those mistaken letters to the N. Y. *Sun*. For *Kidnapped*, we get *David Balfour* or *Catriona;* for *Treasure Island*, the *Wrecker;* and *The Ebb Tide*, superb as it is, deals only with blackguards. On my first reading of

*Vailima Letters.

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this, by the way, I perceived a queer little flaw in it about Huish and his vitriol-bottle (which H. seems to have carried round the world). Colvin evidently saw it, too, for the author writes: "You are quite right about the bottle and the great Huish, I must try to make it clear." His melancholy inquiry to me about *The Wrecker's* failure to sell appears to have been unfounded. For a *few months later* (Dec. 4, '93) he notes that it has sold remarkably well. But there is underlying despondency through the last years of his life. His health was failing, not gaining. Somehow, these years were all wrong, and I feel that he ought to be alive at this moment, and that he might have been, but for this false move Samoaward.

TO A CANADIAN AVIATOR WHO DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY IN FRANCE

By Duncan Campbell Scott

Tossed like a falcon from the hunter's wrist,
A sweeping plunge, a sudden shattering noise,
And thou hast dared with a long spiral twist
The elastic stairway to the rising sun.
Peril below thee and above, peril
Within thy car; but peril cannot daunt
Thy peerless heart: gathering wing and poise,
Thy plane transfigured, and thy motor-chant
Subdued to a murmur—then a silence,—
And thou art but a disembodied venture
In the void.

But Death, who has learned to fly,
Still matchless when his work is to be done,
Met thee between the armies and the sun;
Thy speck of shadow faltered in the sky;
Then thy dead engine and thy broken wings
Drooped through the arc and passed in fire,—
A wreath of smoke—a breathless exhalation.
But ere that came a vision sealed thine eyes,
Lulling thy senses with oblivion;
And from its sliding station in the skies
Thy dauntless soul upward in circles soared
To the sublime and purest radiance whence it sprang.

In all their eyries eagles shall mourn thy fate,
And leaving on the lonely crags and scaurs
Their unprotected young, shall congregate
High in the tenuous heaven and anger the sun
With screams, and with a wild audacity
Dare all the battle danger of thy flight;
Till weary with combat one shall desert the light,
Fall like a bolt of thunder and check his fall
On the high ledge, smoky with mist and cloud,
Where his neglected eaglets shriek aloud,
And drawing the film across his sovereign sight
Shall dream of thy swift soul immortal
Mounting in circles, faithful beyond death.

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A SOLDIER PACIFIST

By Robert Herrick

I SAW him for the first time in the Paris station of the Lyons railway. He was standing by the steps of the Rome sleeping-car talking with a little woman in black. It was evidently one of those partings for the front between a soldier and a woman that have become the commonplace of daily life in Europe these past three years. This time the front must be Salonica, and the way thither led through Italy to Tarento, thence by boat venturing only at night along the coast through the dangerous waters of the Ægean Sea, filled with lurking submarines.

He was young and good-looking, with the civilian individuality beneath the uniform that the Frenchman rarely loses no matter how long or how hard he has served his country in the army. Instead of the ordinary uniform of *horizon bleu* he wore khaki with the little gold crescent embroidered on the collar of the *chasseurs d'Afrique* and a single gold chevron on the sleeve. He was *sous-lieutenant*, then, but rank tells little in this war. He was pale—probably had been invalided home for wounds or fever and was now on his way back to that Macedonian pest-hole for which nobody has a good word. . . . They said little, but one could easily imagine what was passing in their minds.

When the train finally moved away into the dark night the young French officer entered my compartment and, politely touching his *képi*, sat down beside me on the sofa. We fell into conversation almost at once about nothing—the vile weather, the slowness of travel in war time, then gradually got to more serious matters: the threatened German offensive in the Trentino, what the Americans were going to do, etc. There was a persuasive charm in his voice, a lurking smile in his honest, boyish brown eyes. In an hour I began to suspect the good fortune that was mine in finding this travelling acquaintance; in a day I was sure of it; and by the time we reached Rome we were friends and put up at the same hotel. My officer thought to rest there a day or two only, but, thanks to the submarines, there happened to be no sailings from Tarento just then, not for two weeks or more, and so we explored Rome together while he waited for a ship—Rome, which was new to him but old to me, in its first spring sunlight. There were few sight-seers about the familiar streets, the long, empty galleries; we had the city almost to ourselves, palaces, Forum, Palatine, Vatican, the Campagna. My officer drank its varied beauty avidly, like a man long hungry for such solace who must store in his spirit what he could against the brutal realities so soon to be met. He loved it all—the art, the physical charm, the human color of Rome.

It was there in Rome with D. that the great news of our coming into the war reached me. I can see my officer crossing the foyer of the Grand Hotel with outstretched hands and shining eyes that said swifter than words, "At last! You are one of us!" and he added whimsically: "Our youngest ally!" It was affectionate, friendly joy because good friends were now closer in the greatest thing of all rather than any selfish thought of what we might bring to his cause which moved this Frenchman. The great fact illumined our remaining days together. We lived in the glamour of it, speculating perpetually on its distant, hidden meanings, on the wonderful new world that it opened to our dazzled imagination. It drew us closer in thought—we spoke more freely of what the war meant to us. And we found that in spite of race and tongue we spoke the same language, had the same vision of the future in our hearts.

So when we parted at last, he for the Salonica battle-front and I for New York, we were, as he said, "Truly old friends!" . . . I do not know that I shall ever see

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him again. He may not escape a second time the shells before Monastir or the even deadlier fever from the marshes of the Vardar or the lurking submarines in the Ægean Sea. France would lose much in the premature death of such a man as Georges D., and France has already lost too many like him. France needs my officer when peace has been made and all the terrible problems of readjustment must be met, when the torn and outraged nation must face a new world. France will need his serene conscience, his clear intelligence, his democratic ardor, his faith and humanity and his devotion. The more I have thought about D. since we parted, the more I feel that my world ought to know something about him—something about the soul of this fighting pacifist who so admirably incarnates the lucid, chivalrous soul of France.

In civil life Georges D. was préfet of a department in the south of France. At forty-one he was one of the youngest préfets in the service. It is not easy for a préfet (who is an important official in France) to get to the real front in a soldier's uniform. Into some elegant inactivity on a general's staff, yes, but not down among the common soldiers in the trenches. To accomplish that D. had volunteered at the outbreak of the war as a private, and he had been obliged to use his will and his personal and political influence to maintain his ideal of serving his country as a common citizen in a post of actual danger. His family, his party associates, his friends, the government, had all conspired to sidetrack him in some ornamental post well to the rear, from which he might emerge at the end of the war with a whole skin and the reputation of a patriot. But that was not his notion. He wished to suffer the common lot. "You have no idea," he said, "how it heartens those poor devils in the trenches to know that somebody who doesn't have to do it is taking his chances with them!"

So as a common soldier he had been through the terrible battle of the Yser, had won his lieutenancy in the fatal expedition of the Dardanelles, "where there was no place to hide the ammunition or the wounded from the fire of the enemy." From Gallipoli he had been sent to the pestilential marshes of the Vardar, and, wounded in the leg at the taking of Monastir, he had had a few weeks with his wife and two children in Paris. He still limped, and his bag was stuffed with quinine for the fever that never wholly loses its grip on its victims. "One might think," I protested, "that you could find a place nearer home in which to do your duty—there's still fighting in France!" "That was not my idea," he replied simply, "to select a place."

He wore simply the *croix de guerre*, and he was still, after two and a half years at the front on the Yser, in the Dardanelles, about Monastir, *sous-lieutenant* of the *chasseurs d'Afrique*. But that was more his idea, as he would say, to serve the cause at a post of real danger and to accept no favors, no distinctions, nothing that would make his lot easier or safer than the lot of the common man.

Democracy was his faith. He was socialist, internationalist, pacifist. He was fighting war, as we shall see, not Germans or Bulgars or Turks. He hated war, and he despised all puffy expressions of patriotism. When the great general's son-in-law, the slick staff captain, said something slurring about the Germans, my officer remarked gravely: "It is not necessary to believe that. One should be just even if they have done wrong and we are fighting them." And another time to a snippy little painter who sneered at all German art: "I dislike to hear a great people traduced!" Coming from the mouth of a man who had voluntarily exposed his life to death from the Germans, that closed all mean and idle chatter. The truth always, even concerning those enemies who had broken moral laws and cruelly wronged you; always the truth because it was the truth and because you disdained to treat even your enemy with less than the truth. And it was then that I saw in a flash the spirit that had saved France and was sustaining her children in the death-struggle through all these heroic months.

It was the Dreyfus affair that prepared France for her ordeal, that purified her and steeled her spirit, that purged her young men of much evil. My friend D.

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had been in the Dreyfus affair to the hilt. He was a boy of twenty then, living with his parents in Paris. He did not know Dreyfus—he did not know whether he was guilty or not, but he became convinced that, guilty or innocent, the man Dreyfus had not been treated justly. It was necessary to get at the truth, to do justice, no matter where truth and justice might lead the nation. So he began to write for the newspapers demanding a retrial of the condemned man and signed his name to his articles. His mother said to him: "You may think as you like, you may talk as you like, but you cannot disgrace our family by writing such things over your name." He left home, went to live with another young man who had been forced from his home for the same reason, and the two supported themselves, one as a printer's helper, the other as a teacher of the classics, while they continued to write fiercely for the revision, for truth and justice. It brought D. into relations with famous and ardent men—with Zola, Anatole France, Clemenceau, Jaurès. The cause of truth triumphed. The struggle had tempered the young man's spirit. Thereafter he was radical, with his faith committed to all the dreams of democracies, to the liberalization of life; he was socialist, internationalist, pacifist.

The war had not killed these faiths. It had strengthened them. He was still socialist in spite of the melancholy incompetence that official socialism has displayed in the stress of war. He was even internationalist in spite of the complete failure of internationalism in the crisis of August, 1914. And he was profoundly pacifist; it was for the sake of his pacifism that he was fighting—to preserve the world from another shameful *débâcle* like the present. Above all, he was democrat, and his faith in the new world that we felt to be on the way was based on his belief in democracy. The great war was the painful birth of this large, new, democratic world.

For such a world D. was ready to fight, to lay down his life if need be. He has summed it all up in the following letter which he wrote one night in the trenches before Monastir while waiting for an attack. It is the best expression that I know of the motives of that large number of intelligent men in France and in England, also here, everywhere, who abhor the wickedness and the stupidity of war, who are true pacifists at heart, and yet who feel themselves compelled to "kill and be killed" for the sake of truth and justice. Here it is:

"The Night of
18, 19 September, 1916.

"MY DEAR JOHN:

"It is one o'clock in the morning. I have been awake nearly an hour, and I think, I reflect, with an intensity of consciousness which perhaps only the possibility of death not far away can give. I have need of confiding in some one, and in memory of our long and intimate conversations those summer nights at Salonica it is to you I am writing.

"I have been examining my conscience, seeking to know the causes, the deeper reasons, for my presence here in the battle line. How completely voluntary it is you well know! To-morrow, perhaps, I shall be killed, and I adore my wife, my children. To-morrow also I shall kill, and I feel no hate whatever in my heart, except for those abominable persons responsible for these slaughters, and they are not the ones I shall find within range of my machine guns!

"More than ever I have a horror of nations that hate each other, of patriots who invent scornful and hateful terms to describe the unhappy creature who suffers and weeps over there in the opposite trench, just as weeps and suffers often, without doubt, the poor devil who is by my side and who has been torn for two years from his fireside, from the tenderness of his family, from his life-work in order to make of himself a mad machine of murder, of rapine, and pillage. For it is beautiful—war, noble and wholesome! It dignifies and glorifies men! To what daily horrors, to what half-crimes war insensibly accustoms this unhappy héro whose virtues those behind the front so comfortably vaunt! As compensation for his resignation, for his stoicism before inconceivable miseries and trials which are imposed on him, to what moral deformation is he condemned!

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The taste for robbery, the contempt of all feeling, of any pity for the civilian victims of the war, for those lamentable crowds of fugitives whom we have seen forced to abandon—they, too—their homes, possessions, the little corner of the earth made productive by their labor. . . . What a shameful school war is!

"And yet I am here, my friend, and I have demanded to be here. If I do not survive the coming test, I must in defense of the ideas and the convictions within me (I was about to say almost for my honor) make clear what has determined me. I do not want to be confounded even with poor X., who was sustained in his action by feelings of hatred and vengeance which are wholly strange to me. My presence here gives no lie to my past—to the *me* who was republican, socialist, and even internationalist. That is what I want my friends to know; it is the true, the only service that my death can render to them.

"I am here from hatred and horror of all I see done and of which I am a part—which I shall do again to-morrow.

"I am here from infinite tenderness for those modest and humble creatures who suffer with a resignation (which irritates me sometimes so much it seems to me opposed to that energetic individual reaction which the free man, the citizen, ought to develop)—suffer trials that only, as you know, those who have shared them will be able to understand.

"Moreover, I do not want to have my motives soiled by any suspicion of self-interest—and I am intelligent enough to realize the vanity of all that. For I do not delude myself on the score of what my action may bring me. I shall have only the esteem of myself and of some friends who know me and have understood me. I know that all others are much too preoccupied in securing for themselves a place in the bed of the absent (whom they consider silly and foolish) to render homage to their merits. Those who will return will be considered bores, whose inheritance has already been discounted, and it will be thought enough to give back to them merely what they had won before the war. Consequently I do not flatter myself with any illusions on that score, and I desire for the sake of my ideas that my act shall remain in all its purity.

"For it is, indeed, I repeat, for my ideas, for my point of view, for the highest conviction of truth in me that my conscience has demanded of me this sacrifice of my feelings—so strong in me—of father, of husband, of head of family. If I am not to come back, my death must serve the cause that I have consciously and faithfully served during twenty years of my life. In coming here I remain faithful to that cause. It is because of my horror of war; it is because of the sublime hope that this one by its accumulation of shames, crimes, and follies, of ruins and massacres, will finally deliver our poor humanity from the nightmare of a recommencement; it is because of my democratic sympathies, that need I have always felt to draw near to the little, the humble, to those who suffer and are in trouble, and to share in the measure of my physical strength their hardships—it is in the hope that, having myself risked my life, suffered all the hardships of the war, I shall have acquired more authority to protest against war and to work for a future of necessary peace and reconciliation—it is for all that, my friend, that I am here! And the sole good that I shall bequeath in dying is this confession of a man in love with life, with peace, with productive effort. I leave it to my party, and I ask you if you value my death to communicate this letter to ———.

"You will say to my wife, to my children, that I have never loved them more or better than at this hour. My poor wife will doubt my tenderness—preserve me from this injustice. . . . I go to sleep in order to be strong to-morrow.

"G. D."

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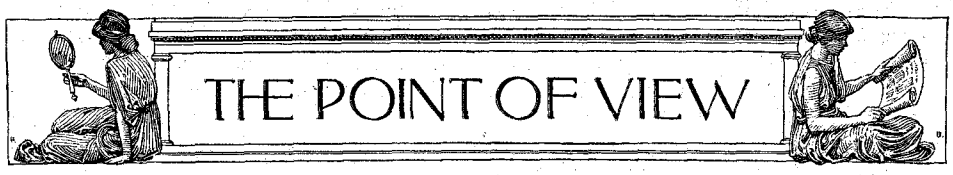

WHY, asks the Point-of-Viewer, doesn't the professor in the play "profess"? And instances the doctor, the clergyman, and the lawyer, who all "play their parts in modern plays panoplied with their professional skill."

The Guileless Professor

It seems, if I may be pardoned for saying so, a somewhat thoughtless question, for surely one can see how naturally these others can be called upon the stage to give professional advice or ghostly comfort, and how unnatural and cumbrous would be the lecture or the "quiz." One can, to be sure, imagine the professor pedantically talking shop on the stage, but in proportion as he did it he would make the play dull, and that is what no playwright wants and no manager will permit. Moreover, after a lifetime of experience of professors, I, for one, can truthfully say that they are not given to "professing" in society.

The Point-of-Viewer seems to doubt whether a professor so guileless, so "wholly unable to take care of himself" can exist; so improbable does it seem to him that such a person can "land his job" or "hold it down." On the contrary, I knew in one university, and at the same period, two such men. They kept their places not because they could take care of themselves in a cold outer world, but because of their eminence in their own world. One of them was a professor of Oriental languages, the other was a mathematician. Of the former the tale was told that, being requested by his wife to go out and call their two boys in to supper, he invaded the playground, rounded up two boys, and led them into the house, only to be told that they were not his. He disappeared in a few years, and perhaps few persons remember him. In his German rigidity he seemed much less human than his colleague, the mathematician. The latter, a product of the New England of the best traditions, stayed with the university for many years, until the end of his blameless life. He was truly a man without guile, beloved of his friends.

With regard to the material things of life, our friend was helpless and absent-minded to the last degree. All sorts of stories were told of him, and we knew so many of them to be true that we could easily enough believe the rest. He had a sort of angelical unconsciousness of time and of the needs of the body. When absorbed in his work he forgot to eat, and in his early days with us, when he lived in lodgings and went out for his meals, he kept a supply of raw eggs on hand with which he could sustain himself when the body did finally assert its claims. He would invite a lady to attend a concert with him, and assault her door-bell in the small hours, announcing to the inquirer sticking a head out of an upper window that he had come for Miss ——, quite unaware that the concert had long been over; he would borrow a lantern and umbrella to go home from a friend's house on a rainy night, and choose another rainy night to return them, thus necessitating a second borrowing; he would put the check for a quarter's salary in a book, and take it to the library (to be found and returned many months later), and wonder why his bank-account got low. It was even said that he had proposed marriage to a lady, who accepted him, and that he had at once forgotten the incident, continuing his friendly visits for another year, and then proposing again, when she refused him. But he would come to your house, the most cheerful and enlivening of guests, and would observe acutely the psychological idiosyncrasies of your two-year-old child. He was never a silent man, always gentle and cheerful, and full of interesting talk.

It seemed a little out of character that he should have a pretty talent for amateur theatricals. He even more or less learned his lines. But it was always necessary for some one to hunt him up and bring him to rehearsals, and on the evening of the final performance one of his fellow actors collected him and his costume, took him home to dinner, and never let him out of sight until he was fairly on the stage.

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I don't remember whether his students imposed on him. Very likely they did. I have an idea that in the first years, before either sister or wife was at hand to look after him, he sometimes failed to appear in the classroom until the hour was over. But those were mere details which, in the case of a man of his ability, the university authorities chose to ignore.

To tell the truth, I don't see why such a character should not be put in a play; nor can I agree with the critic in thinking that because a President of the United States was once a professor there should seem, to an American, anything unnatural in the fancy of the playwright to depict the type of professor whom the critic describes as "remote, unfriended, solitary—slow."

The Poet of the High Places

FROM time to time lovers of books amuse themselves by composing lists of those volumes with which they would be willing to be shipwrecked. Such lists make one mistake: they comprise the brief number of the books found vital in a life of sophistication; they leave entirely out of account the effect of the desert places upon a reader's desires. It is with a vision before me of sapphire domes which cleave the sky that I pause to select from my shelf of goodly poets a singing comrade who will bear the test of the mountains. I pass by many who are my good friends by lamplight, instinctively feeling that such a one's music is not tuned to the ceaseless rushing of the torrent past my lumber-shack, or to the limitless sweep of the wind down the Balsam Gap, or that another offends by the obtrusiveness of personality, rebuked by the majesty of that high, eternal sky-line.

As I watch the evening dim the sapphire crests to dusk and mystery, I think how many poets grow petty, tried by that presence. However rationalistic the head, for the heart the mountains have always the teasing sense of a temple: the Greeks had their Olympus, the Hebrews their Sinai, Christian story a man who went to the mountains to pray. Curious how the best of to-day's poetry thins to a mere tinkle as I lift my eyes to the blue hood of Craggy, beneath the evening star. The mountains are vigorous arbiters in matters of good taste; only that poet may approach them who understands the language of prayer. Wistful for a voice to make articulate the beauty of high places, I query whether the greatest æsthetic lack of our generation is not the lost art of worship.

Suddenly as my eye searches my bookshelf I recognize the one right poet for the mountains. His pages I may open in the presence of eternity and know his words in harmony with the heights. I think the vision of actual mountains must have been ever before him, unshackling him from the personal, cleansing him from despair, giving his language the exaltation of faith. Surely, only one who had listened long, solitary, to upland winds and waters, could have written:

"The noise of a multitude in the mountains, like as of a great people; a tumultuous noise of the kingdoms of nations gathered together: the Lord of hosts mustereth the host of the battle."

Reading Isaiah, I realize why so many others, famed poets of nature, stand rejected of mountains. I could not read Wordsworth here. He is an example of the poet himself shredding his rainbow to woof and texture. As a scientist he sets forth to discover and declare the meaning of mountains, and not alone their wider meaning, but their significance for him, the man Wordsworth. It is not analysis but identification for which we hunger when we flee to the forests to escape from the puzzlement of personality.

Nor is it to Keats, him even, that we look for interpretation of peak and pinnacle. He is as beautiful and virile as are these towering woodlands, but too hot, too fleshly. For him the heights would have to be haunted by the dryad and the faun, and their majesty beneath the moon be reduced to the passion of an Endymion and an Artemis.

Shelley might have painted the racing cloud shadows or the magical lights of a dreamland dawn, but he would have been inadequate to the hearty realism of shaggy bulks that pierce the sky but have their feet on earth.

Whitman has the sturdiness, the large soul, and the free utterance that the high places require, but Whitman is too talkative. Large spaces demand large silences, which Whitman has not. Besides, he is too catholic, whereas the mountains engender discriminations, simple but absolute. There is a difference between a mountain and a megaphone, but Whitman sings both with equal lustiness.

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Of poetry nearer by, the Songs from Vagabondia are in harmony, voicing the merrier forest moods—of dogwood breaking into foam, of chipmunks chattering, of cardinals shrilling high and sweet. The "striding heart from hill to hill" fits a highland climb as naturally as a little whistling mountain lad is its most congenial comrade. The voices from Vagabondia have the true pitch, but they have neither variety nor volume enough for all the music of the mountains.

But of poets of the present, which one shall companion my high and windy way? I select only to reject. Most delicate of artisans, many contemporary poets might render me the colored photograph of the scarlet tanager on the bare white bough of a sycamore, or the fluent grace of the gray squirrel bounding from tree to tree, or the massed fairy blue of the iris above a rock beneath which swirls the brown brook. Conscientious photographers the poets of to-day, but painters, interpreters, never. Beautiful but willingly ephemeral singers, to them the words of a poet more enduring might apply:

"The harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe and vine are in their feasts, but they regard not the works of the Lord, neither consider the operations of his hands."

It is with a sense of escape that I turn from all that is modern to one ancient as the mountains are ancient. For many a reason Isaiah is the poet to be read in the presence of the mountains. His words, remote from the every-day and sacred from association, suit the dignity of these high spaces of sky and forest. When one thinks what stylists the King James version of the Bible has educated in past generations one must regret the passing of the biblical word and phrase from our hurried present-day pens. The chanted spirituality of Hebrew poetry is the sole literary language in tune with high places. Do we of to-day possess either the words or the vision to express Isaiah's rebuke:

"The Lord hath poured out upon you the spirit of deep sleep, and hath closed your eyes: the prophets and your rulers, the seers hath he covered. . . . Surely your turning of things upside down shall be esteemed as the potter's clay; for shall the work say to him that made it, He made me not? or shall the thing framed say of him that framed it, He had no understanding?"

Again, Isaiah is the mountain poet because he has a vision of man that matches the mountains in majesty. One cannot dwell day by day with blue pinnacles and not feel contemporary poets flippant in their failure to acknowledge the harmony of the man-soul with the mountain-soul. We need not a photographer of beauty, but an interpreter of silence and of strength. We would find refuge and escape both from our own personality and a poet's. Isaiah's interpretation of humanity supplies both dignity and release. His ideal of the Suffering Servant makes endurable each man's enchaining ego through the beauty of selfless service. His vision weaves men and mountains into one harmonious pattern.

The lover of all that is majestic in poetry turns to Isaiah to feel once more the greatness of a day when a poet dared to abase himself before God upon the heights. Did the Hebrew poet climb in actuality to windy summits whence looking down he could watch the wings of great black birds wheeling far below him, while above him God stood forth in his sky? His prophet voice sings clear of all despairs, revealing even in the present holocaust only the driving of the money-changers from before the temple, for—

"It shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of the Lord's home shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills, and all the nations shall flow into it."

My Lord Nicotine

THE gentlemen whose habits inspire this article are the following: the cousin of my best friend; my favorite uncle; the distinguished bachelor attorney next door; my brother's business partner; the highly eligible son of one of my father's clients; and the most notable young man of letters whom I have met. They are admirable, these men, but, incidentally, they smoke. With the whole of their miscellaneous hearts they love to puff their "excellent cigar"; and they have every reason to think that I like to have them do it. I tell them so.

Exactly why I tell this particular lie is the problem for the moment. It is not because I am afraid that they will not marry me if I confess the truth, for I do not mean to marry these particular men. It is not because I want to make myself charming, for with all of them I am an old story, past spoiling. Nor am I unselfish about it, nor

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polite, nor benevolent. I am not terrorized and I do not lack conviction. I dislike the odor of tobacco as decidedly as I might deprecate the burning of rubber, or a glue-factory in my presence; but I still smile my gratified assent whenever the subject is brought up.

Now, I do not mean to give the impression that these citizens of whom I speak ever drop into my parlor and call for a cheroot and an ash-tray. My experiences with tobacco come about in the most natural and gracious ways. A hospitable couple, for example, invited me to go with them on an early April trip to their seaside cottage. It was still frosty on the edges of the days and we made a fire in the fireplace after tea. The hostess had brought her nephew along for my especial use, and he bestirred himself nobly, bringing in wood and attending to the car. Then, with the beating of the surf and the roar of the sea-wind all around, we settled down contentedly about the fire.

"You wouldn't mind," said my hostess to me, "if my husband and Andrew should smoke?" Ardently, of course, I made my usual enthusiastic excursion from the ways of truth. I assured the men that the one thing needful for perfect comfort was the flavor of tobacco. While I was speaking I agreed with myself. If my hostess had not come to the relief of the well-bred Andrew, I certainly should have. Fancy two habitual smokers, after a day's ride along the shore, after changing a tire and putting up the top against a sudden squall—imagine them forced to spend the long evening in firelight conversation, sans weed! Yet I still insist that my motives were not essentially humane.

My thoughts were not humane, either, when much later I went to my room and there brushed my hair, and brushed and brushed it, and shook it out of the window and let it float on the gale—and still it was like unto what I imagine a tobacconist's sample-room to be. One's coiffure, by the way, will absorb cigar-smoke at the distance of twenty yards; the nephew and I were quite on opposite corners of the hearth.

The gentlemen who smoke are, of course, never conscious of this general nature of their fumigation. An automobilist does not get his own dust. Neither does the smoker. He sits within the incense offering, and the clouds eddy around him, and up and out and over, enveloping the neighbors. It makes no particular difference which way he points, and I really have no suggestions to offer for his guidance, although I have applied my mind to all sorts of mechanical devices whereby the man behind the cigar might burn his own smoke. I have even gone so far as to investigate the practicability of having a hood built into the living-room, as in a chemical laboratory, so that the smoking guest might sit beneath until the worst was over. But none of my devices seem quite to satisfy. The smoking mortal is a social creature; he wishes to be in the midst of the friendly group, not seated aloof beneath a hood!

I find, in short, that right here is the heart of the motive for my concealment of my loathing of tobacco. Your true smoker is never half so easy to deal with as when he is nicely lighted and comfortably smouldering. It costs only half as much tact and two per cent as much entertainment to run an evening's chat, with his cigar as without it. A frightful smudge, I grant; but within it sits my friend, ready to talk or be talked to on any terms. All he asks is to be allowed to breathe. He would be content silently to blow rings in friendly company. In fine, his happiness is insured; whatever joy one may add is only superimposed upon this safe foundation of unshakable content. I need not have him on my mind!

That, I think, is the reason why a man, by asking, can never tell whether or not a woman likes his pipe. If any of these men whom I listed in the first sentence should look up from the reading of this page (they all habitually turn first to this department) and should call my attention to its contents, I should say, "Dear me! Burnt rubber! How could she?" I should blush for the author. In fact, I do. But, take my word for it, in my anonymous sincerity: only those women who are braced by a remarkably stalwart sense of principle in the matter will ever reach the valiant pitch of absolute veracity when the men at a house-party ask if she objects to smoke. I have plenty of principle in most emergencies, but in this particular not quite enough—unless I should worship a man to the point of worrying about his health. I therefore try serenely to love my friends despite my sense of smell. And they will go through life convinced that I do not mind cigars—for I shall tell them so!

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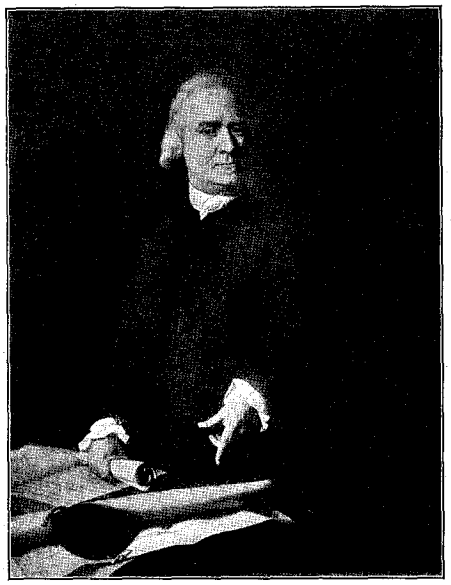
THE FIELD OF ART

*MUSEUMS AND CIVIC ADORNMENT**

THE heavenly trinity of India—Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Siva the destroyer—represent three ways of dealing with any matter. When the matter is a work of art, artists represent the first, or Brahma-way; the vicissitudes of things the third, or Siva-way; and museums—within their limits—the second, or Vishnu-way. Since antiquity, places where artistic remains are gathered and permanently kept for public show have been called museums. By the dictionary a museum is a building devoted to the collection, preservation, and exhibition of works of nature or art, and by common usage the persons in charge are called curators, or caretakers. Conservation, the Vishnu function, is the essential province of museums.



Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Portrait of Samuel Adams. J. S. Copley (1737–1815). Lent to the Museum by the city.

The Colonial leader is represented addressing the British governor of Massachusetts on the day after the Boston Massacre of 1770.

Within recent years museums of art have assumed the Brahma function also, and even, according to certain critics, the Siva function. As patrons of living artists they have put themselves in a position to influence creative effort, and in so far as they have become collectors of work better seen where it was, they have lent themselves to a policy of destruction.

Certainly the destructive tendency, and probably the constructive, is a byway and not the highroad of museum development. When broadly interpreted the original rôle of conservation offers ample scope for all the museums of art that ever will be founded, however rich they may become. To argue that curators should not dominate creators, nor museums destroy monuments, and to propose an additional conservative outlet for the energies now overflowing in these directions is the purpose of this essay.

First, as to artistic creation. Museums cannot effectively either inspire or direct the work of artists.

They cannot inspire it, for the simple prospect of exhibition cannot be relied upon to bring forth good painting or good sculpture. Museum-made art, produced with a view to a gallery, lacks an all-important factor of vitality. Left free, the fancy easily grows capricious and idle. The burden of a practical purpose is needed to give it sincerity and poise. The material arts live by the beautification of given external conditions of life. Divorced from these conditions they tend to sicken, declining in value even as fine art. A museum can inspire good painting or good sculpture only by the tasks it offers once for all in its building, not by the hospitality it offers at all times in its collections.

The patronage of living art by museums is hence a temporary expedient. In Amer-

* The illustrations represent works of public art listed in the Registry of Local Art maintained at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston.

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Public Library, Boston. Gold medal presented to George Washington by Congress in commemoration of the Evacuation of Boston. P. S. B. du Vivier (1730–1819).

ica that imaginative reaction upon the needs and opportunities of life which we call fine art is yet in its beginnings. The forms of most of our buildings and of most of their contents, if not mechanically copied, embody ideas vapidly felt and clumsily expressed. Museums can in two ways aid the imagination to assert itself: by showing examples of its past expression, and by giving employment to those at present supplying that expression; that is, they may collect whatever is good, both old and new. But in the latter rôle museums are forcing houses, and living art must emerge from them if it is ever to acquire indigenous status.

Nor can its progress be permanently directed from museums. Their purchases and awards are but one among a myriad influences determining the course of our imaginative reaction upon material surroundings. The more vigorous and abundant this reaction, the more independent it will be of any limited patronage, and the more representative of the national culture as a whole. The discovery of genius takes place through the chance encounter of kindred spirits, and fame is sealed by the general approval. No organized committees can be depended on to anticipate this spontaneous verdict of the common consciousness. The great French authors which the Academy has excluded are witnesses; and still less can be expected from executive bodies chosen for many reasons besides susceptibility to imaginative impressions and anxious above all to escape criticism.

Only as a temporary expedient is the guidance of current taste by museums possible or desirable. Better such leadership, it may fairly be argued, than none. Still immersed in the struggles of an immense material development, our nation has now no opinion upon its imaginative products. It will have one some day, or art will die among us. Let the opinion of those officially bound to have one dominate meanwhile; but for the permanent promotion of living art let us look elsewhere. Neither museum-made works of art nor museum-made reputations are a vigorous growth. The patronage of museums would in the long run be a debilitating influence upon artists and their leadership a fetter. Curators should not dominate creators.

Second, as to the alleged destructive influence of museums. From Constantinople the report once came that the Yildiz Kiosk,

Charlestown High School. Intaglio: "Girlhood." Grace Hooper.

Many memorial inscriptions are found in the Boston schools.

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of unhappy memory, was to be made a museum. Well and good that there should be in Constantinople an asylum for the remains of old Turkish art that young Turks may throw aside. But not well and good if paintings and carvings still safe and useful under the conditions for which they were designed become spoils of the museum.* As well strip week-days of religion to heap it all on Sundays. That is no religion which does not permeate life, and that is no piety toward works of art that gives them up as every-day companions to make of them a holiday resource.

Faneuil Hall, Boston. Bust of John Adams, second President of the United States. J. B. Binon, 1818.

With the Washington medal, this bust is a memorial of the intimate relation between France and the United States at the beginning of our history.

It is to be feared that such vandalism has often been committed in the name of salvage. Acute rivalries of acquisition, dangerous to the peace of artistic monuments in weak hands, have been engendered in the course of the recent great development of public and private collections of fine art. The laws in various European countries against the export of works of art, the societies there formed for the preservation of ancient monuments, the world-wide protests against the recent vandalism of collectors in China are not directed solely

Sever Hall, Harvard Yard. H. H. Richardson (1838–86).

* "A museum man will not be in danger of plundering churches, etc., if he clearly realizes that the ultimate purpose of museums, namely, to preserve works of art, can only imperfectly be fulfilled thereby, since much of the impressiveness of a work lies in its surroundings. Further, that this purpose of conservation may be already and far more perfectly fulfilled by the conditions offered by the present position of the work." —G. Brandt: "Museen und Heimatschutz." *Museumskunde*, vol. V, no. 1, January, 1909.

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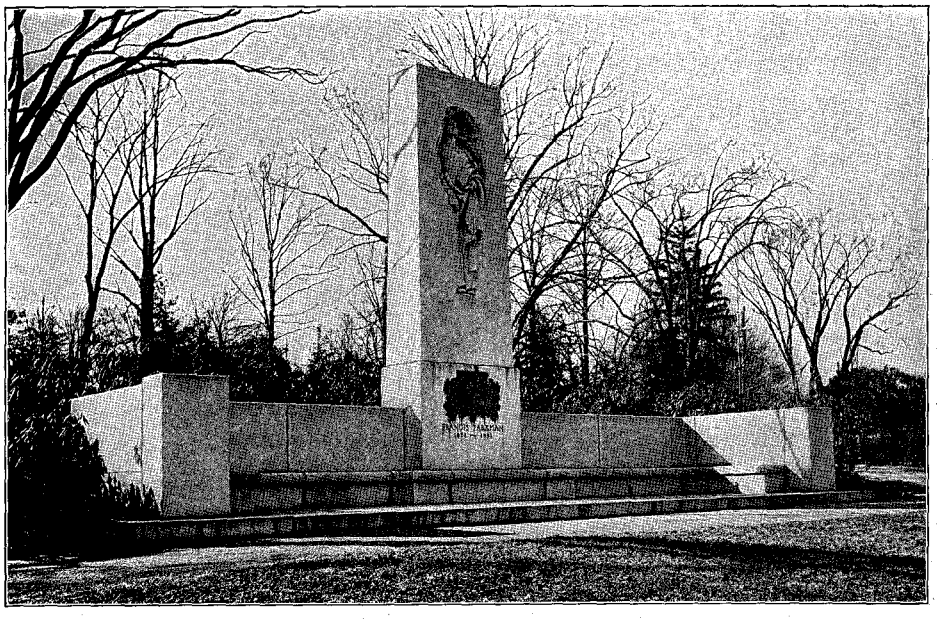
against the destructiveness of a commercial age.

Whether guilty or not in the past, museums should now openly take their stand on the side of those who seek the preservation of artistic remains *in situ* if possible. Gradually ceasing to be a factor in creation and wholly refusing to take part in destruction, museums should hereafter interpret their conservative rôle without limitation. To this end let them no longer confine their interest within their own walls. Let each take its neighborhood for its province. While they can care only for objects intrusted to them, they can and may well acquire and impart information about any works of art in the public places of the locality—the parks, the public buildings, the churches, the institutions. Thus they can keep their public alive to all the opportunities of artistic inspiration that the region affords. A knowledge of what we have is the necessary and often sufficient condition of its preservation; and museums may thus indirectly make the circle of their conservative activity complete.

Public Library, Boston. Silver vase presented by citizens of Boston to Daniel Webster in recognition of his defense of the Constitution, October 12, 1835.

Such a registry of local art has already had its modest beginnings at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. For some years the museum has been gathering and preserving in a special file such data as from time to time were offered or could be secured regarding works of art outside its own walls accessible to the public in and about the city. Why might not the same office be permanently assumed by other museums throughout the country, each for its own neighborhood?

BENJAMIN IVES GILMAN.



Jamaica Parkway, overlooking the Pond. Exedra with intaglio representing an Indian chief. Erected in memory of Francis Parkman (1823-93), historian. Daniel Chester French.

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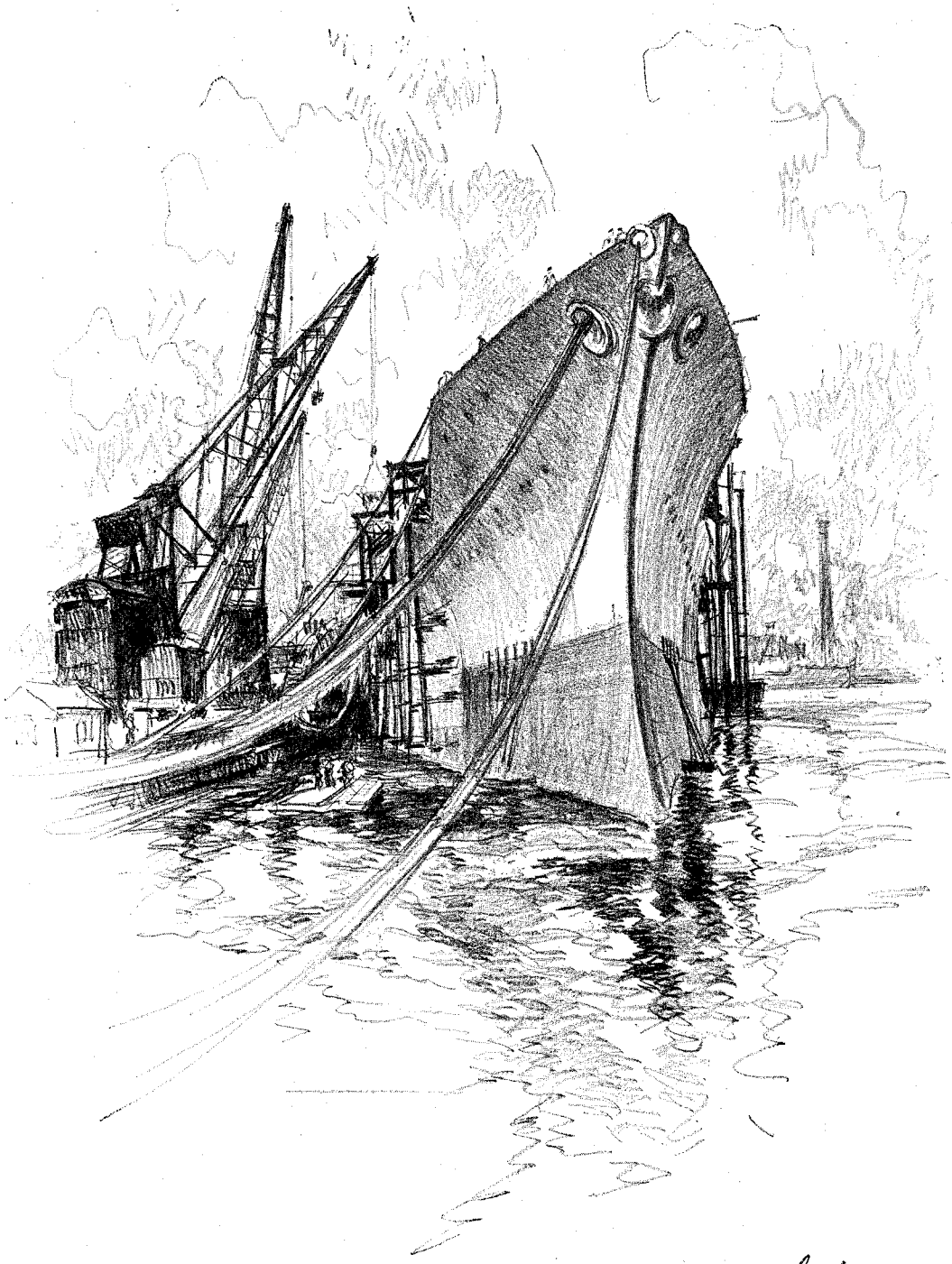

The sharp and towering bow of one of the latest super-dreadnoughts, which is being rushed to completion.

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